MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

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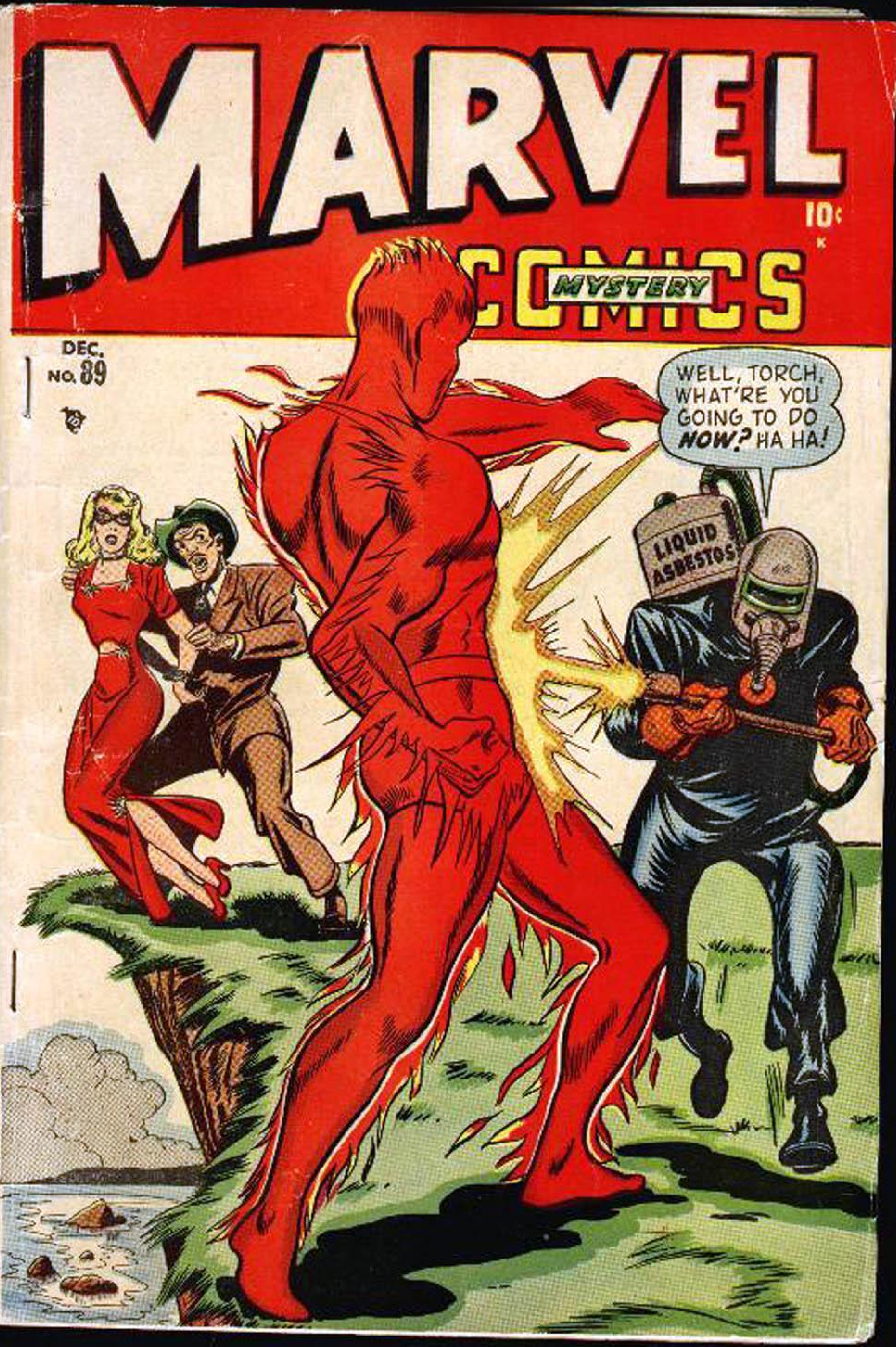
NO. 89


WELL, TORCH, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO **NOW?** HA HA!
LIQUID ASBESTOS

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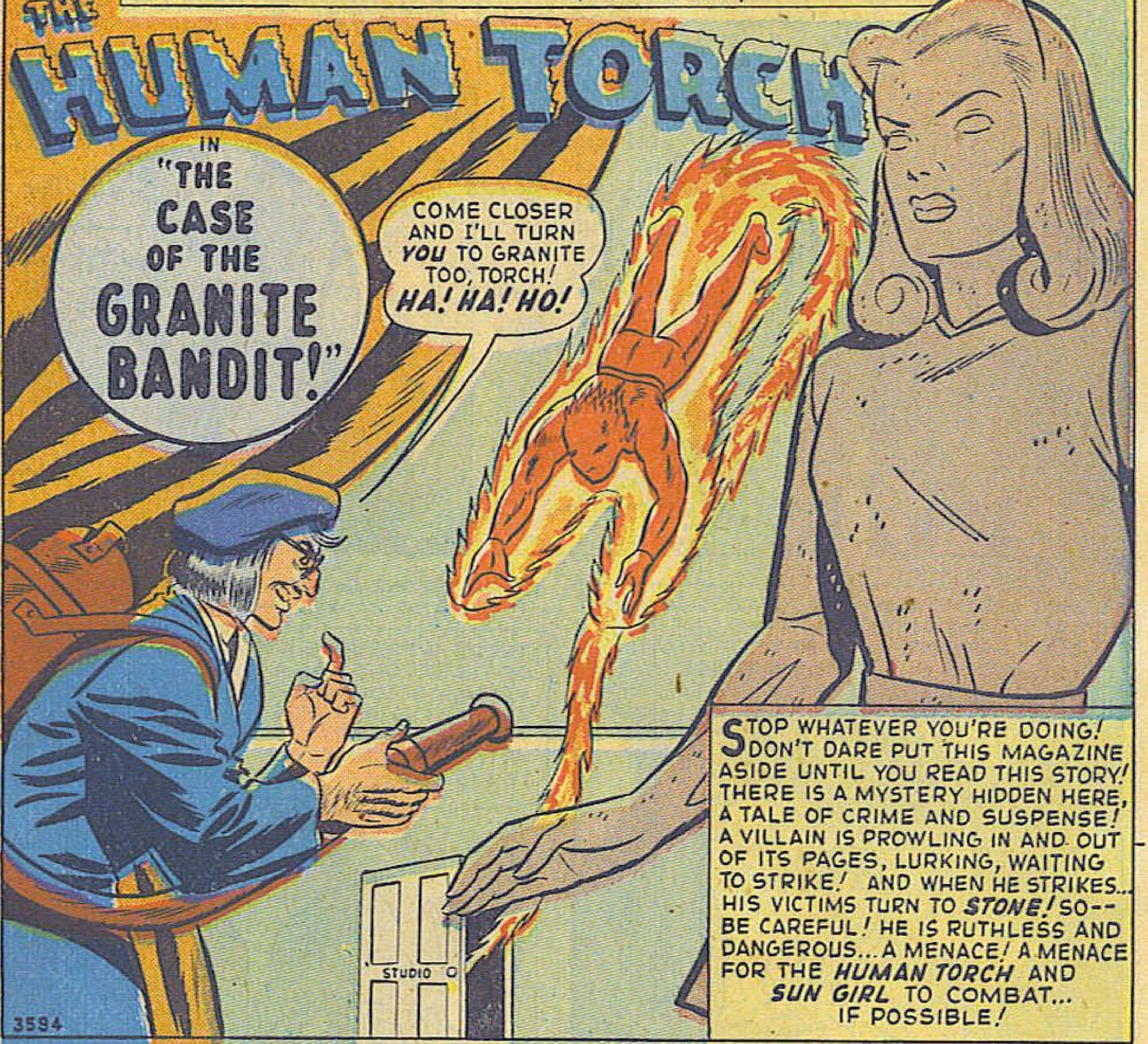
MARVEL #89


THE HUMAN TORCH
IN "THE CASE OF THE GRANITE BANDIT!"
COME CLOSER AND I'LL TURN *YOU* TO GRANITE TOO, TORCH! *HA! HA! HO!*
STUDIO
STOP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING! DON'T DARE PUT THIS MAGAZINE ASIDE UNTIL YOU READ THIS STORY! THERE IS A MYSTERY HIDDEN HERE, A TALE OF CRIME AND SUSPENSE! A VILLAIN IS PROWLING IN AND OUT OF ITS PAGES, LURKING, WAITING TO STRIKE! AND WHEN HE STRIKES... HIS VICTIMS TURN TO *STONE!* SO-- BE CAREFUL! HE IS RUTHLESS AND DANGEROUS... A MENACE! A MENACE FOR THE *HUMAN TORCH* AND *SUN GIRL* TO COMBAT... IF POSSIBLE!
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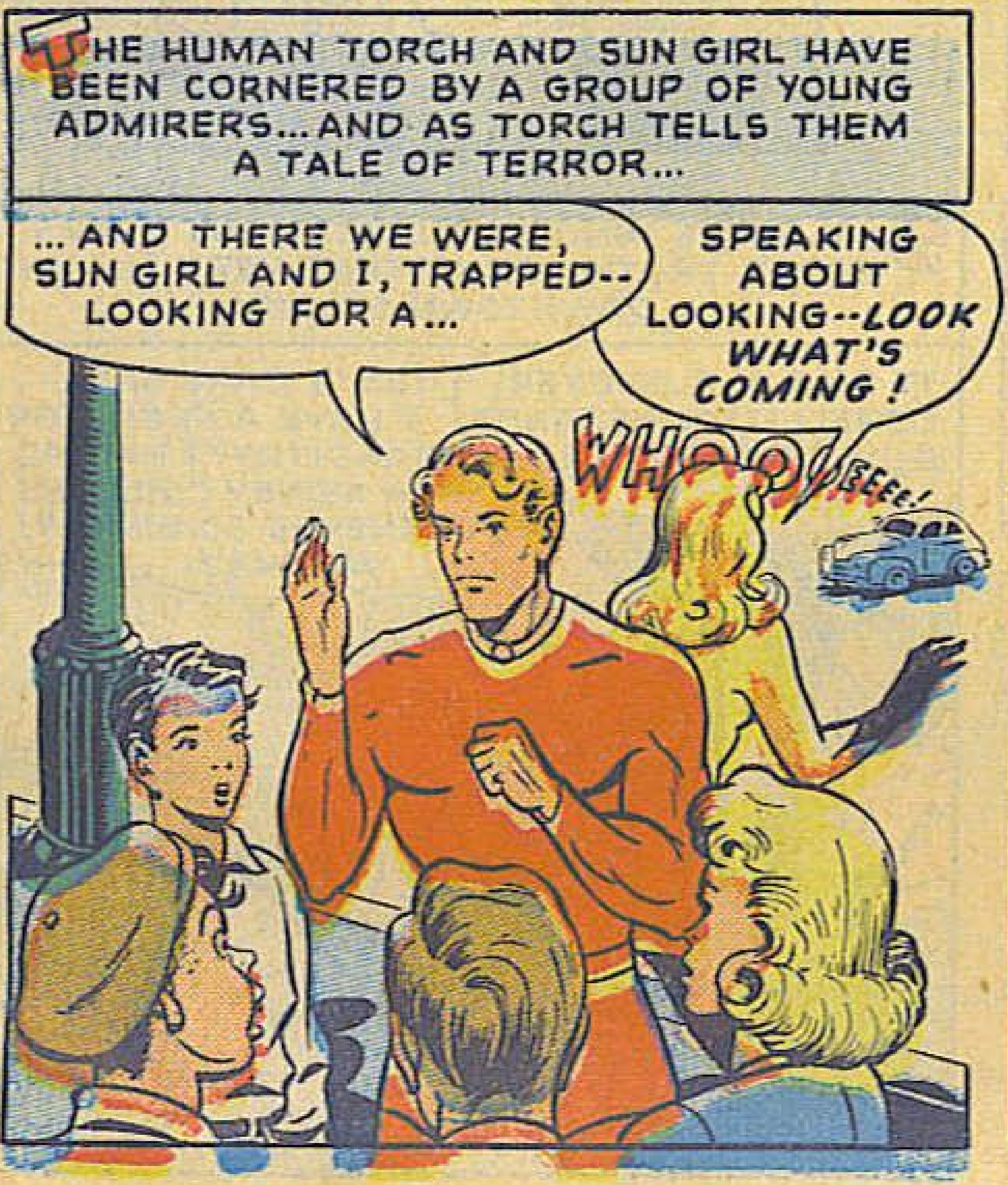
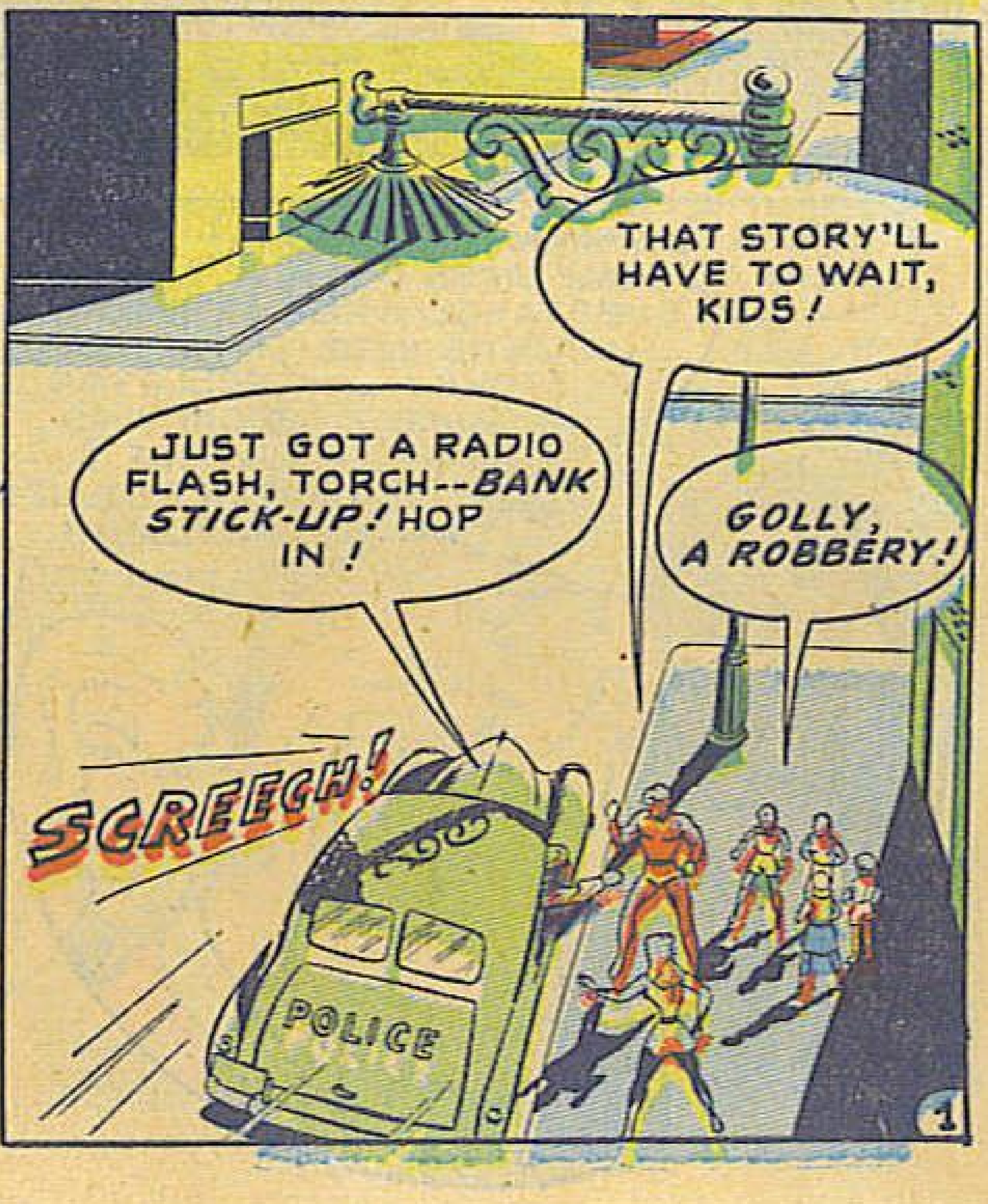
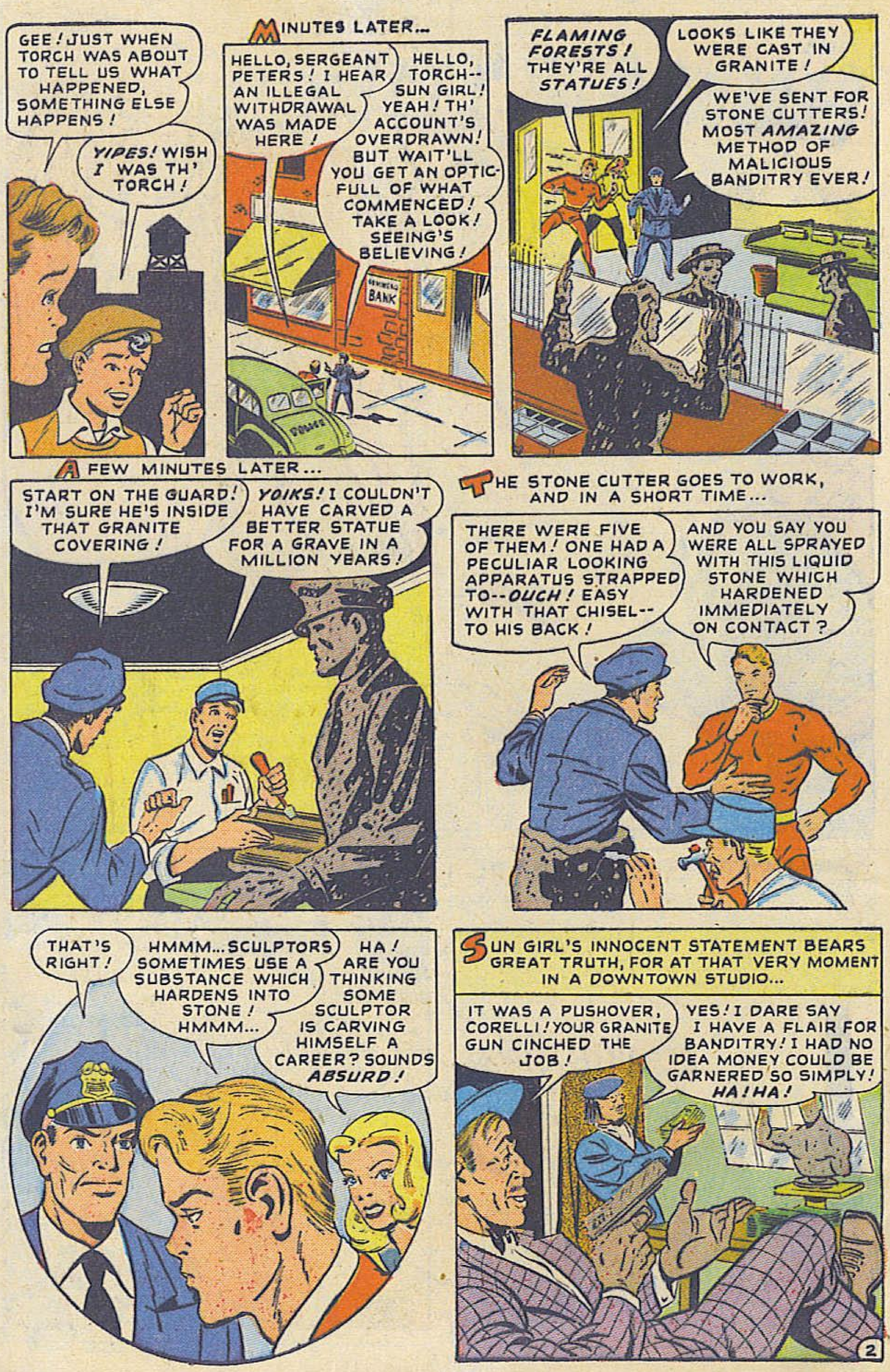
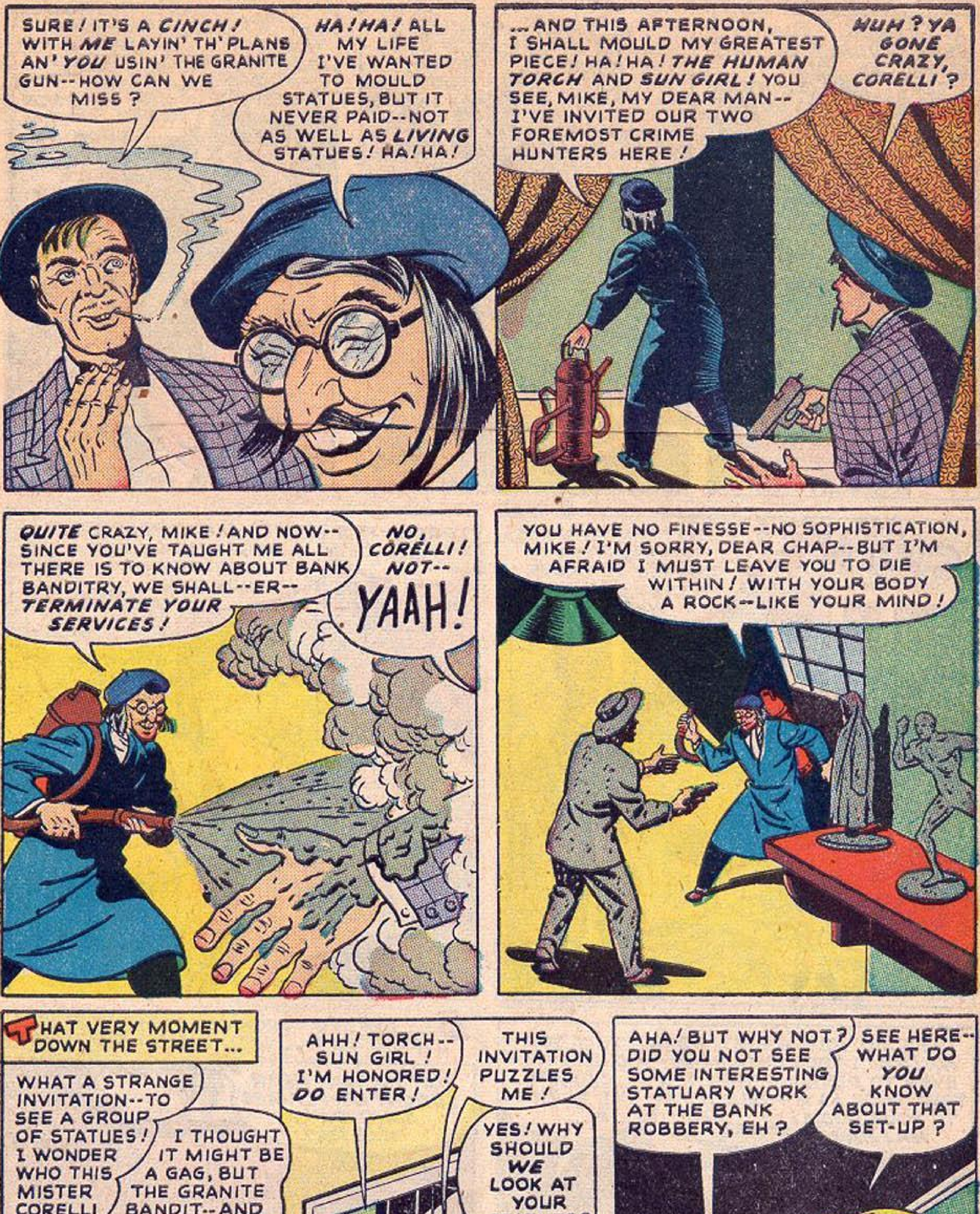
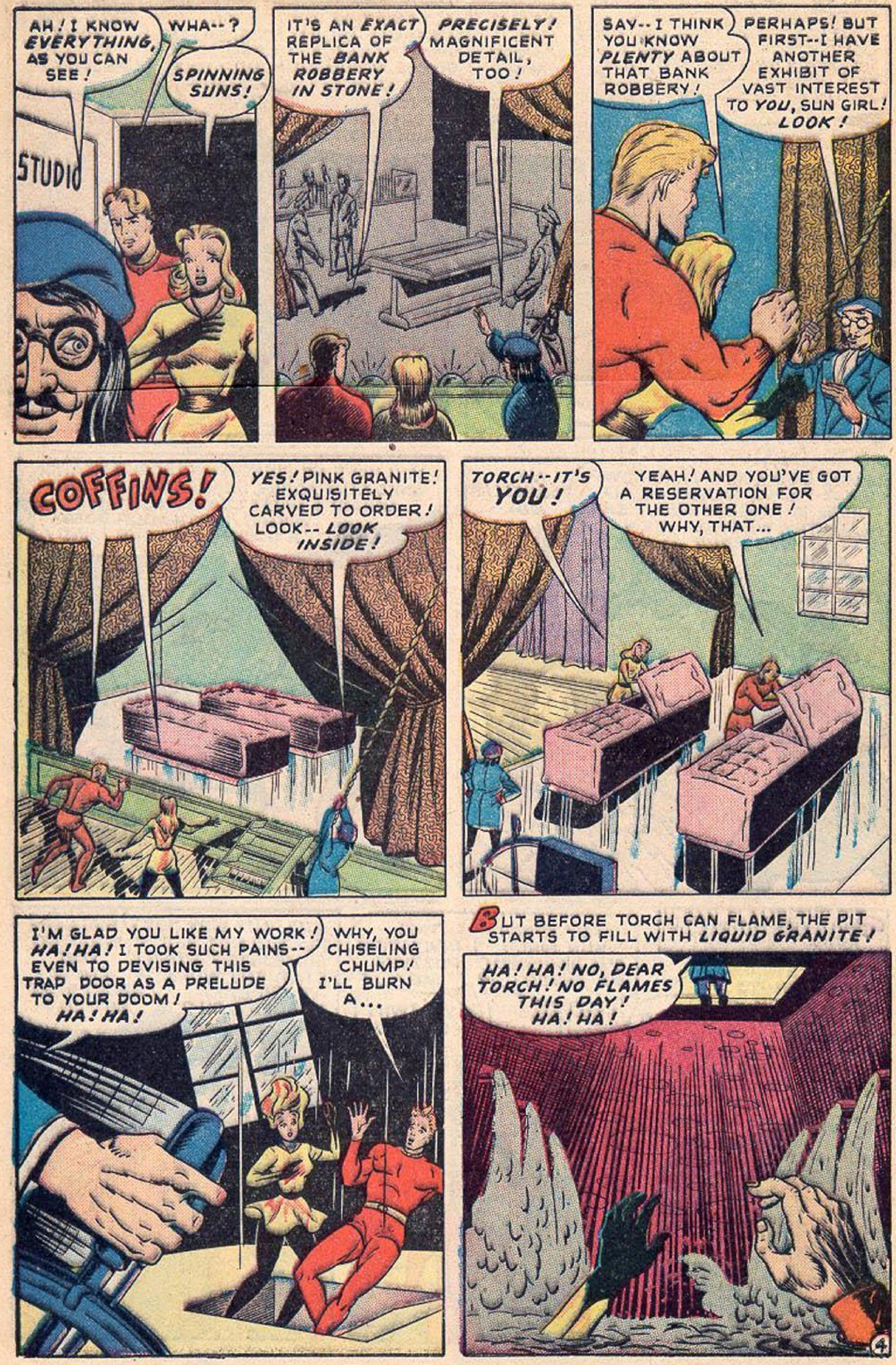
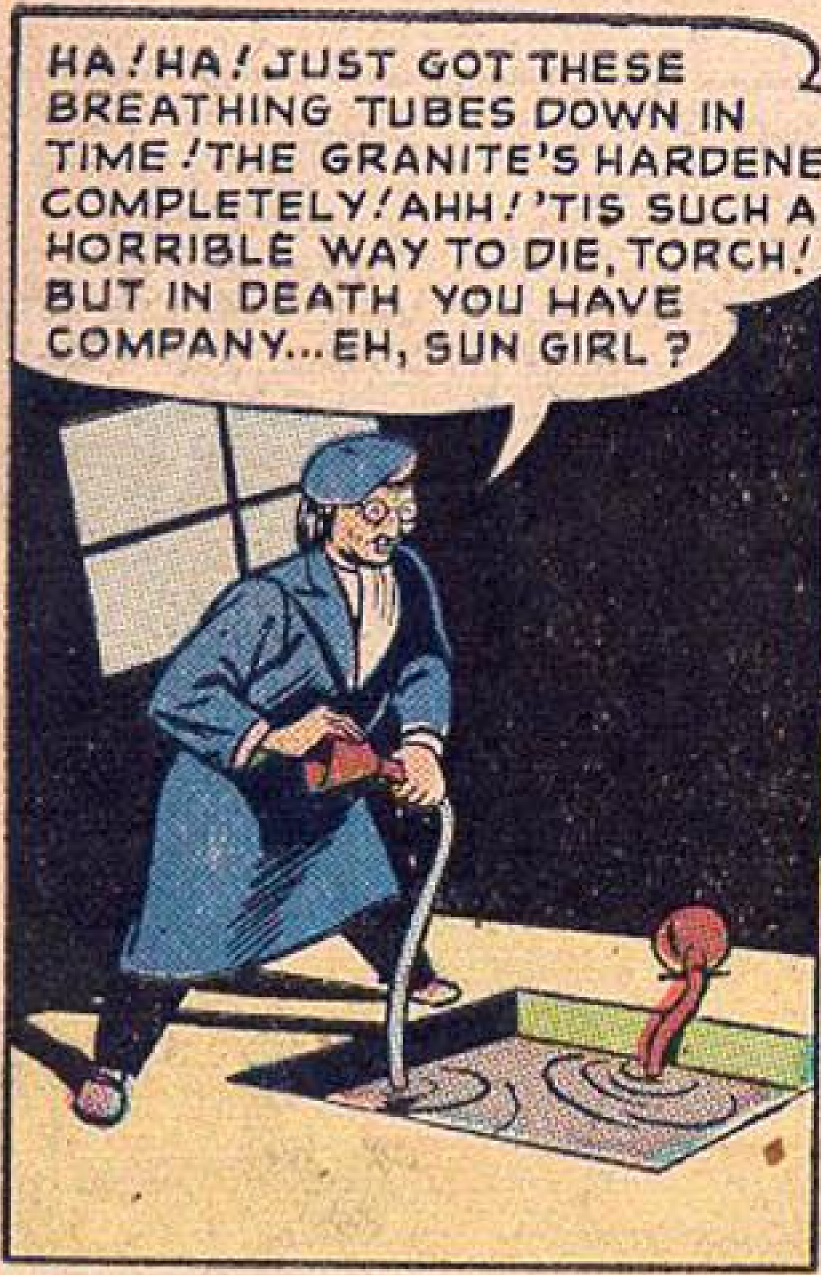

THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL HAVE BEEN CORNERED BY A GROUP OF YOUNG ADMIRERS... AND AS TORCH TELLS THEM A TALE OF TERROR...
... AND THERE WE WERE, SUN GIRL AND I, TRAPPED-- LOOKING FOR A...
SPEAKING ABOUT LOOKING--*LOOK WHAT'S COMING!*
WHOOO-EEEE!

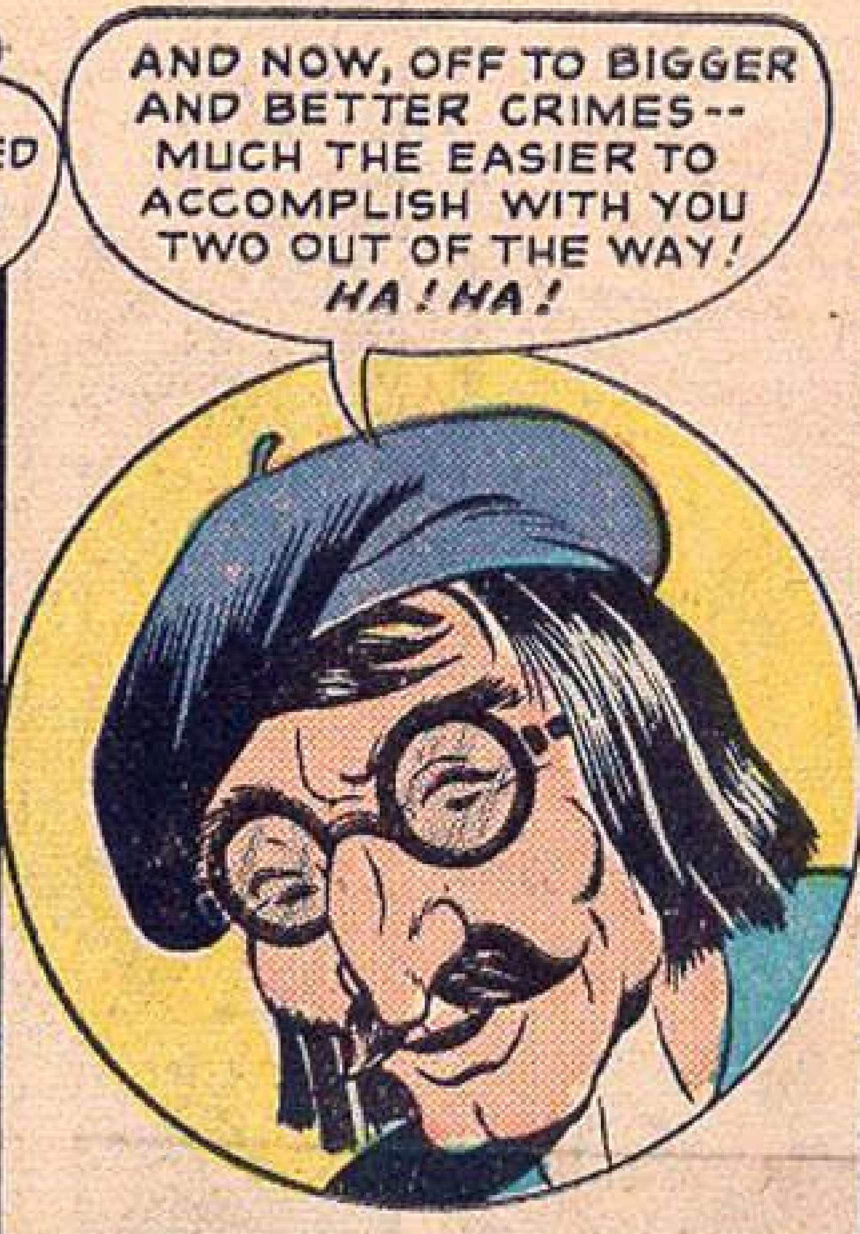

THAT STORY'LL HAVE TO WAIT, KIDS!
JUST GOT A RADIO FLASH, TORCH--*BANK STICK-UP!* HOP IN!
GOLLY, A ROBBERY!
SCREECH!
POLICE

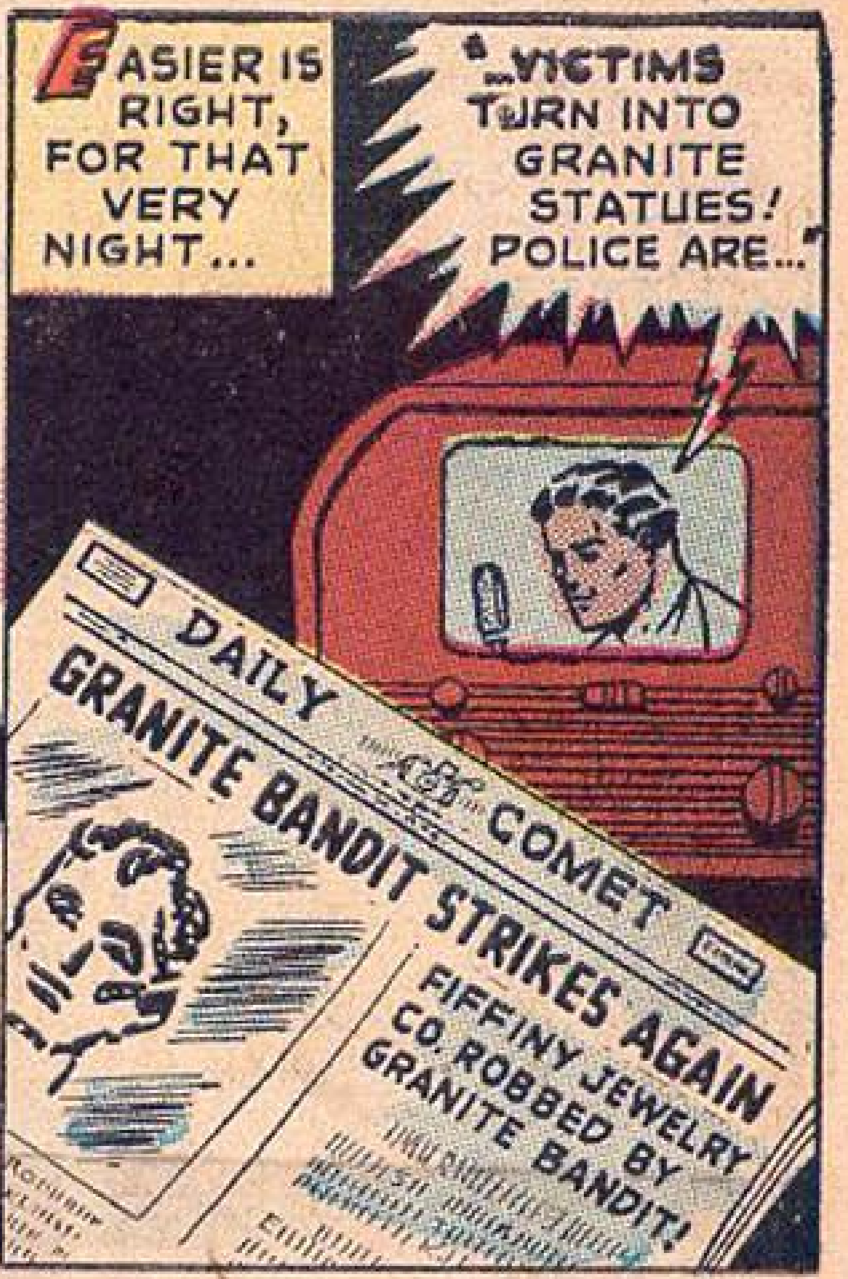

GEE! JUST WHEN TORCH WAS ABOUT TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED, SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS!
YIPES! WISH I WAS TH' TORCH!
MINUTES LATER...
HELLO, SERGEANT PETERS! I HEAR AN ILLEGAL WITHDRAWAL WAS MADE HERE!
HELLO, TORCH--SUN GIRL! YEAH! TH' ACCOUNT'S OVERDRAWN! BUT WAIT'LL YOU GET AN OPTIC-FULL OF WHAT COMMENCED! TAKE A LOOK! SEEING'S BELIEVING!
BANK
POLICE
FLAMING FORESTS! THEY'RE ALL STATUES!
LOOKS LIKE THEY WERE CAST IN GRANITE!
WE'VE SENT FOR STONE CUTTERS! MOST AMAZING METHOD OF MALICIOUS BANDITRY EVER!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
START ON THE GUARD! I'M SURE HE'S INSIDE THAT GRANITE COVERING!
YOIKS! I COULDN'T HAVE CARVED A BETTER STATUE FOR A GRAVE IN A MILLION YEARS!
THE STONE CUTTER GOES TO WORK, AND IN A SHORT TIME...
THERE WERE FIVE OF THEM! ONE HAD A PECULIAR LOOKING APPARATUS STRAPPED TO--OUCH! EASY WITH THAT CHISEL--TO HIS BACK!
AND YOU SAY YOU WERE ALL SPRAYED WITH THIS LIQUID STONE WHICH HARDENED IMMEDIATELY ON CONTACT?
THAT'S RIGHT!
HMMM...SCULPTORS SOMETIMES USE A SUBSTANCE WHICH HARDENS INTO STONE! HMMM...
HA! ARE YOU THINKING SOME SCULPTOR IS CARVING HIMSELF A CAREER? SOUNDS ABSURD!
SUN GIRL'S INNOCENT STATEMENT BEARS GREAT TRUTH, FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN A DOWNTOWN STUDIO...
IT WAS A PUSHOVER, CORELLI! YOUR GRANITE GUN CINCHED THE JOB!
YES! I DARE SAY I HAVE A FLAIR FOR BANDITRY! I HAD NO IDEA MONEY COULD BE GARNERED SO SIMPLY! HA! HA!


SURE! IT'S A CINCH! WITH ME LAYIN' TH' PLANS AN' YOU USIN' THE GRANITE GUN--HOW CAN WE MISS?
HA! HA! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO MOULD STATUES, BUT IT NEVER PAID--NOT AS WELL AS LIVING STATUES! HA! HA!
...AND THIS AFTERNOON, I SHALL MOULD MY GREATEST PIECE! HA! HA! THE HUMAN TORCH AND SUN GIRL! YOU SEE, MIKE, MY DEAR MAN--I'VE INVITED OUR TWO FOREMOST CRIME HUNTERS HERE!
HUH? YA GONE CRAZY, CORELLI?
QUITE CRAZY, MIKE! AND NOW--SINCE YOU'VE TAUGHT ME ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT BANK BANDITRY, WE SHALL--ER--TERMINATE YOUR SERVICES!
NO, CORELLI! NOT--
YAAH!
YOU HAVE NO FINESSE--NO SOPHISTICATION, MIKE! I'M SORRY, DEAR CHAP--BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST LEAVE YOU TO DIE WITHIN! WITH YOUR BODY A ROCK--LIKE YOUR MIND!
THAT VERY MOMENT DOWN THE STREET...
WHAT A STRANGE INVITATION--TO SEE A GROUP OF STATUES! I WONDER WHO THIS MISTER CORELLI IS!
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A GAG, BUT THE GRANITE BANDIT--AND NOW THIS--WHO KNOWS?
AHH! TORCH--SUN GIRL! I'M HONORED! DO ENTER!
THIS INVITATION PUZZLES ME!
YES! WHY SHOULD WE LOOK AT YOUR STATUES?
AHA! BUT WHY NOT? DID YOU NOT SEE SOME INTERESTING STATUARY WORK AT THE BANK ROBBERY, EH?
SEE HERE--WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT SET-UP?
3

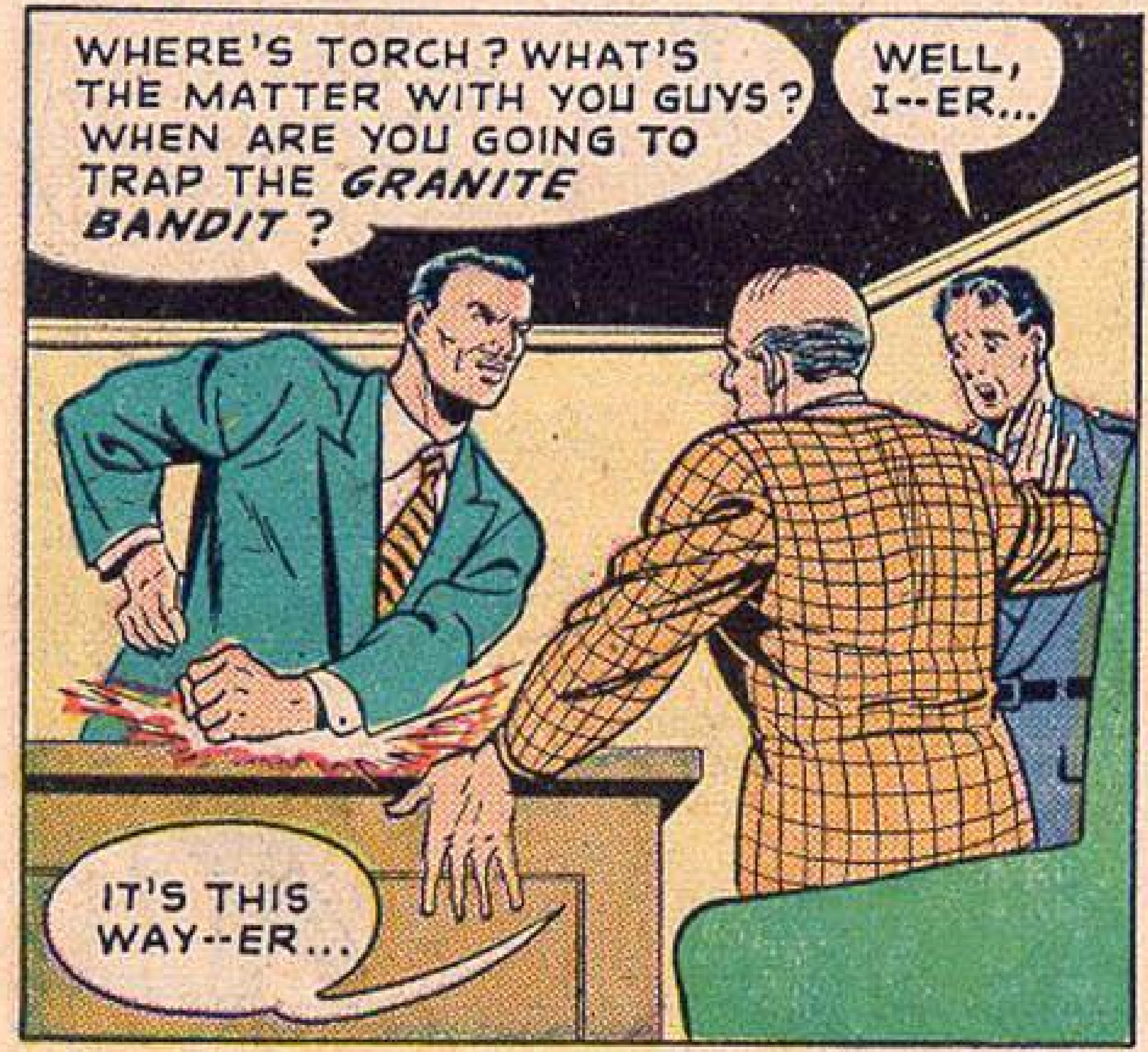

AH! I KNOW EVERYTHING, AS YOU CAN SEE!
WHA--?
SPINNING SUNS!
STUDIO
IT'S AN EXACT REPLICA OF THE BANK ROBBERY IN STONE!
PRECISELY! MAGNIFICENT DETAIL, TOO!
SAY--I THINK YOU KNOW PLENTY ABOUT THAT BANK ROBBERY!
PERHAPS! BUT FIRST--I HAVE ANOTHER EXHIBIT OF VAST INTEREST TO YOU, SUN GIRL! LOOK!
COFFINS!
YES! PINK GRANITE! EXQUISITELY CARVED TO ORDER! LOOK--LOOK INSIDE!
TORCH--IT'S YOU!
YEAH! AND YOU'VE GOT A RESERVATION FOR THE OTHER ONE! WHY, THAT...
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY WORK! HA! HA! I TOOK SUCH PAINS--EVEN TO DEVISING THIS TRAP DOOR AS A PRELUDE TO YOUR DOOM! HA! HA!
WHY, YOU CHISELING CHUMP! I'LL BURN A...
BUT BEFORE TORCH CAN FLAME, THE PIT STARTS TO FILL WITH LIQUID GRANITE!
HA! HA! NO, DEAR TORCH! NO FLAMES THIS DAY! HA! HA!

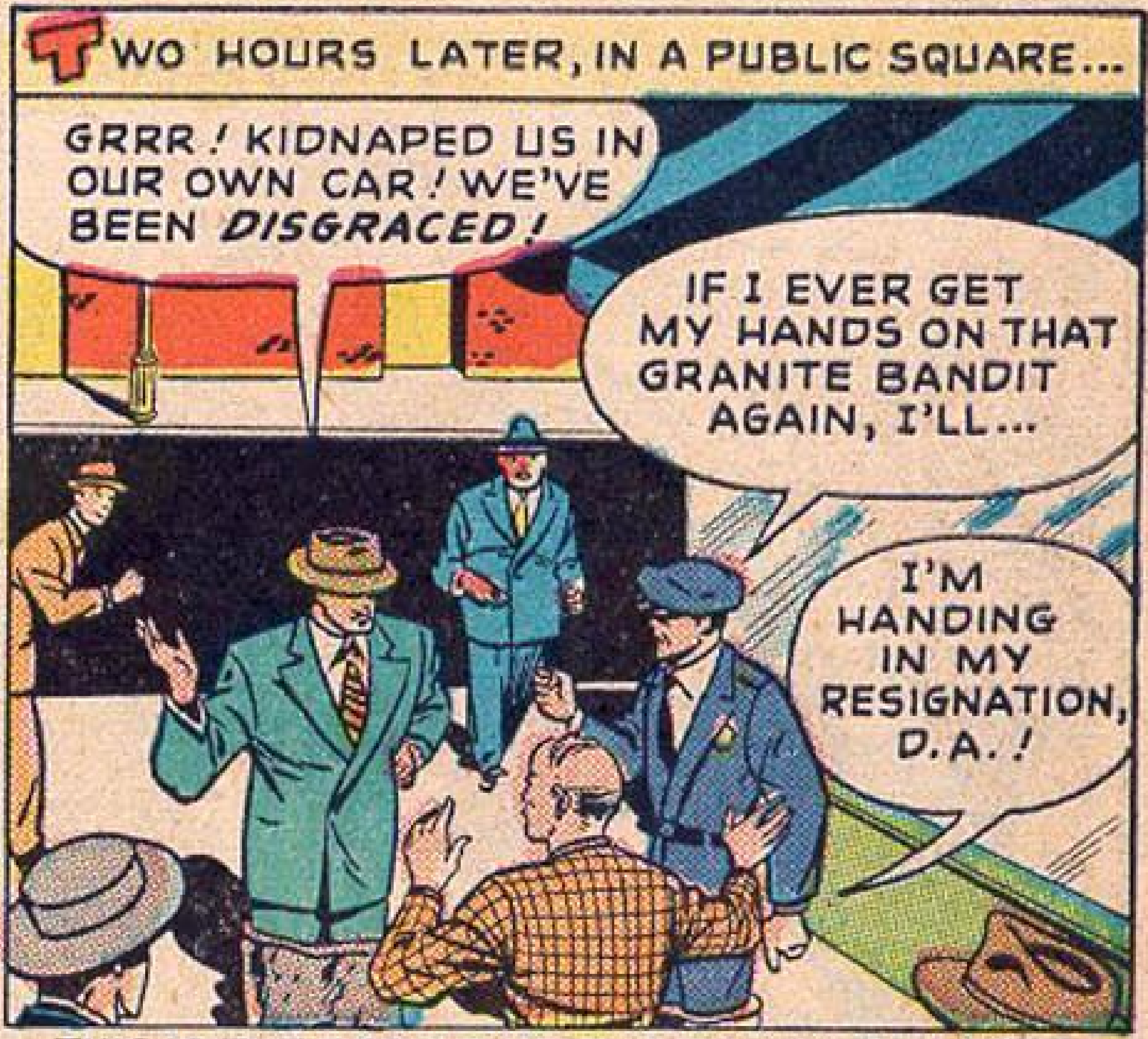

HA! HA! JUST GOT THESE BREATHING TUBES DOWN IN TIME! THE GRANITE'S HARDENED COMPLETELY! AHH! 'TIS SUCH A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE, TORCH! BUT IN DEATH YOU HAVE COMPANY... EH, SUN GIRL?


AND NOW, OFF TO BIGGER AND BETTER CRIMES-- MUCH THE EASIER TO ACCOMPLISH WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY! *HA! HA!*

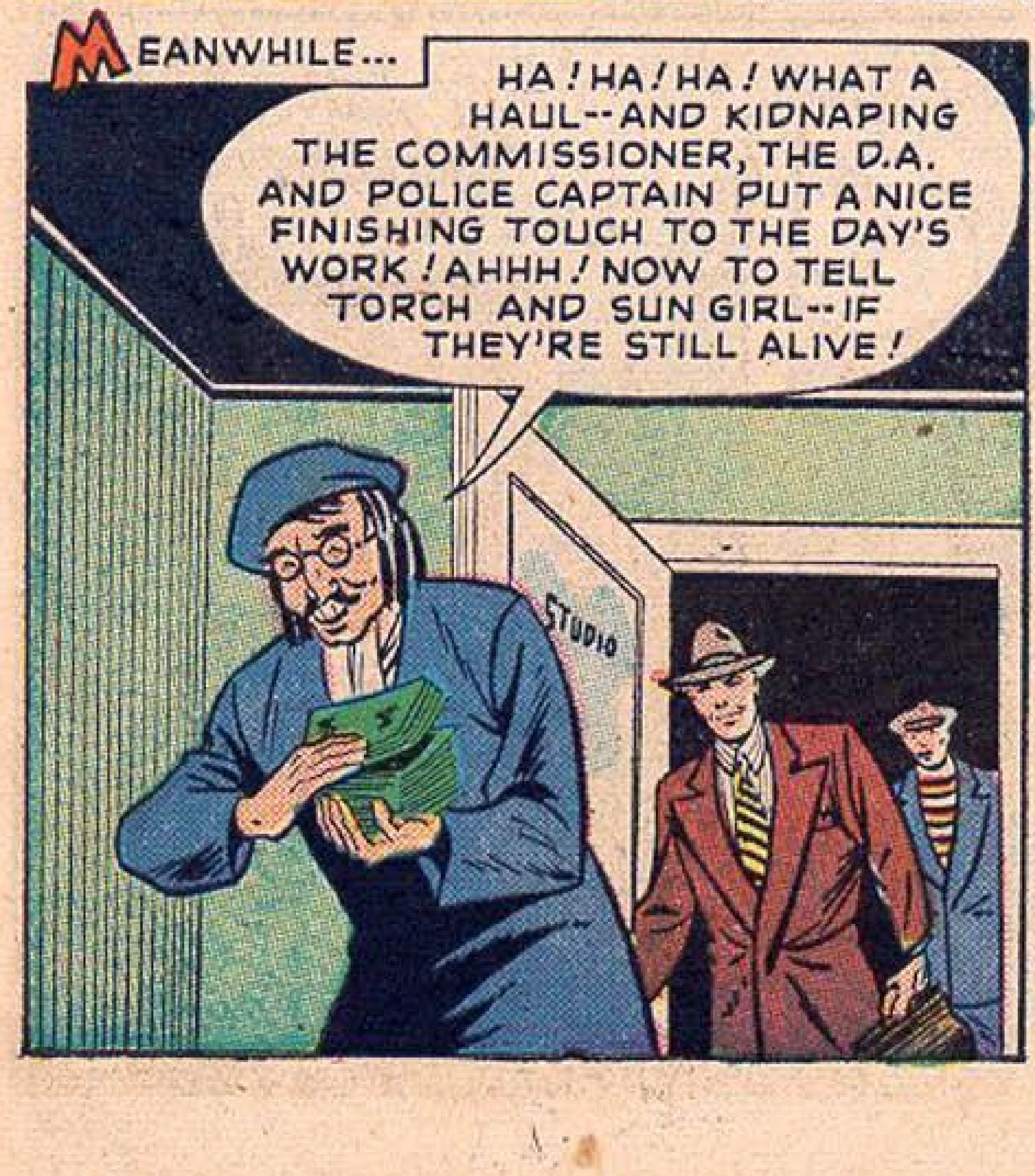

EASIER IS RIGHT, FOR THAT VERY NIGHT...
"...VICTIMS TURN INTO GRANITE STATUES! POLICE ARE..."
DAILY COMET
GRANITE BANDIT STRIKES AGAIN
FIFFINY JEWELRY CO ROBBED BY GRANITE BANDIT!

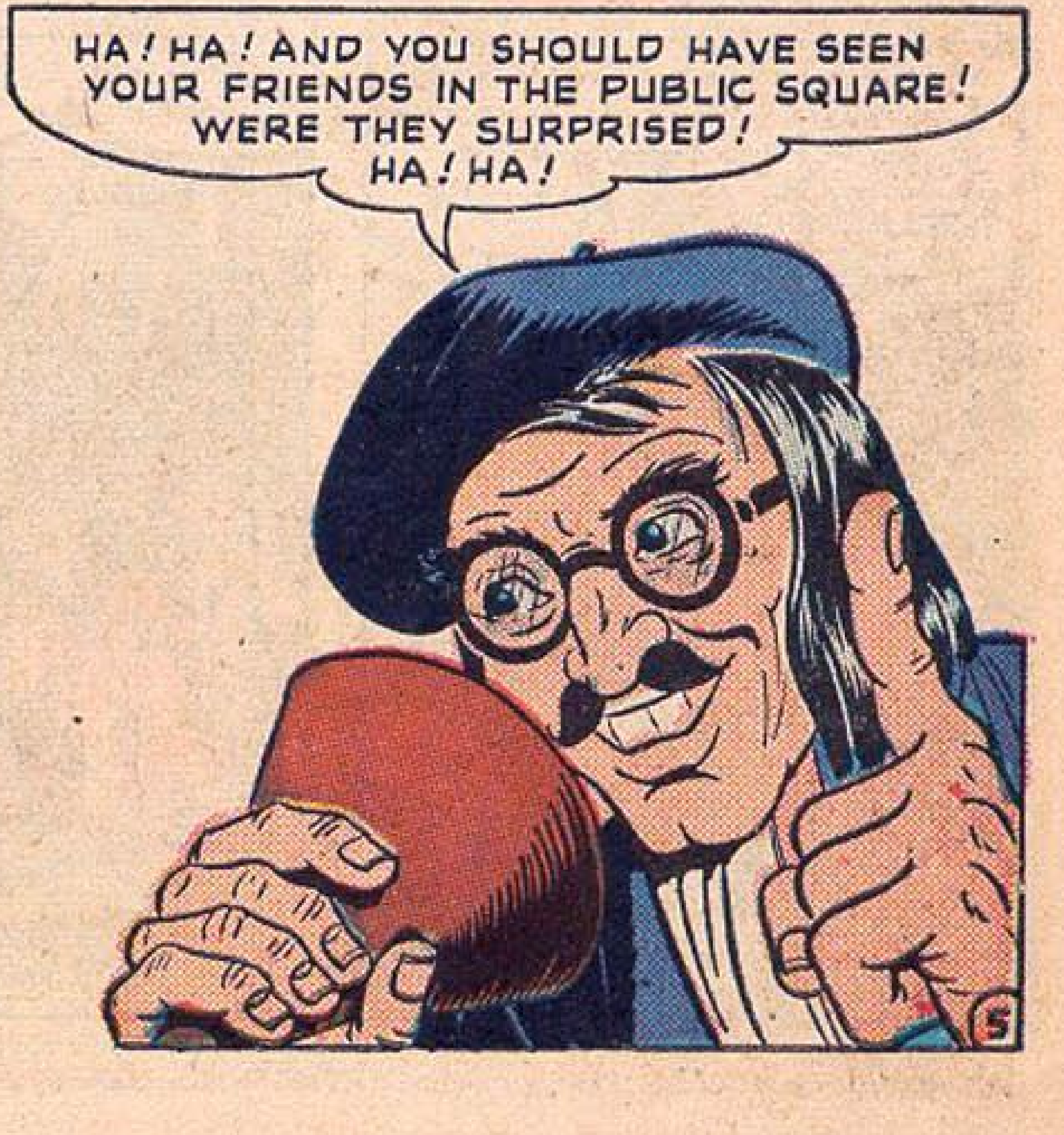
CONSTERNATION REIGNS AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE AS...

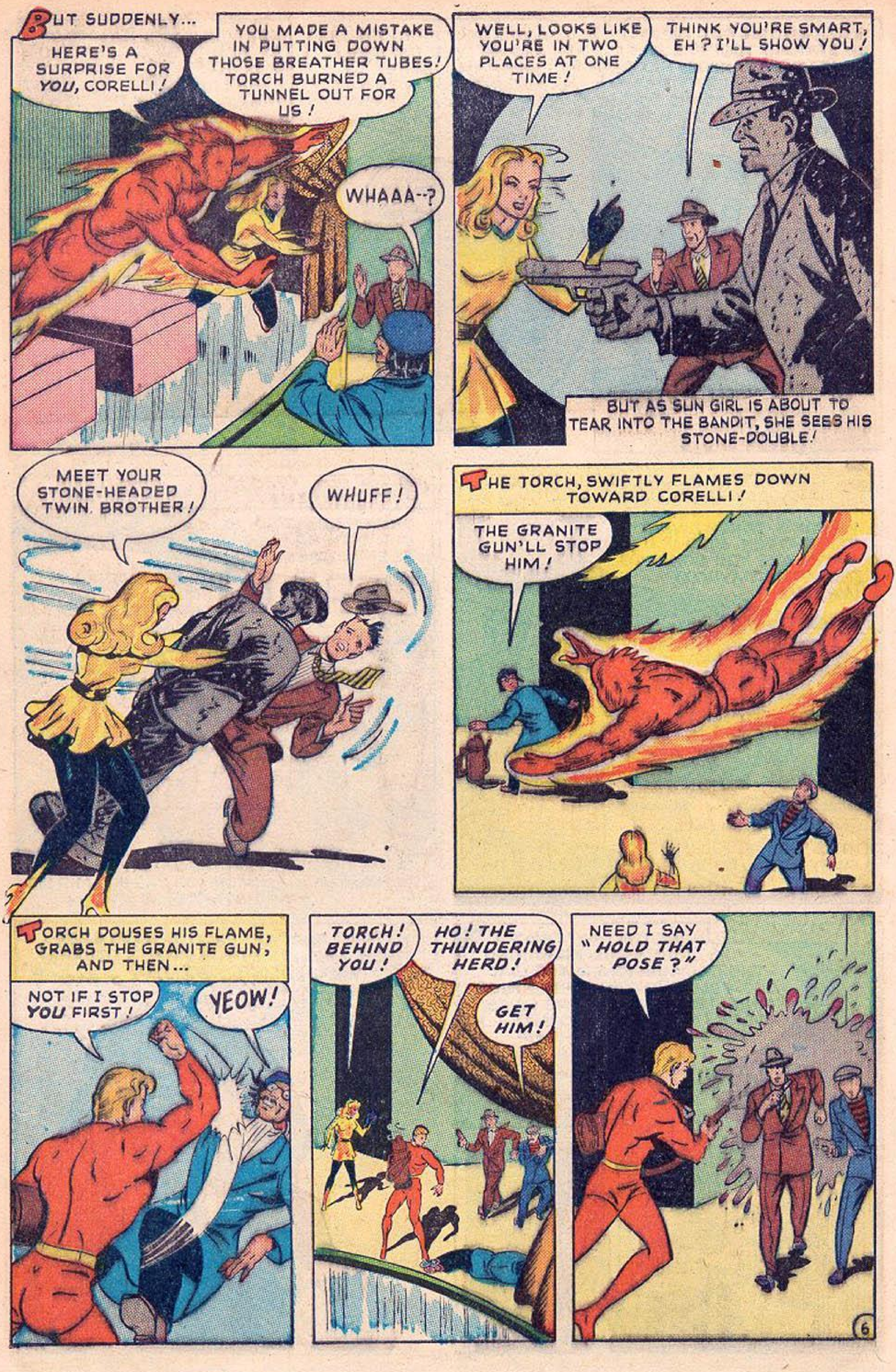

WHERE'S TORCH? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRAP THE *GRANITE BANDIT*?
WELL, I--ER...
IT'S THIS WAY--ER...

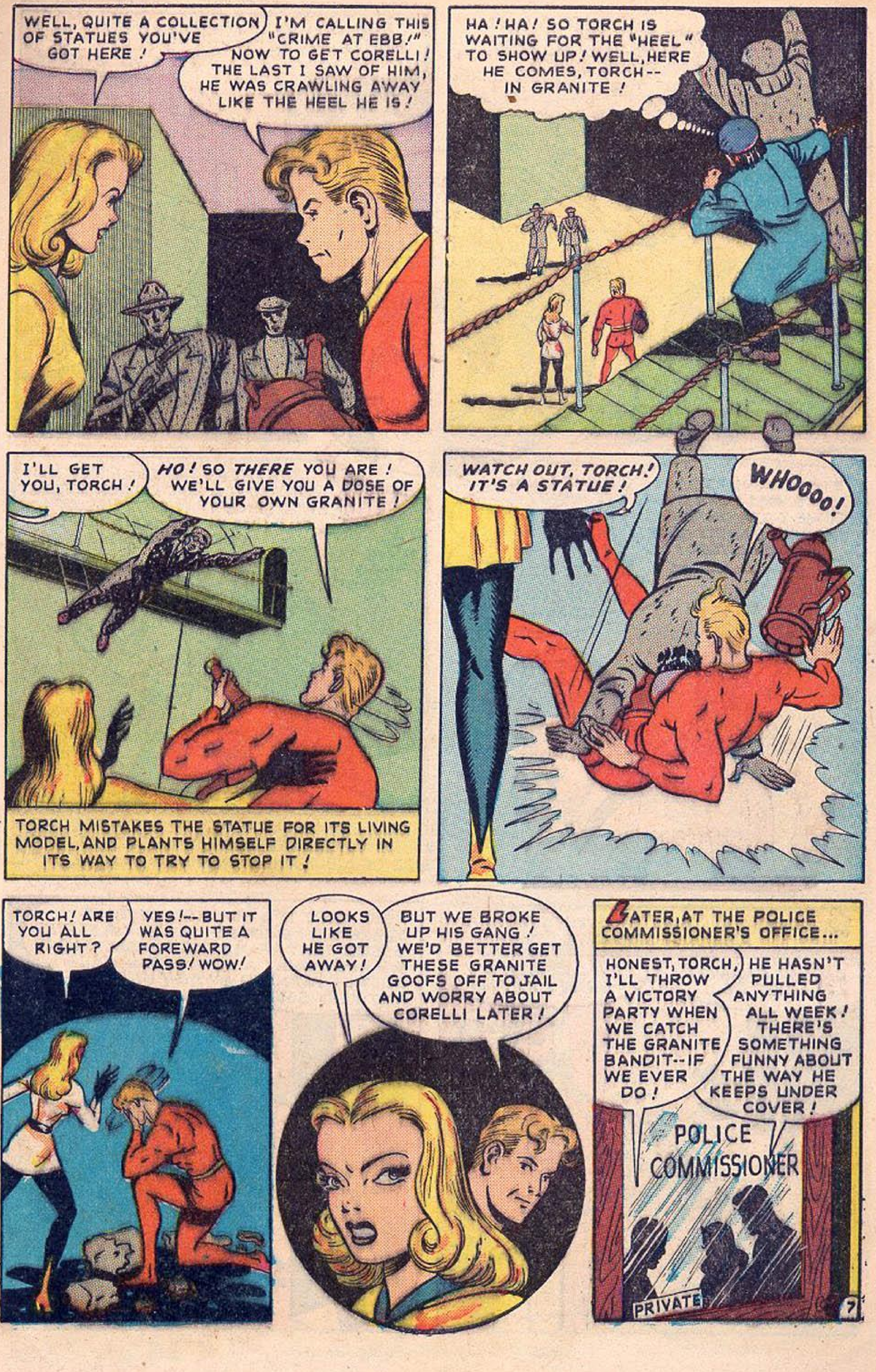

TWO HOURS LATER, IN A PUBLIC SQUARE...
GRRR! KIDNAPED US IN OUR OWN CAR! WE'VE BEEN *DISGRACED!*
IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THAT GRANITE BANDIT AGAIN, I'LL...
I'M HANDING IN MY RESIGNATION, D.A.!

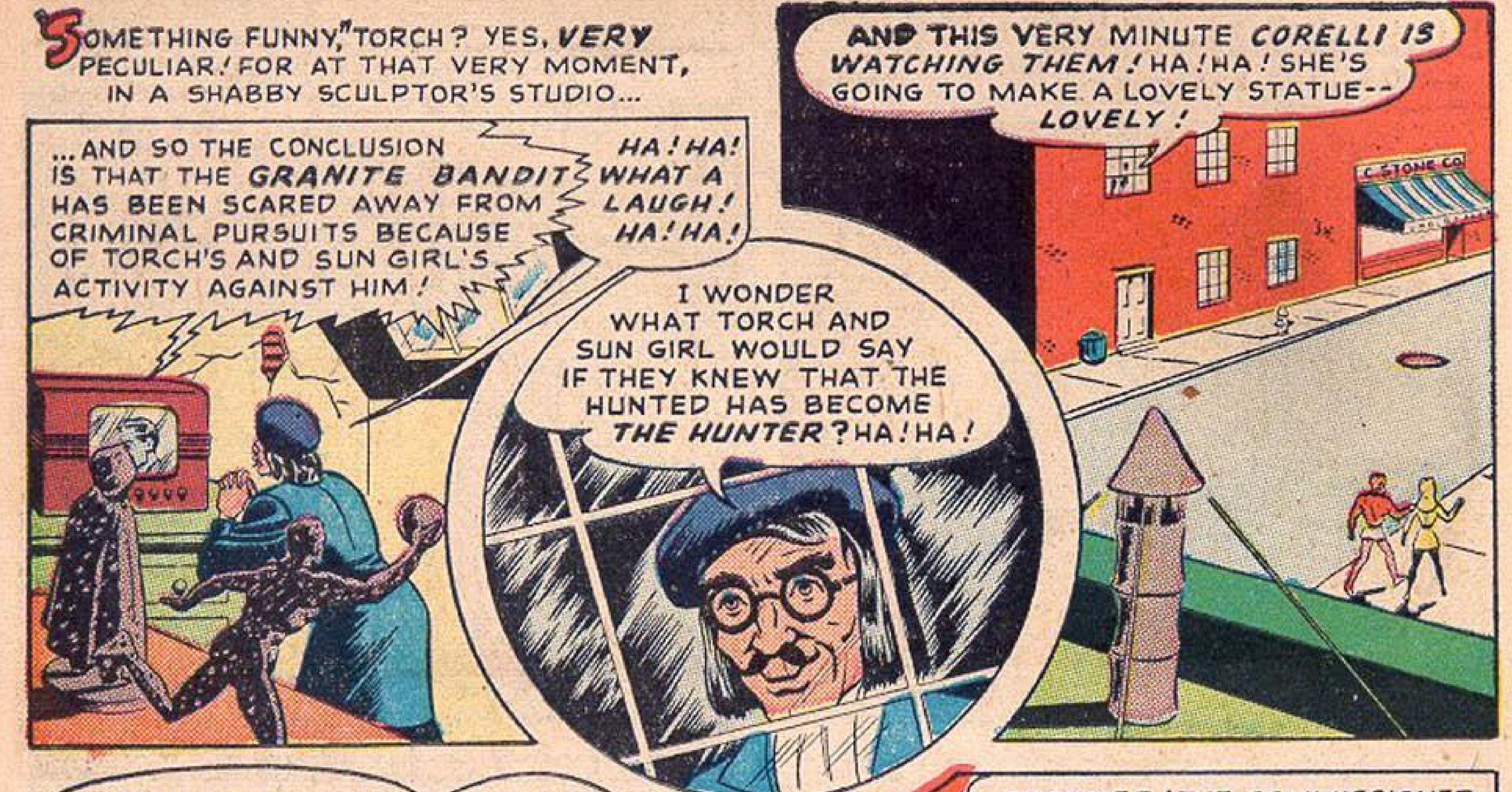
THIS IS THE RESULT OF THE BANDIT'S LATEST ESCAPADE-HUMILIATION FOR THE D.A. AND HIS ASSISTANTS...

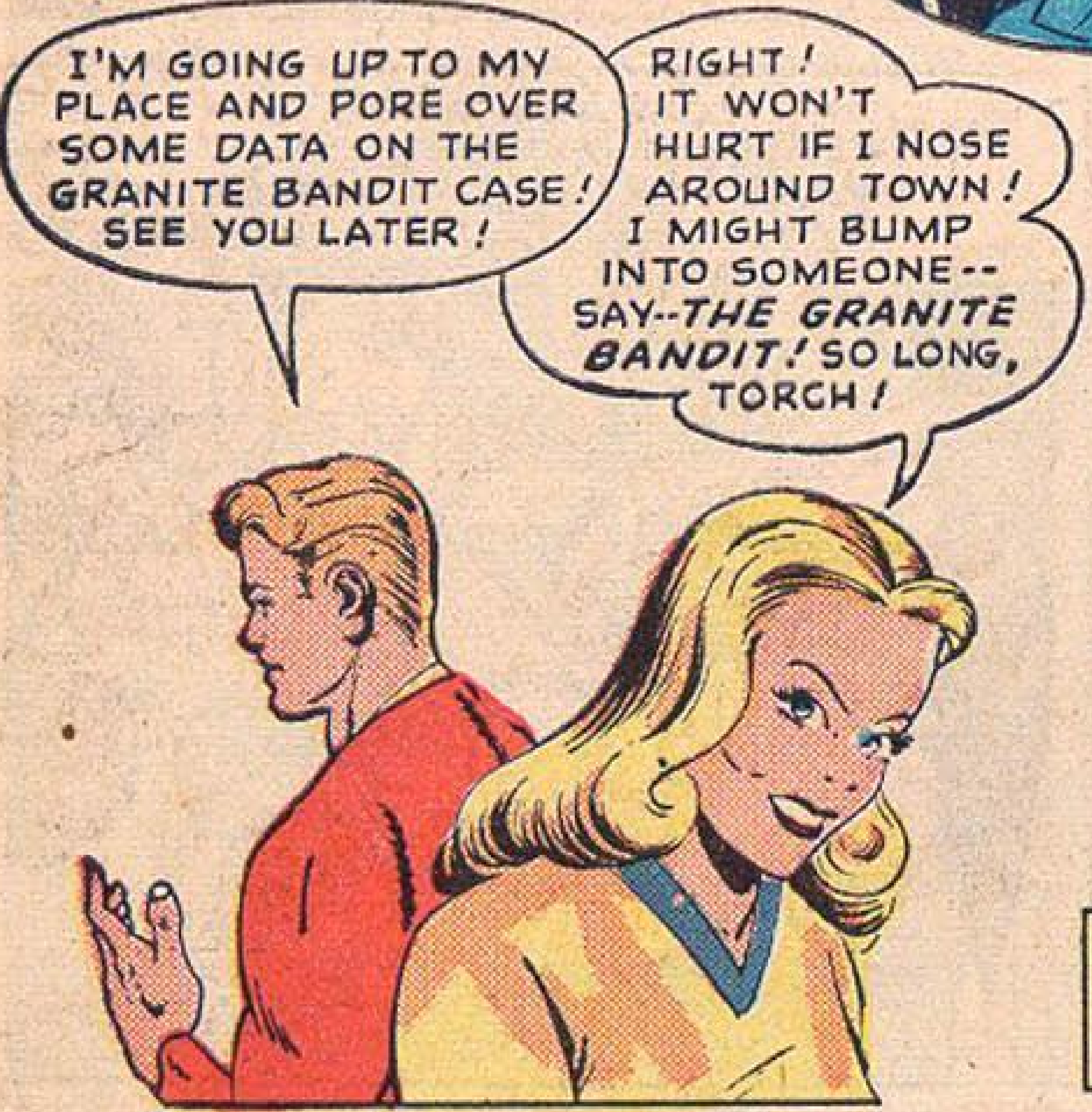

MEANWHILE...
HA! HA! HA! WHAT A HAUL--AND KIDNAPING THE COMMISSIONER, THE D.A. AND POLICE CAPTAIN PUT A NICE FINISHING TOUCH TO THE DAY'S WORK! AHHH! NOW TO TELL TORCH AND SUN GIRL--IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!
STUDIO

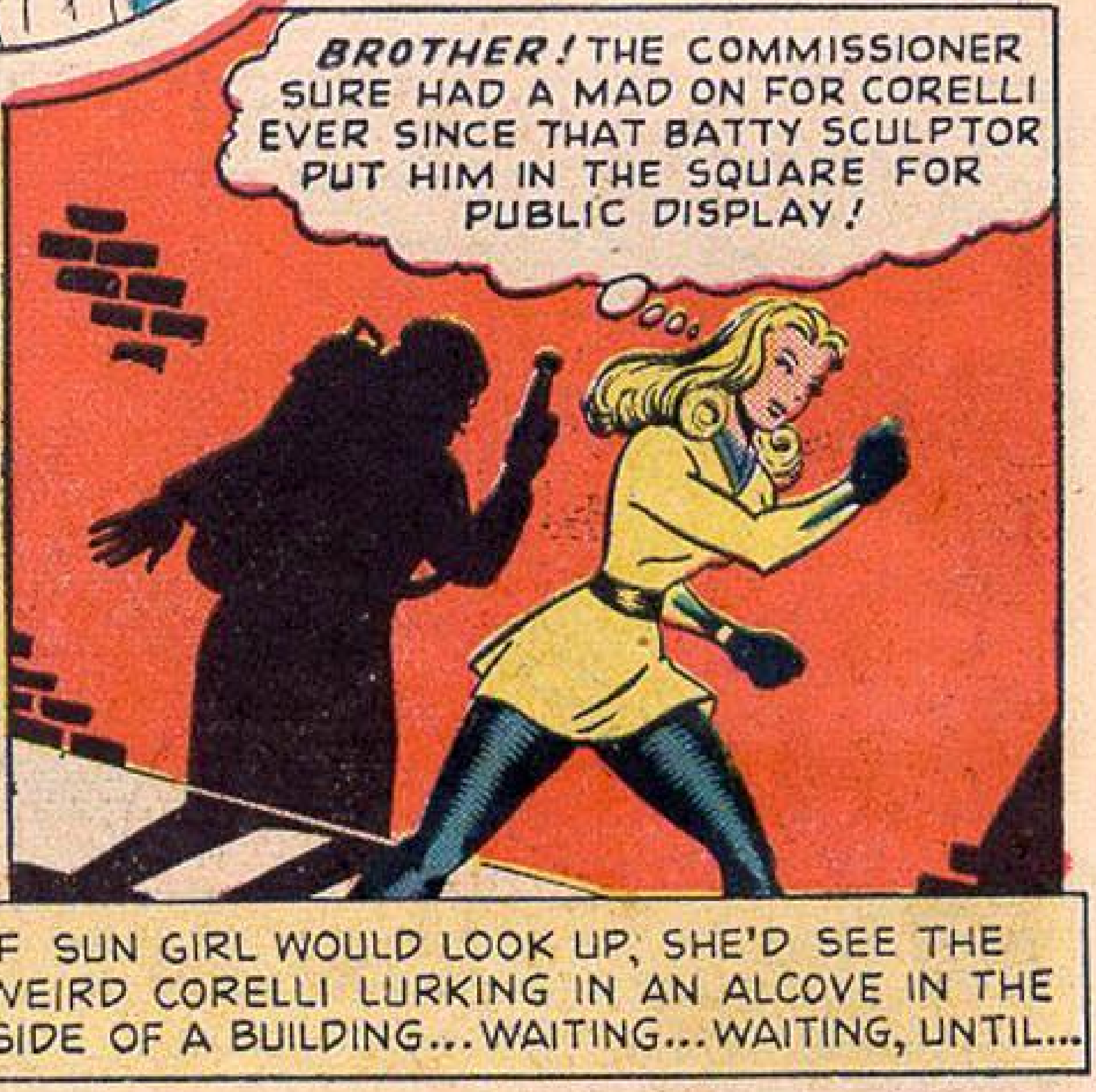

HA! HA! AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOUR FRIENDS IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE! WERE THEY SURPRISED! HA! HA!

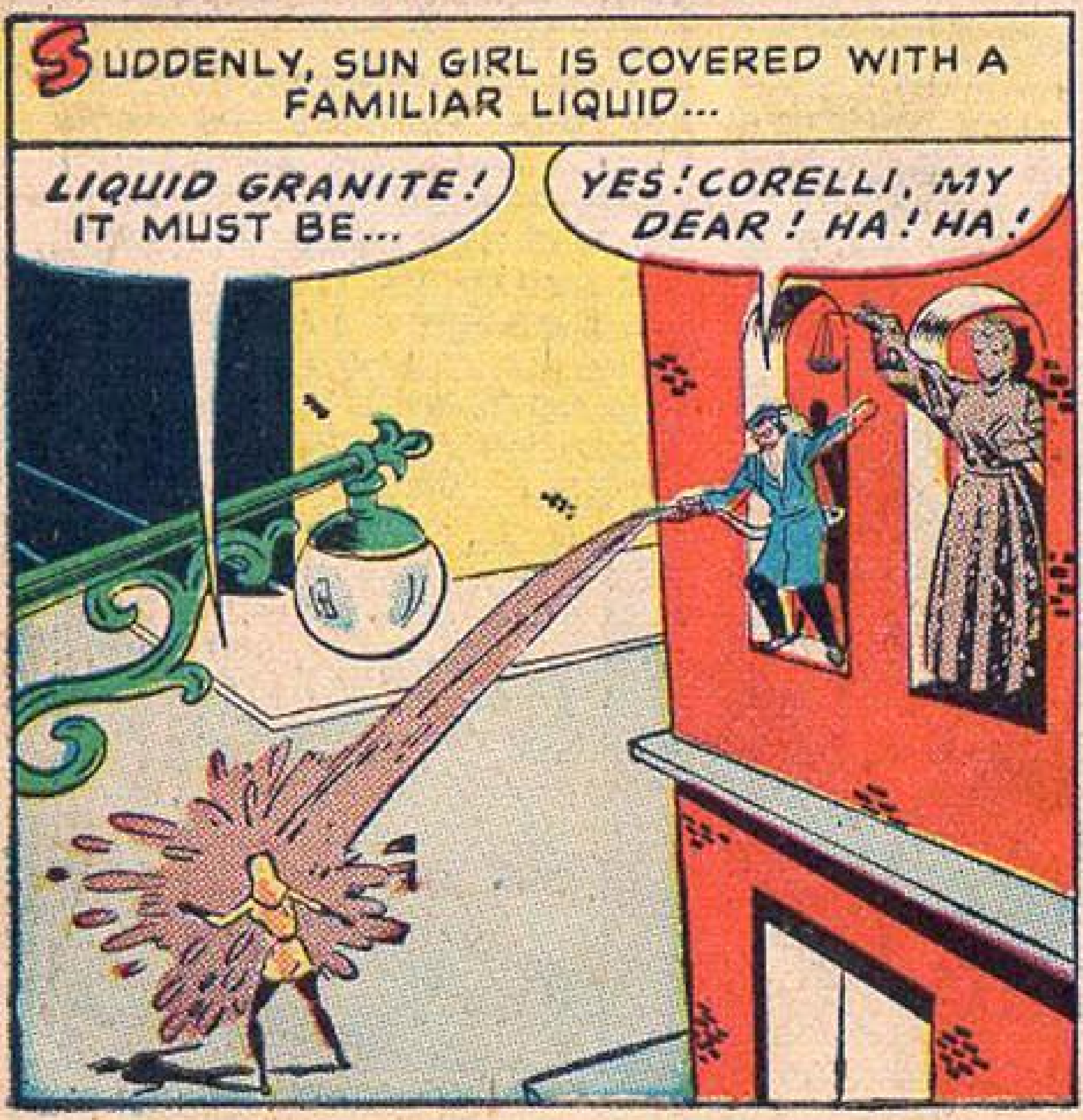

BUT SUDDENLY...
HERE'S A SURPRISE FOR *YOU*, CORELLI!
YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN PUTTING DOWN THOSE BREATHER TUBES! TORCH BURNED A TUNNEL OUT FOR US!
WHAAA--?
WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN TWO PLACES AT ONE TIME!
THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU!
BUT AS SUN GIRL IS ABOUT TO TEAR INTO THE BANDIT, SHE SEES HIS STONE-DOUBLE!
MEET YOUR STONE-HEADED TWIN BROTHER!
WHUFF!
THE TORCH, SWIFTLY FLAMES DOWN TOWARD CORELLI!
THE GRANITE GUN'LL STOP HIM!
TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME, GRABS THE GRANITE GUN, AND THEN...
NOT IF I STOP *YOU* FIRST!
YEOW!
TORCH! BEHIND YOU!
HO! THE THUNDERING HERD!
GET HIM!
NEED I SAY "*HOLD THAT POSE?*"

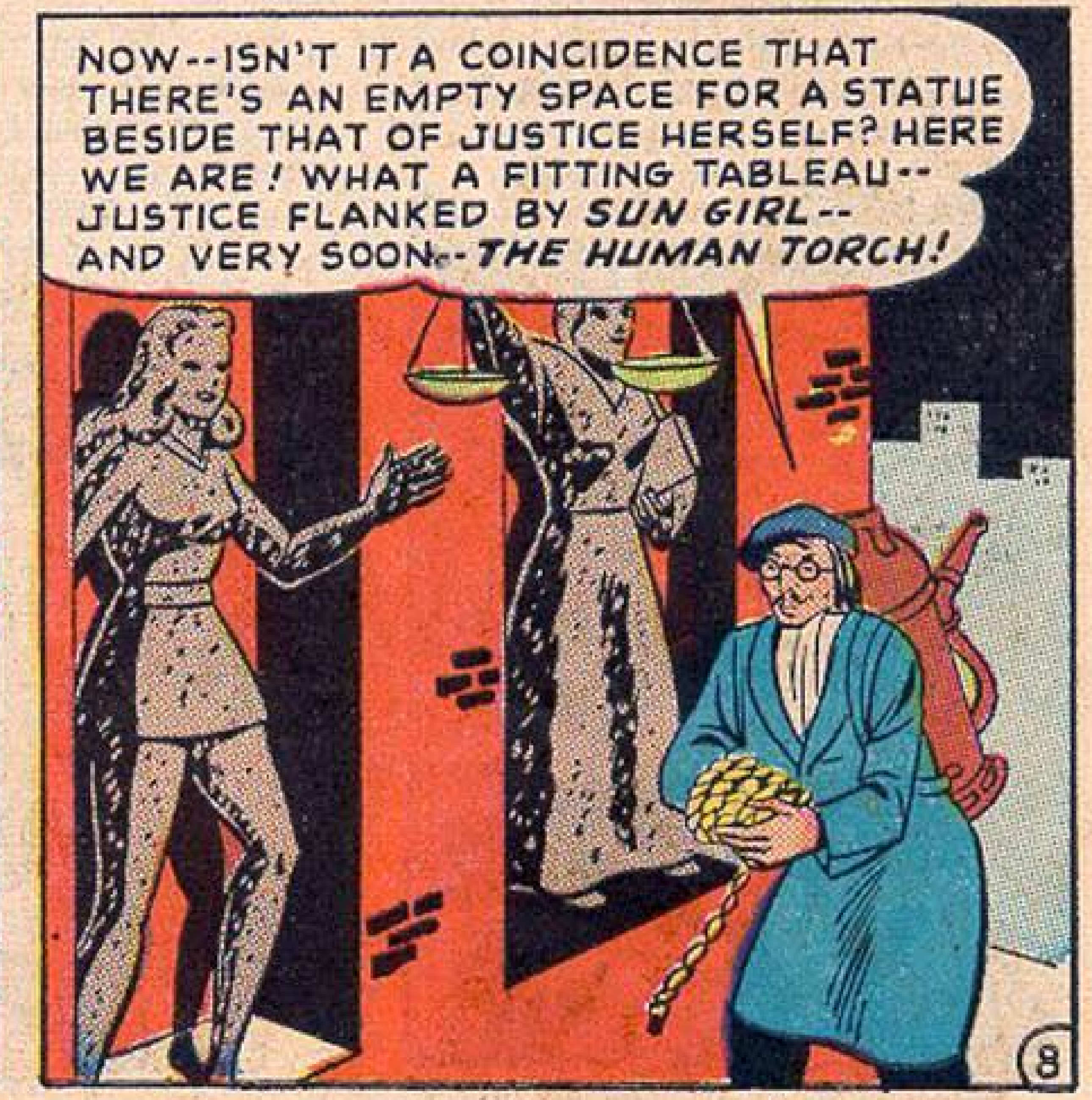

WELL, QUITE A COLLECTION OF STATUES YOU'VE GOT HERE!
I'M CALLING THIS "CRIME AT EBB!" NOW TO GET CORELLI! THE LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE WAS CRAWLING AWAY LIKE THE HEEL HE IS!
HA! HA! SO TORCH IS WAITING FOR THE "HEEL" TO SHOW UP! WELL, HERE HE COMES, TORCH-- IN GRANITE!
I'LL GET YOU, TORCH!
HO! SO THERE YOU ARE! WE'LL GIVE YOU A DOSE OF YOUR OWN GRANITE!
TORCH MISTAKES THE STATUE FOR ITS LIVING MODEL, AND PLANTS HIMSELF DIRECTLY IN ITS WAY TO TRY TO STOP IT!
WATCH OUT, TORCH! IT'S A STATUE!
WHOOOO!
TORCH! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES!--BUT IT WAS QUITE A FOREWARD PASS! WOW!
LOOKS LIKE HE GOT AWAY!
BUT WE BROKE UP HIS GANG! WE'D BETTER GET THESE GRANITE GOOFS OFF TO JAIL AND WORRY ABOUT CORELLI LATER!
LATER, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...
HONEST, TORCH, I'LL THROW A VICTORY PARTY WHEN WE CATCH THE GRANITE BANDIT--IF WE EVER DO!
HE HASN'T PULLED ANYTHING ALL WEEK! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THE WAY HE KEEPS UNDER COVER!
POLICE COMMISSIONER
PRIVATE

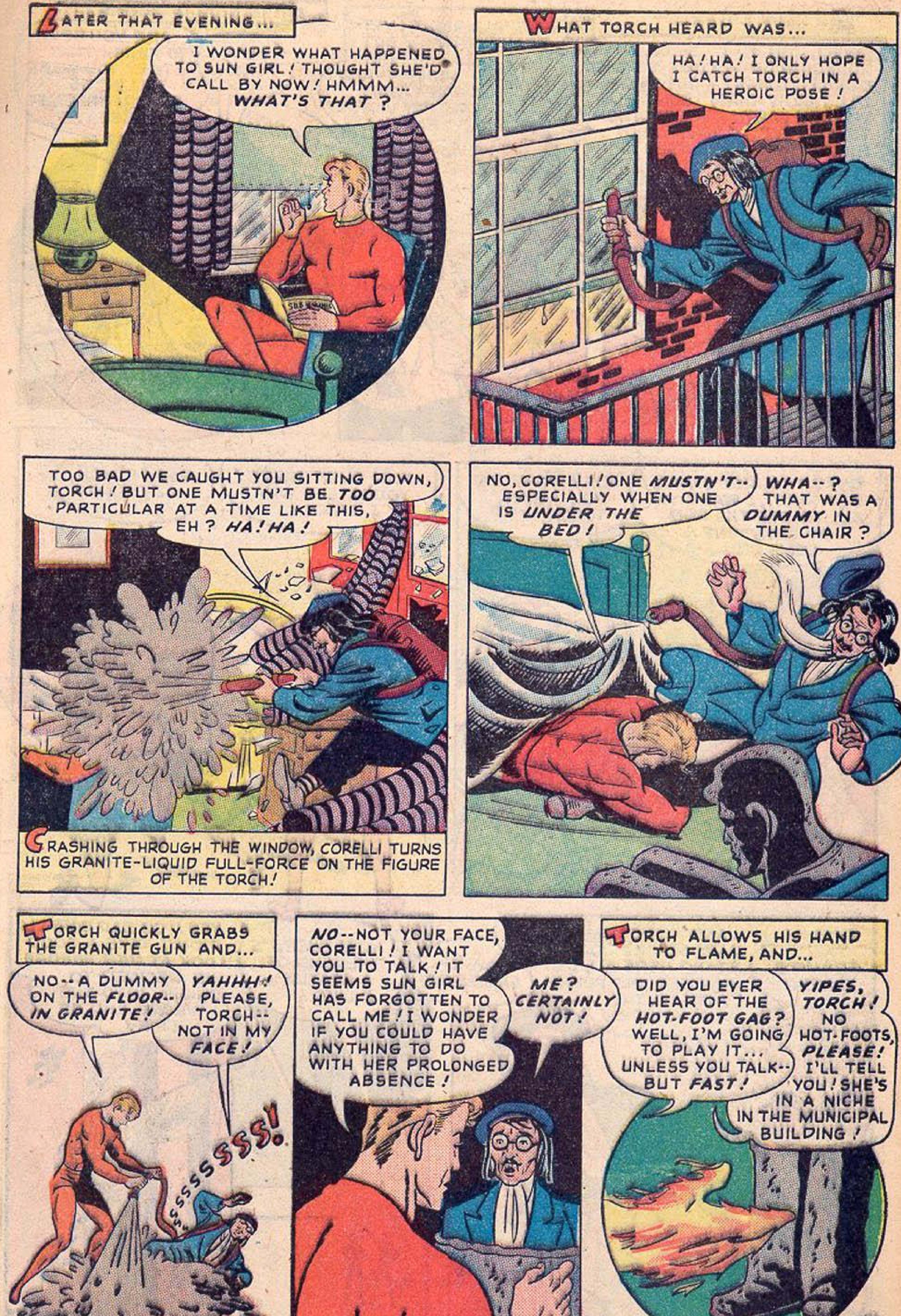

SOMETHING FUNNY," TORCH? YES, VERY PECULIAR! FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A SHABBY SCULPTOR'S STUDIO...
...AND SO THE CONCLUSION IS THAT THE GRANITE BANDIT HAS BEEN SCARED AWAY FROM CRIMINAL PURSUITS BECAUSE OF TORCH'S AND SUN GIRL'S ACTIVITY AGAINST HIM!
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH! HA! HA!
I WONDER WHAT TORCH AND SUN GIRL WOULD SAY IF THEY KNEW THAT THE HUNTED HAS BECOME THE HUNTER? HA! HA!
AND THIS VERY MINUTE CORELLI IS WATCHING THEM! HA! HA! SHE'S GOING TO MAKE A LOVELY STATUE-- LOVELY!
C. STONE CO.

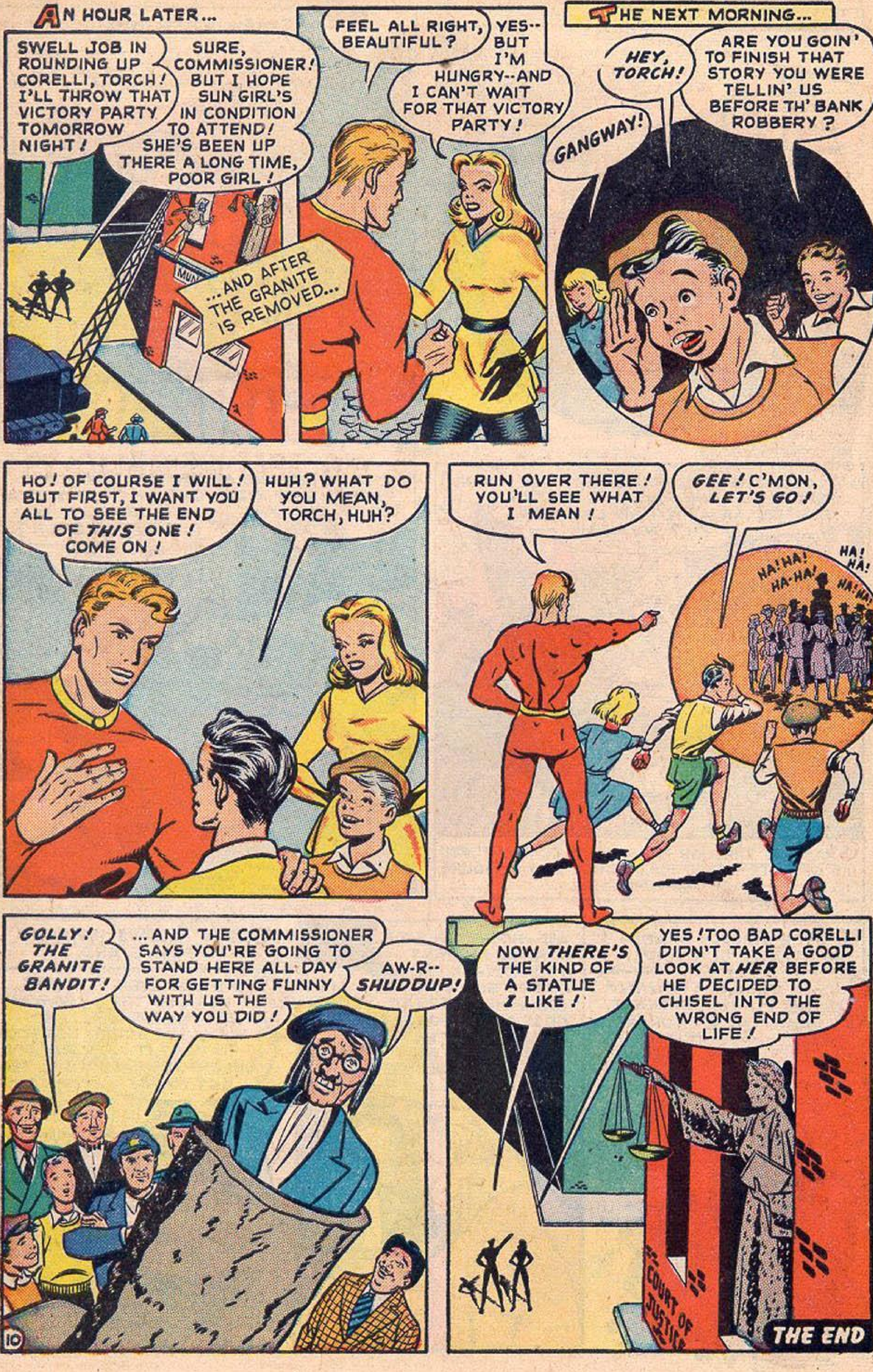

I'M GOING UP TO MY PLACE AND PORE OVER SOME DATA ON THE GRANITE BANDIT CASE! SEE YOU LATER!
RIGHT! IT WON'T HURT IF I NOSE AROUND TOWN! I MIGHT BUMP INTO SOMEONE-- SAY--THE GRANITE BANDIT! SO LONG, TORCH!


BROTHER! THE COMMISSIONER SURE HAD A MAD ON FOR CORELLI EVER SINCE THAT BATTY SCULPTOR PUT HIM IN THE SQUARE FOR PUBLIC DISPLAY!
IF SUN GIRL WOULD LOOK UP, SHE'D SEE THE WEIRD CORELLI LURKING IN AN ALCOVE IN THE SIDE OF A BUILDING... WAITING... WAITING, UNTIL...


SUDDENLY, SUN GIRL IS COVERED WITH A FAMILIAR LIQUID...
LIQUID GRANITE! IT MUST BE...
YES! CORELLI, MY DEAR! HA! HA!


NOW--ISN'T IT A COINCIDENCE THAT THERE'S AN EMPTY SPACE FOR A STATUE BESIDE THAT OF JUSTICE HERSELF? HERE WE ARE! WHAT A FITTING TABLEAU-- JUSTICE FLANKED BY SUN GIRL-- AND VERY SOON--THE HUMAN TORCH!


LATER THAT EVENING...
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO SUN GIRL! THOUGHT SHE'D CALL BY NOW! HMMM... *WHAT'S THAT* ?
WHAT TORCH HEARD WAS...
HA! HA! I ONLY HOPE I CATCH TORCH IN A HEROIC POSE!
TOO BAD WE CAUGHT YOU SITTING DOWN, TORCH! BUT ONE MUSTN'T BE *TOO* PARTICULAR AT A TIME LIKE THIS, EH? *HA! HA!*
CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW, CORELLI TURNS HIS GRANITE-LIQUID FULL-FORCE ON THE FIGURE OF THE TORCH!
NO, CORELLI! ONE *MUSTN'T*-- ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE IS *UNDER THE BED!*
WHA--? THAT WAS A *DUMMY* IN THE CHAIR?
TORCH QUICKLY GRABS THE GRANITE GUN AND...
NO--A DUMMY ON THE *FLOOR*-- *IN GRANITE!*
YAHHH! PLEASE, TORCH-- NOT IN MY *FACE!*
SSSSSSSSS!
NO--NOT YOUR FACE, CORELLI! I WANT YOU TO TALK! IT SEEMS SUN GIRL HAS FORGOTTEN TO CALL ME! I WONDER IF YOU COULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER PROLONGED ABSENCE!
ME? CERTAINLY NOT!
TORCH ALLOWS HIS HAND TO FLAME, AND...
DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE *HOT-FOOT GAG*? WELL, I'M GOING TO PLAY IT... UNLESS YOU TALK-- BUT *FAST!*
YIPES, TORCH! NO HOT-FOOTS, *PLEASE!* I'LL TELL YOU! SHE'S IN A NICHE IN THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING!


AN HOUR LATER...
SWELL JOB IN ROUNDING UP CORELLI, TORCH! I'LL THROW THAT VICTORY PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT!
SURE, COMMISSIONER! BUT I HOPE SUN GIRL'S IN CONDITION TO ATTEND! SHE'S BEEN UP THERE A LONG TIME, POOR GIRL!
MUN
FEEL ALL RIGHT, BEAUTIFUL?
YES-- BUT I'M HUNGRY--AND I CAN'T WAIT FOR THAT VICTORY PARTY!
...AND AFTER THE GRANITE IS REMOVED...
THE NEXT MORNING...
HEY, TORCH!
ARE YOU GOIN' TO FINISH THAT STORY YOU WERE TELLIN' US BEFORE TH' BANK ROBBERY?
GANGWAY!
HO! OF COURSE I WILL! BUT FIRST, I WANT YOU ALL TO SEE THE END OF *THIS* ONE! COME ON!
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TORCH, HUH?
RUN OVER THERE! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!
GEE! C'MON, *LET'S GO!*
HA! HA! HA-HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
GOLLY! THE GRANITE BANDIT!
...AND THE COMMISSIONER SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO STAND HERE ALL DAY FOR GETTING FUNNY WITH US THE WAY YOU DID!
AW-R-- *SHUDDUP!*
10
NOW *THERE'S* THE KIND OF A STATUE *I* LIKE!
YES! TOO BAD CORELLI DIDN'T TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT *HER* BEFORE HE DECIDED TO CHISEL INTO THE WRONG END OF LIFE!
COURT OF JUSTICE
THE END

SUB-MARINER IN "DECISION... NO CONTEST!"

A SPECIAL FEATURE

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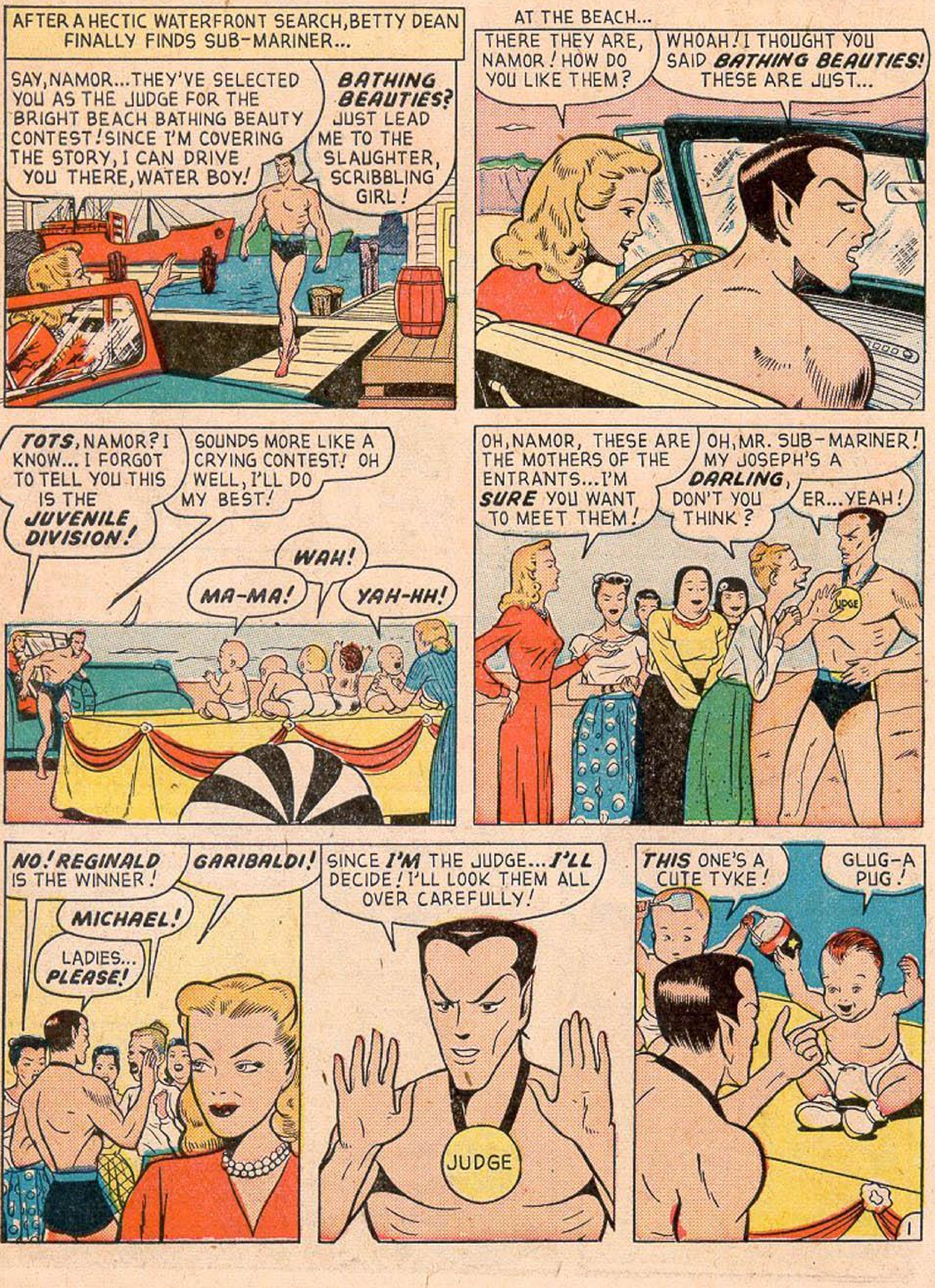
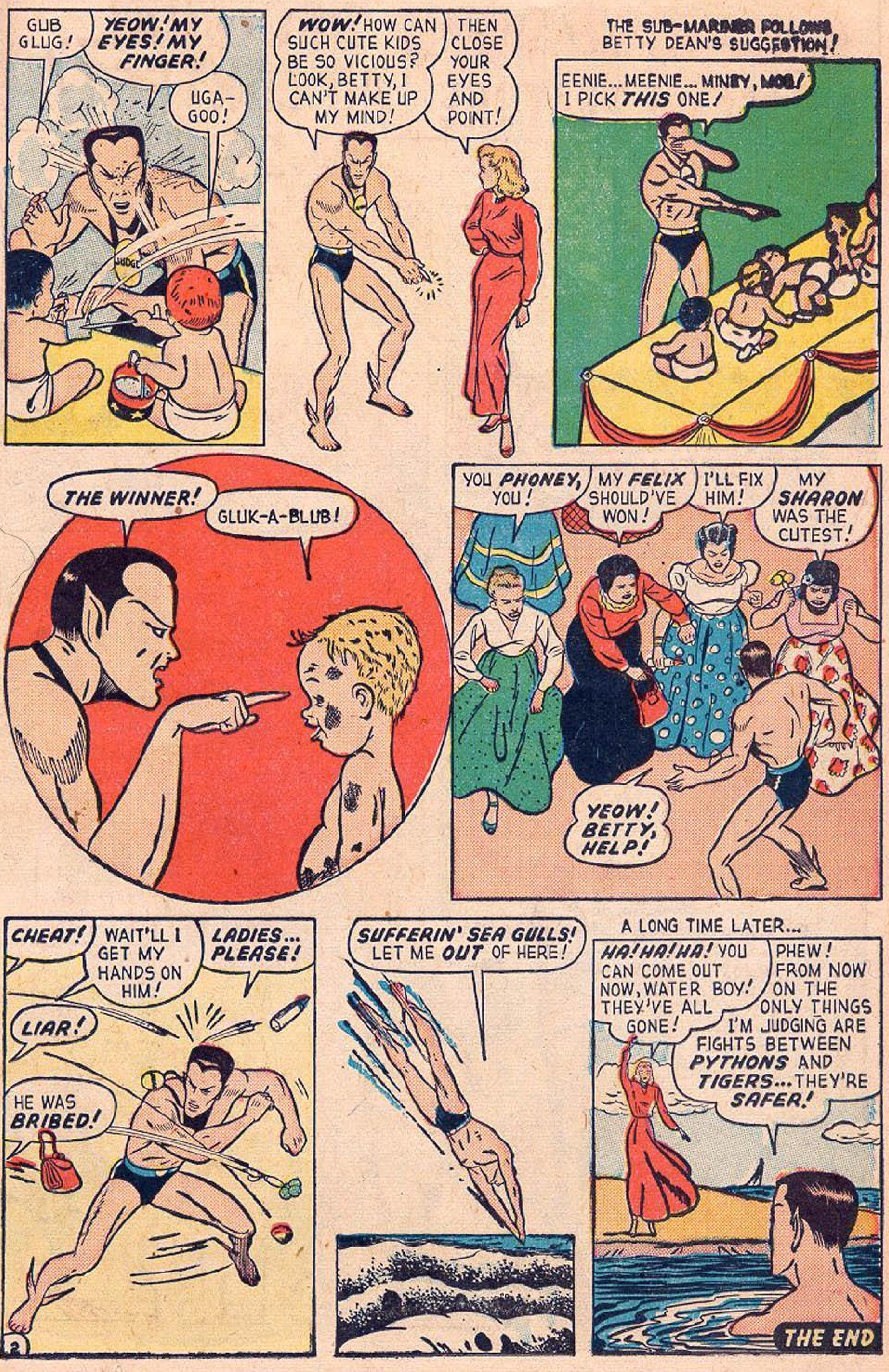
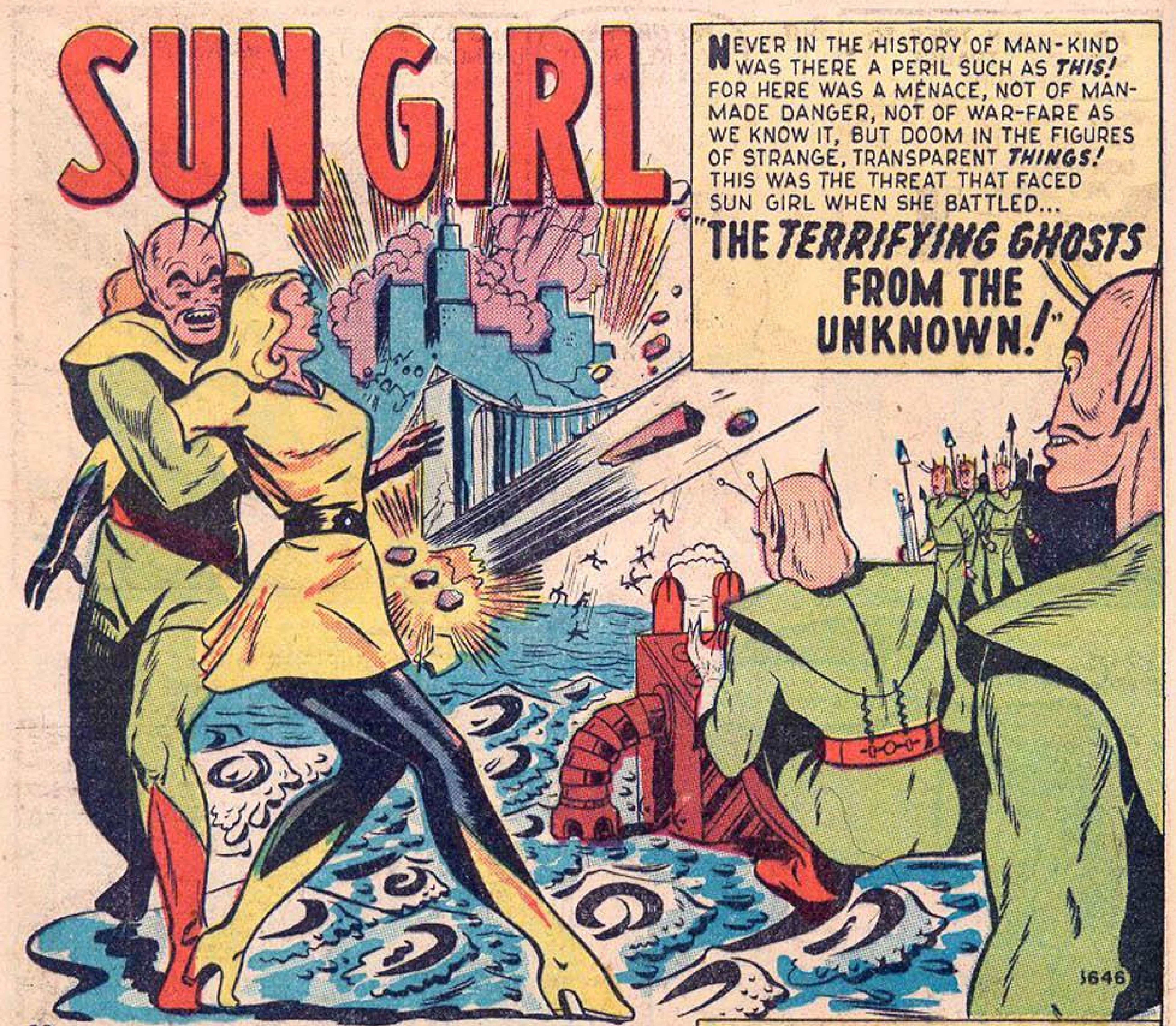

AFTER A HECTIC WATERFRONT SEARCH, BETTY DEAN FINALLY FINDS SUB-MARINER...
SAY, NAMOR... THEY'VE SELECTED YOU AS THE JUDGE FOR THE BRIGHT BEACH BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST! SINCE I'M COVERING THE STORY, I CAN DRIVE YOU THERE, WATER BOY!
BATHING BEAUTIES? JUST LEAD ME TO THE SLAUGHTER, SCRIBBLING GIRL!
AT THE BEACH...
THERE THEY ARE, NAMOR! HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM?
WHOAH! I THOUGHT YOU SAID *BATHING BEAUTIES!* THESE ARE JUST...
TOTS, NAMOR? I KNOW... I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THIS IS THE *JUVENILE DIVISION!*
SOUNDS MORE LIKE A CRYING CONTEST! OH WELL, I'LL DO MY BEST!
WAH!
MA-MA!
YAH-HH!
OH, NAMOR, THESE ARE THE MOTHERS OF THE ENTRANTS... I'M *SURE* YOU WANT TO MEET THEM!
OH, MR. SUB-MARINER! MY JOSEPH'S A *DARLING*, DON'T YOU THINK?
ER... YEAH!
JUDGE
NO! REGINALD IS THE WINNER!
GARIBALDI!
MICHAEL!
LADIES... *PLEASE!*
SINCE *I'M* THE JUDGE... *I'LL* DECIDE! I'LL LOOK THEM ALL OVER CAREFULLY!
JUDGE
THIS ONE'S A CUTE TYKE!
GLUG-A PUG!
1


GUB GLUG!
YEOW! MY EYES! MY FINGER!
UGA-GOO!
JUDGE
WOW! HOW CAN SUCH CUTE KIDS BE SO VICIOUS? LOOK, BETTY, I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND!
THEN CLOSE YOUR EYES AND POINT!
THE SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS BETTY DEAN'S SUGGESTION!
EENIE... MEENIE... MINEY, MOE! I PICK THIS ONE!
THE WINNER!
GLUK-A-BLUB!
YOU PHONEY, YOU!
MY FELIX SHOULD'VE WON!
I'LL FIX HIM!
MY SHARON WAS THE CUTEST!
YEOW! BETTY, HELP!
CHEAT!
WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!
LADIES... PLEASE!
LIAR!
HE WAS BRIBED!
SUFFERIN' SEA GULLS! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
A LONG TIME LATER...
HA! HA! HA! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, WATER BOY! THEY'VE ALL GONE!
PHEW! FROM NOW ON THE ONLY THINGS I'M JUDGING ARE FIGHTS BETWEEN PYTHONS AND TIGERS... THEY'RE SAFER!
THE END



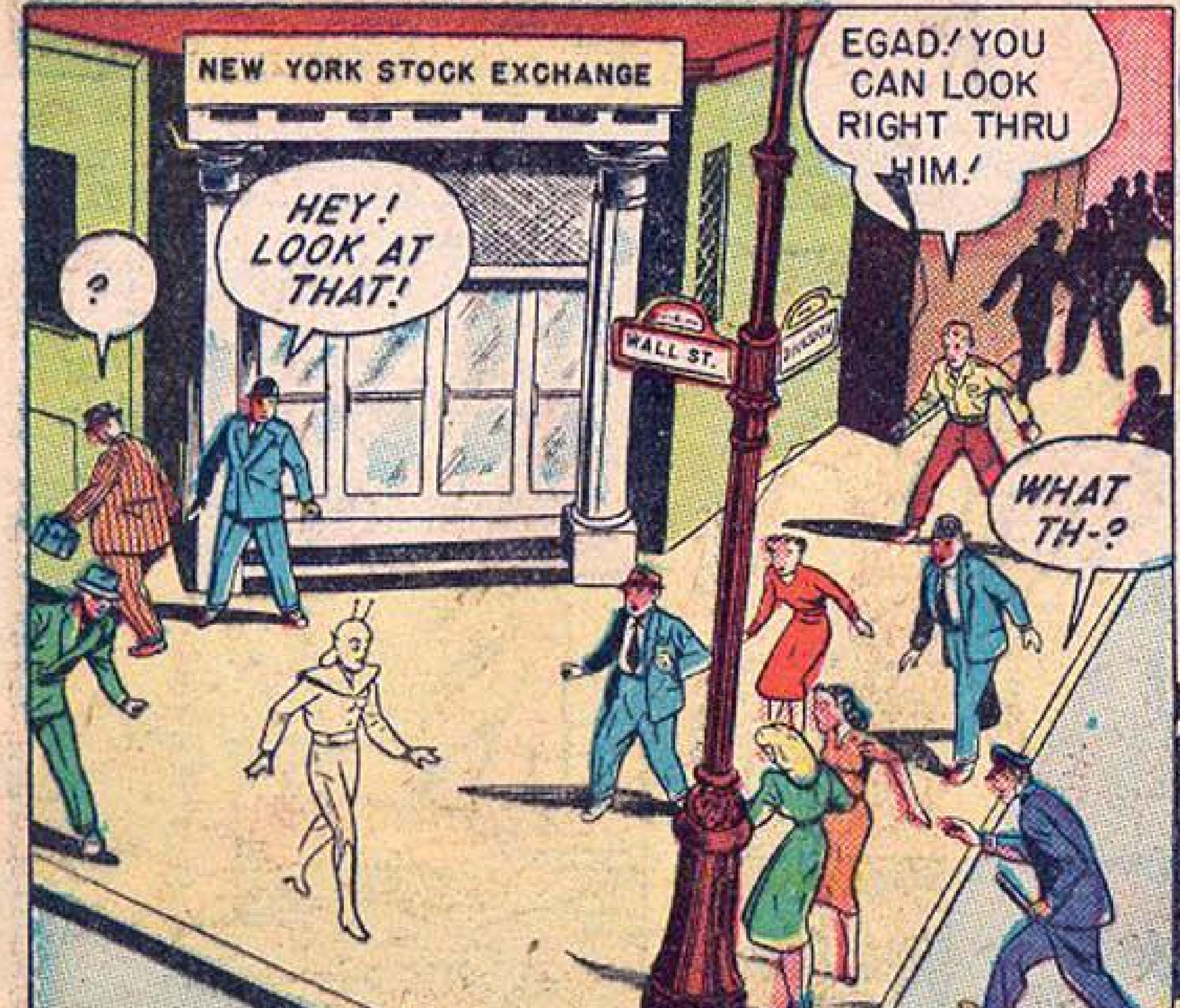
SUN GIRL

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF MAN-KIND WAS THERE A PERIL SUCH AS *THIS!* FOR HERE WAS A MENACE, NOT OF MAN-MADE DANGER, NOT OF WAR-FARE AS WE KNOW IT, BUT DOOM IN THE FIGURES OF STRANGE, TRANSPARENT *THINGS!* THIS WAS THE THREAT THAT FACED SUN GIRL WHEN SHE BATTLED...

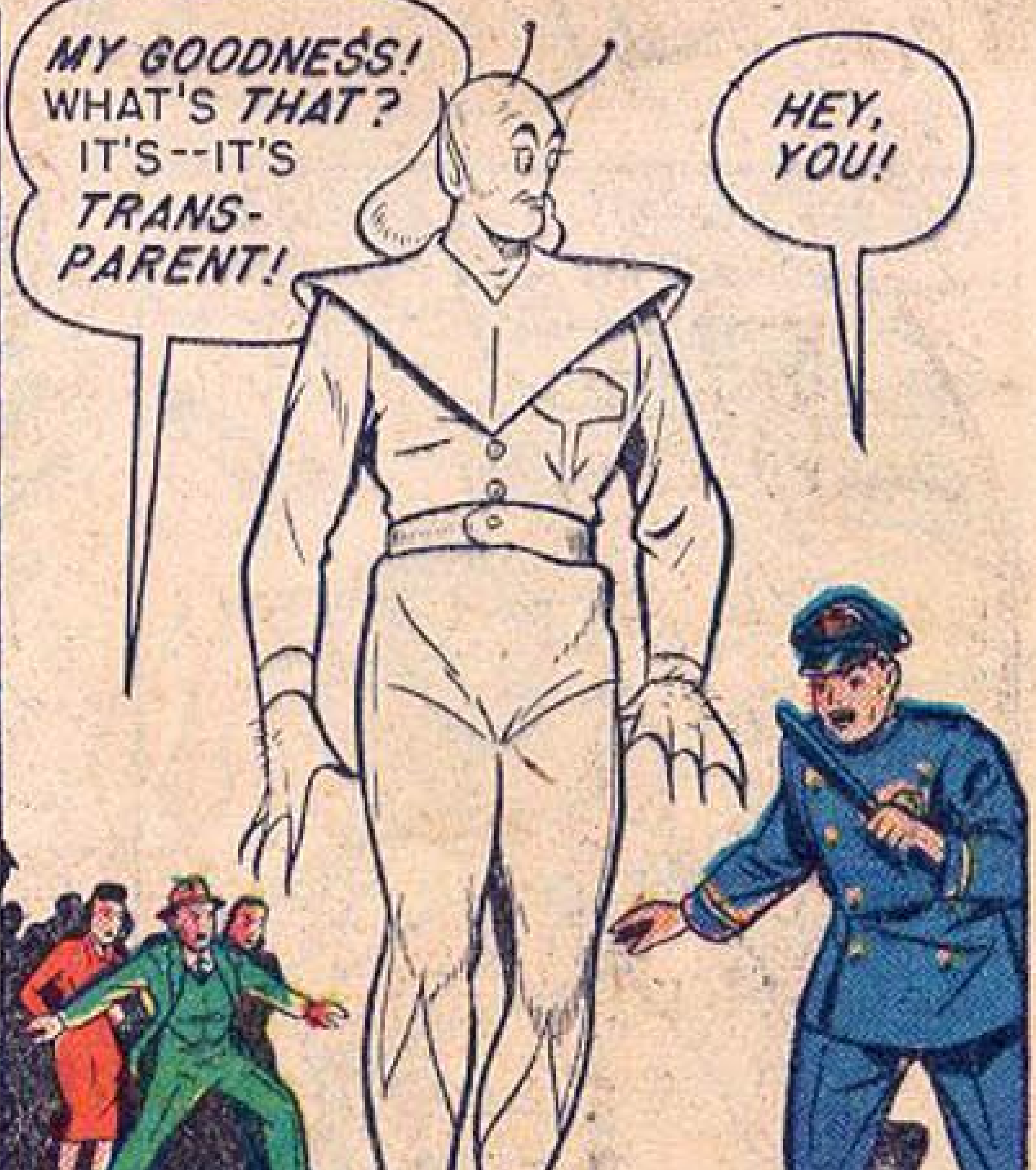
"THE *TERRIFYING GHOSTS* FROM THE UNKNOWN!"

HIGH NOON IN NEW YORK CITY, AND THE BUSY NATIVES ARE ASTOUNDED BY A STRANGE PHENOMENON WHICH IS TO LEAD TO WEIRD, UNBELIEVABLE CONSEQUENCES IN THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS FINANCIAL SECTION... WALL STREET!

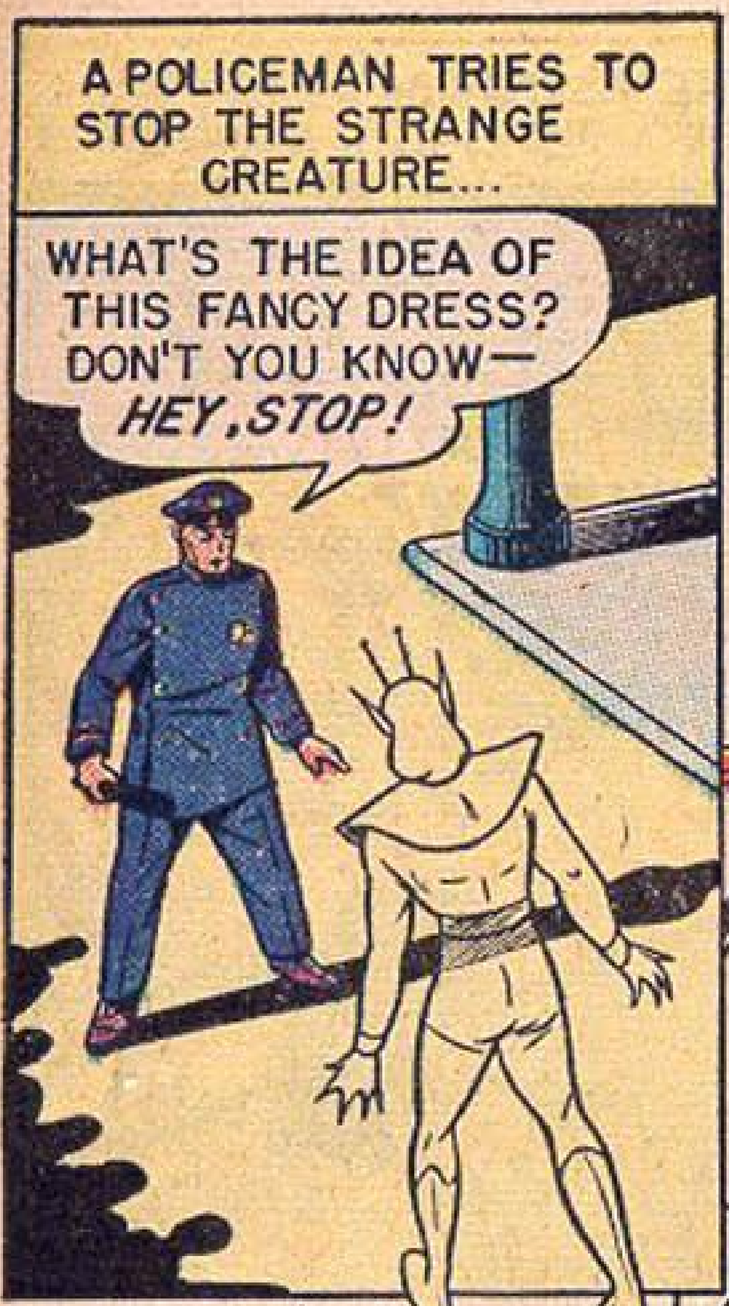
BROAD DAYLIGHT, YET THOUSANDS SEE THE FANTASTIC, SILENT, STALKING PHANTOM!

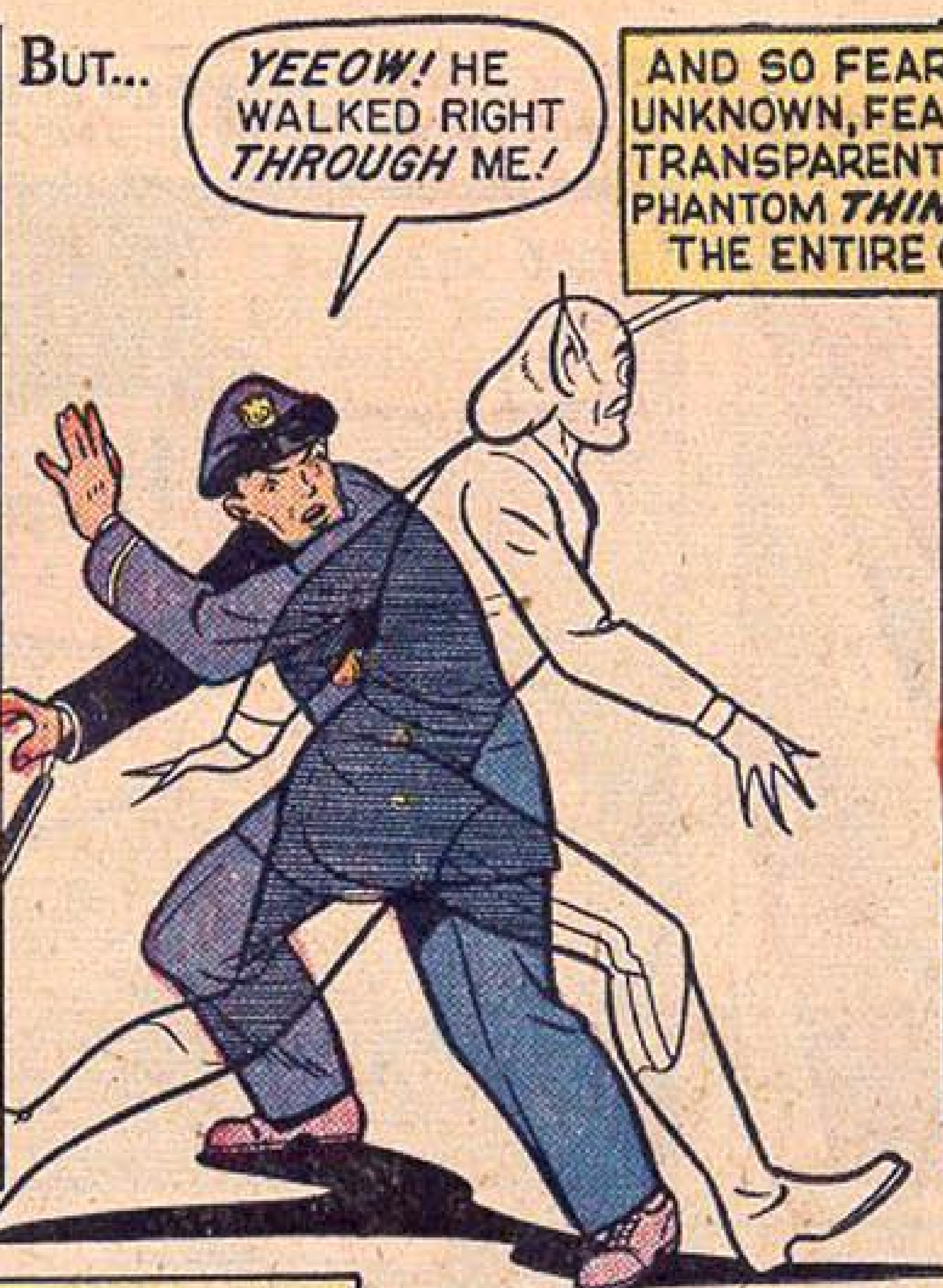


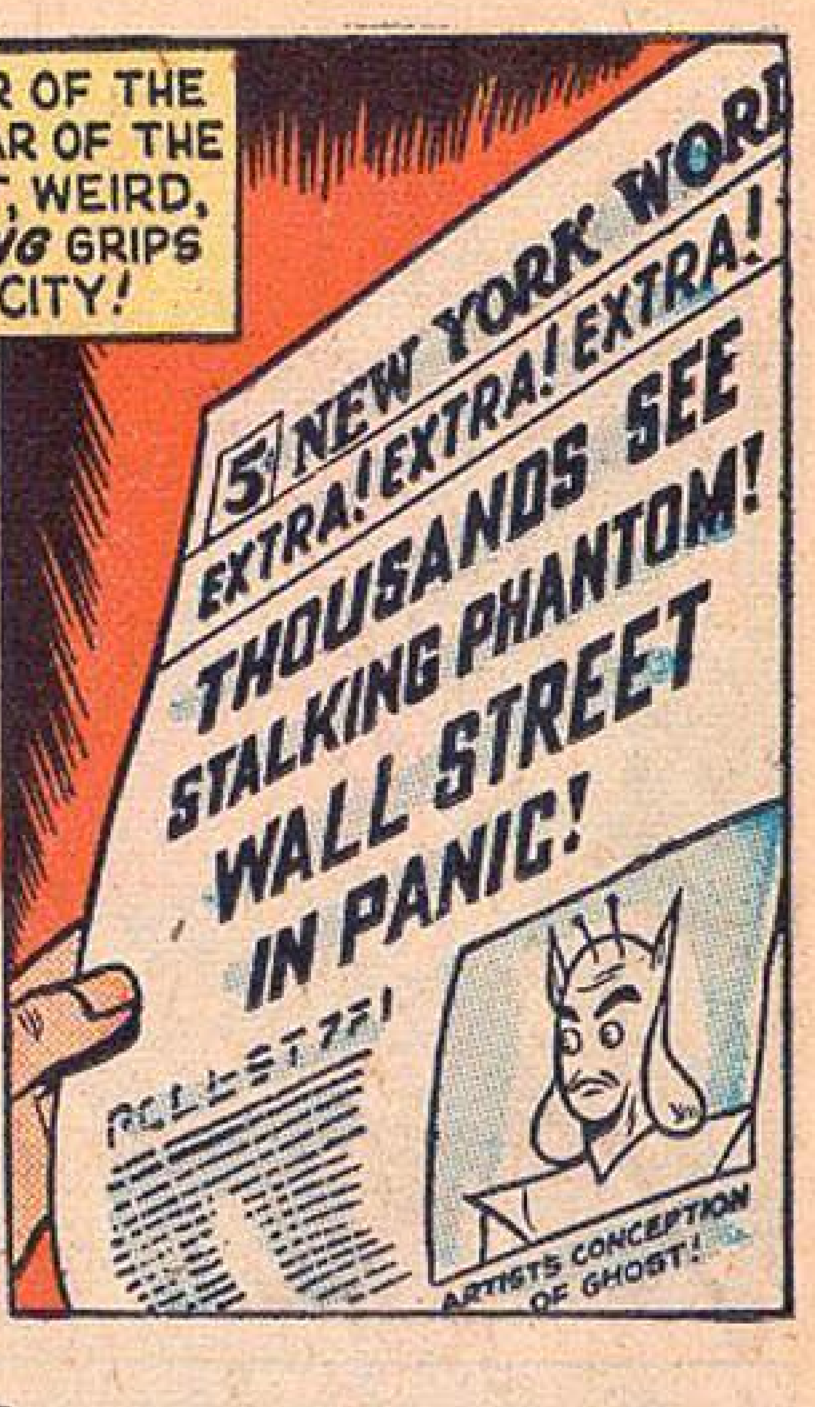
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
?
HEY! LOOK AT THAT!
EGAD! YOU CAN LOOK RIGHT THRU HIM!
WALL ST.
WHAT TH-?

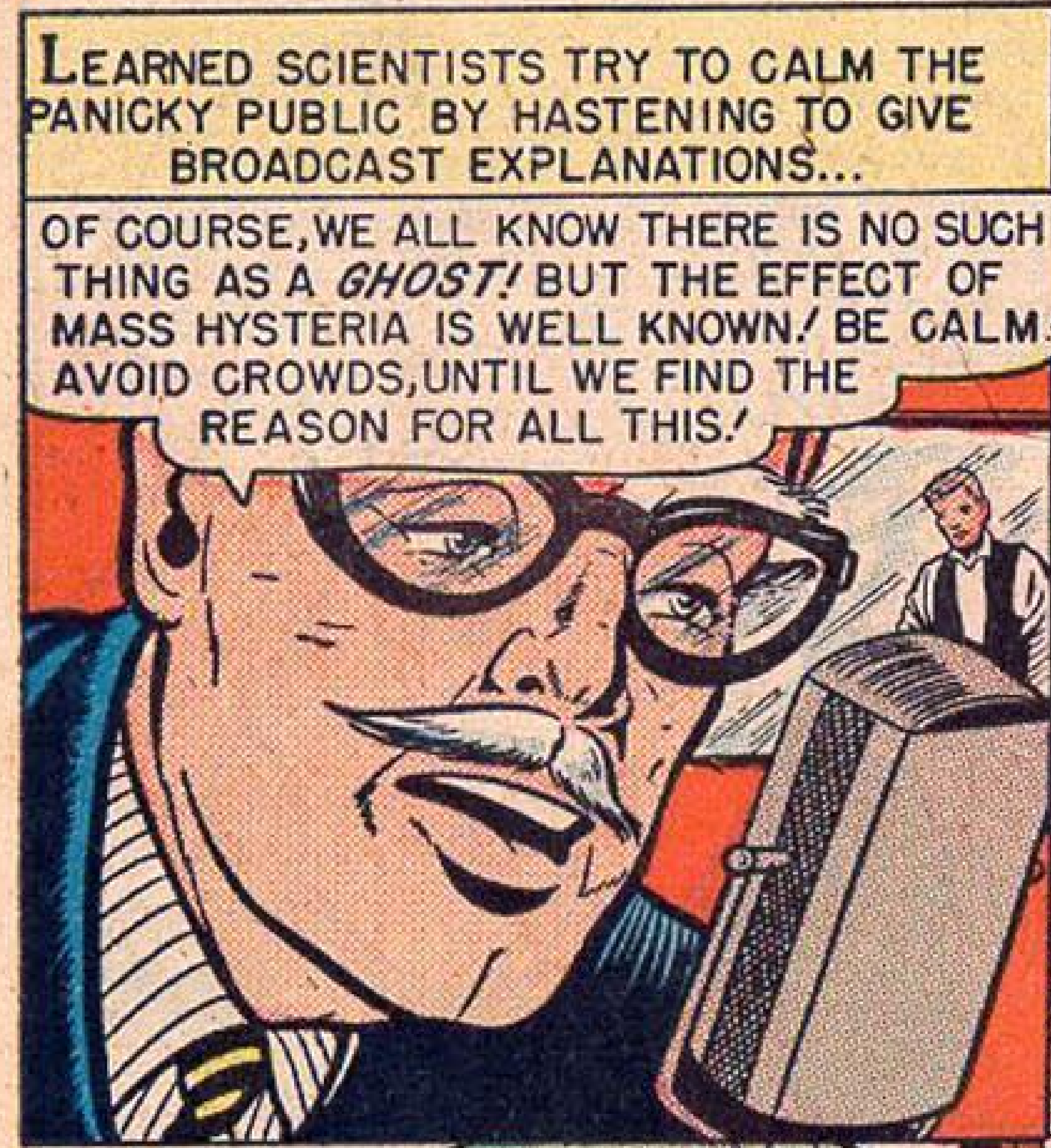


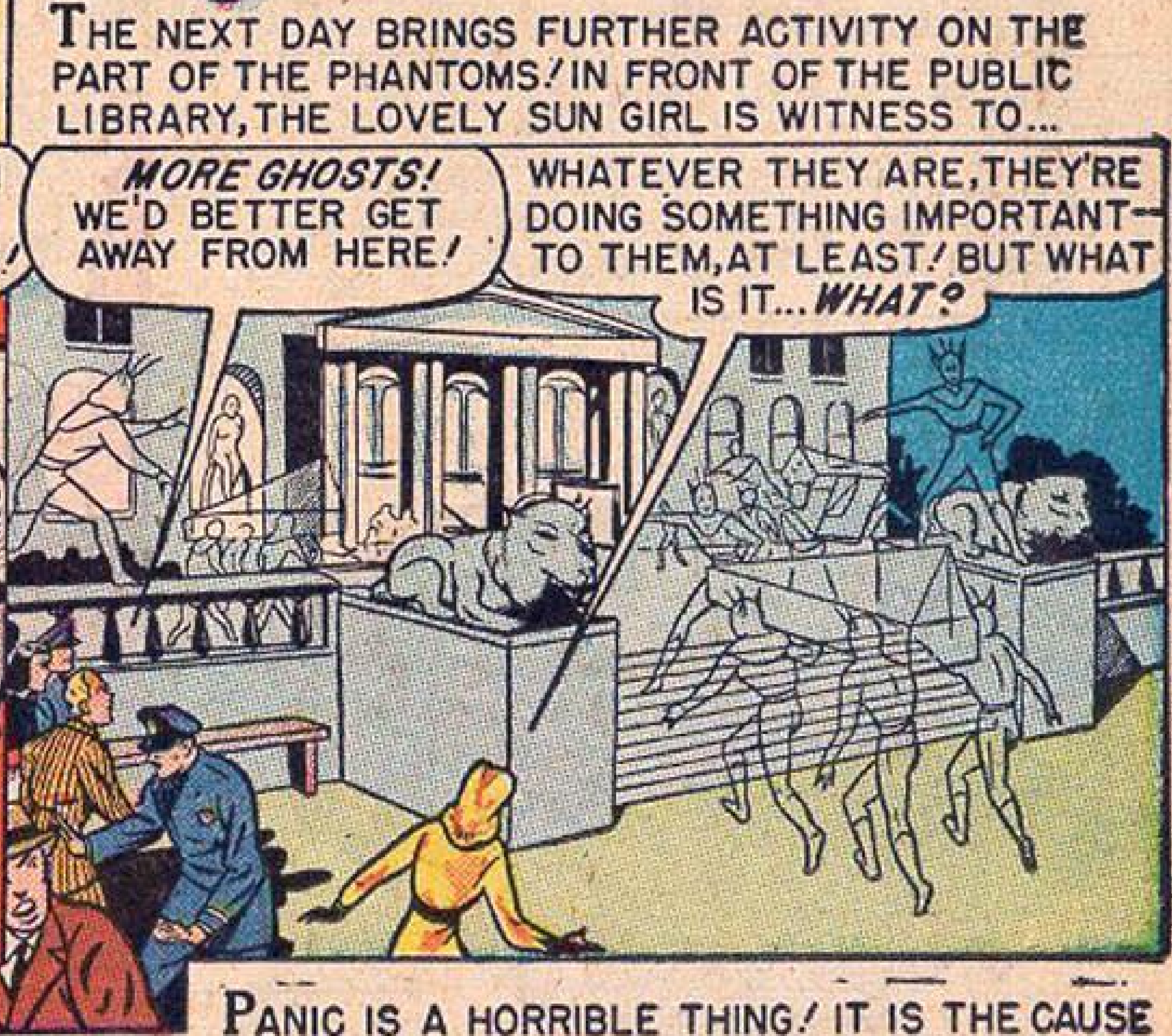
MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S THAT? IT'S--IT'S TRANS-PARENT!
HEY, YOU!

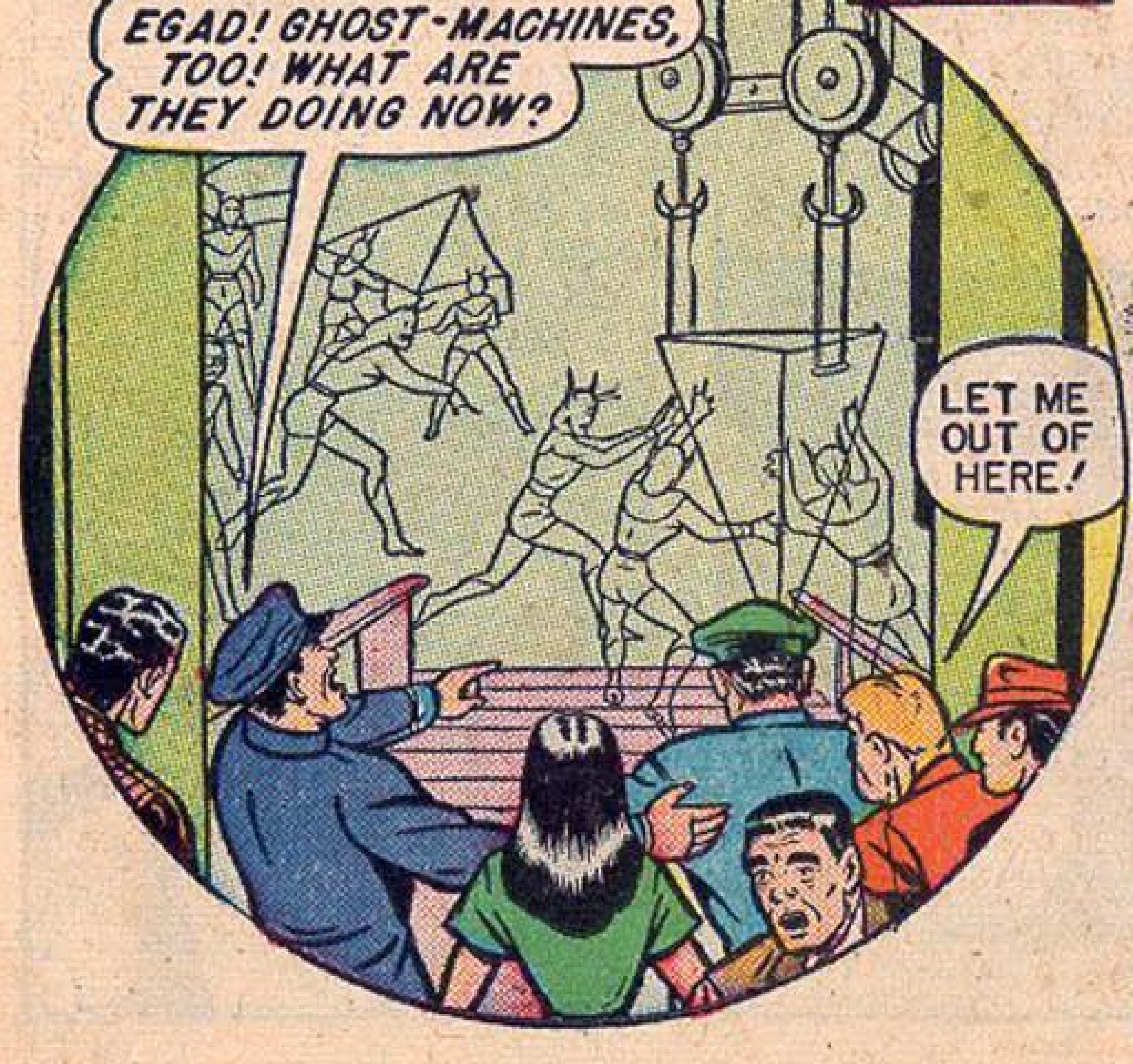

A POLICEMAN TRIES TO STOP THE STRANGE CREATURE...
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS FANCY DRESS? DON'T YOU KNOW— *HEY, STOP!*

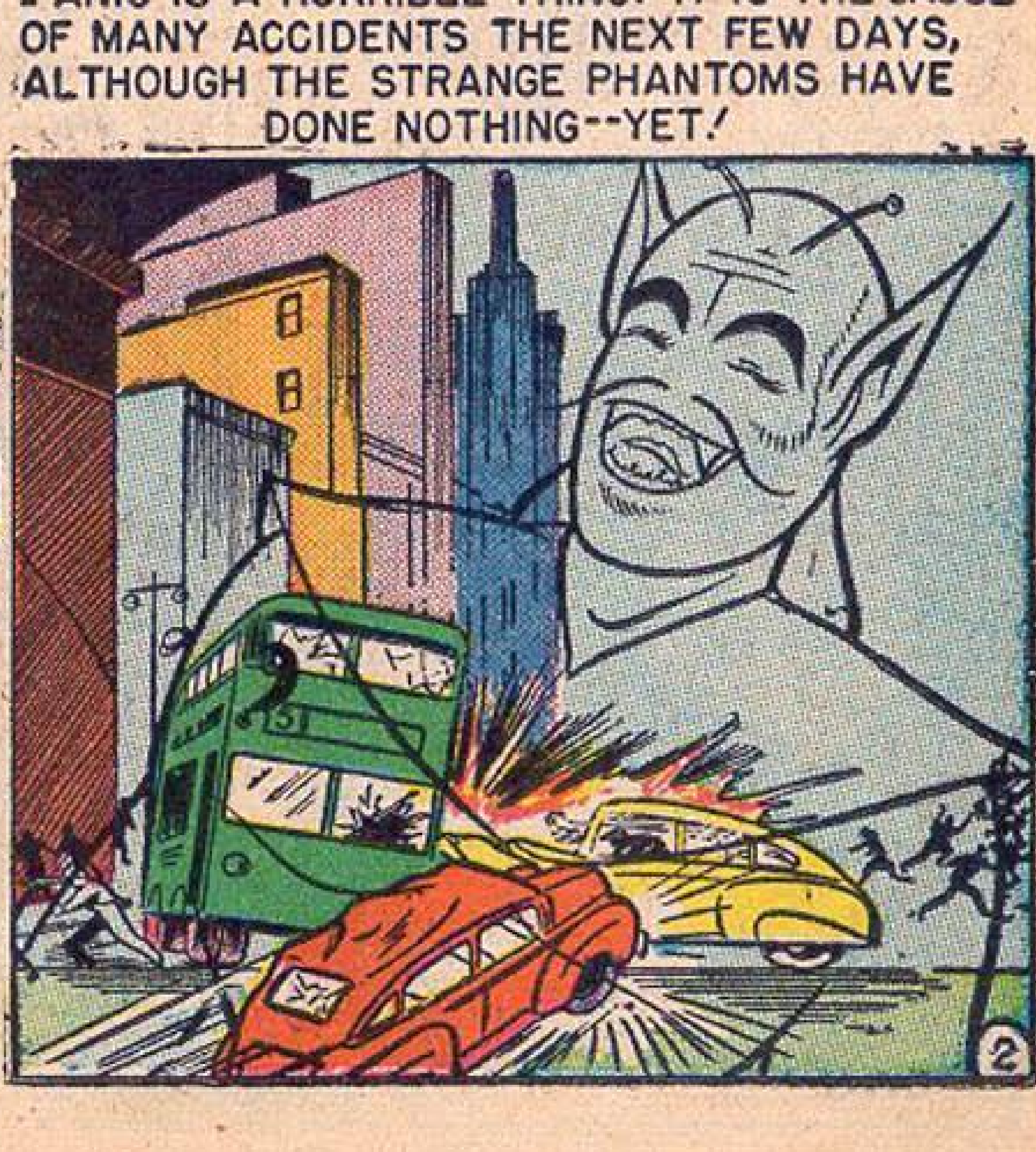

BUT...
YEEOW! HE WALKED RIGHT *THROUGH* ME!

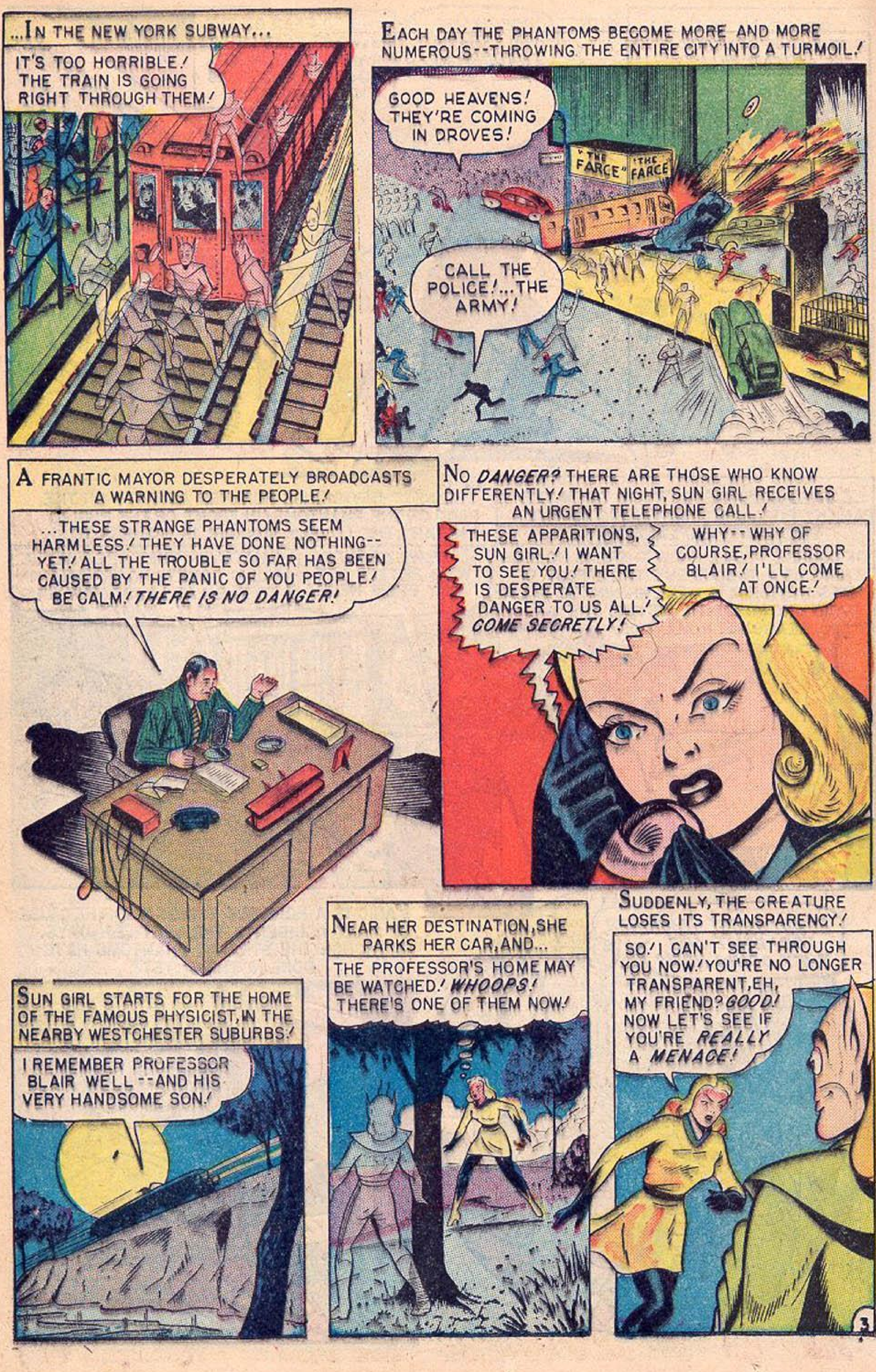

AND SO FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN, FEAR OF THE TRANSPARENT, WEIRD, PHANTOM *THING* GRIPS THE ENTIRE CITY!
5¢ NEW YORK WORL
EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!
THOUSANDS SEE STALKING PHANTOM!
WALL STREET IN PANIC!
ARTISTS CONCEPTION OF GHOST!

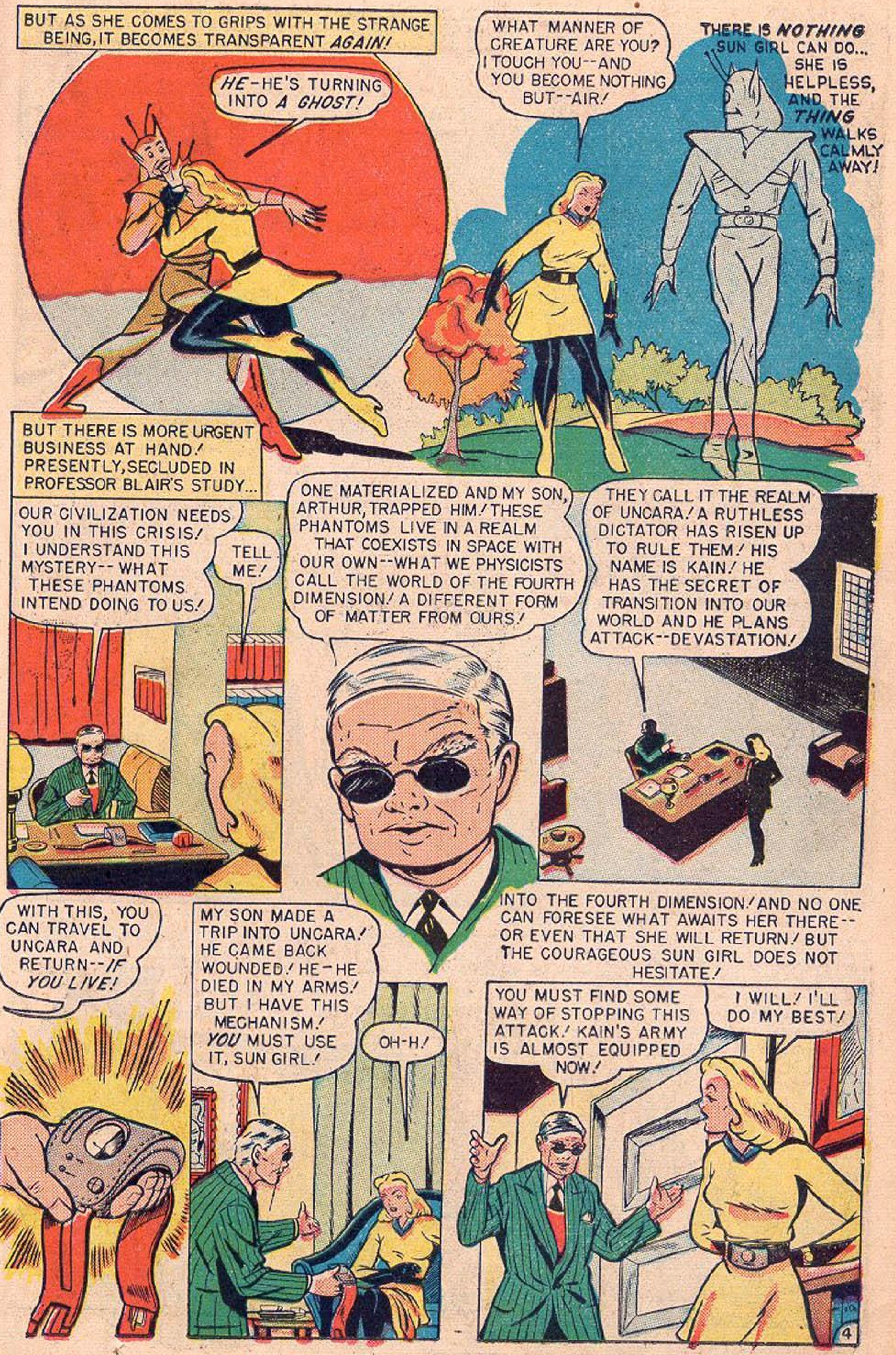

LEARNED SCIENTISTS TRY TO CALM THE PANICKY PUBLIC BY HASTENING TO GIVE BROADCAST EXPLANATIONS...
OF COURSE, WE ALL KNOW THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A *GHOST!* BUT THE EFFECT OF MASS HYSTERIA IS WELL KNOWN! BE CALM! AVOID CROWDS, UNTIL WE FIND THE REASON FOR ALL THIS!

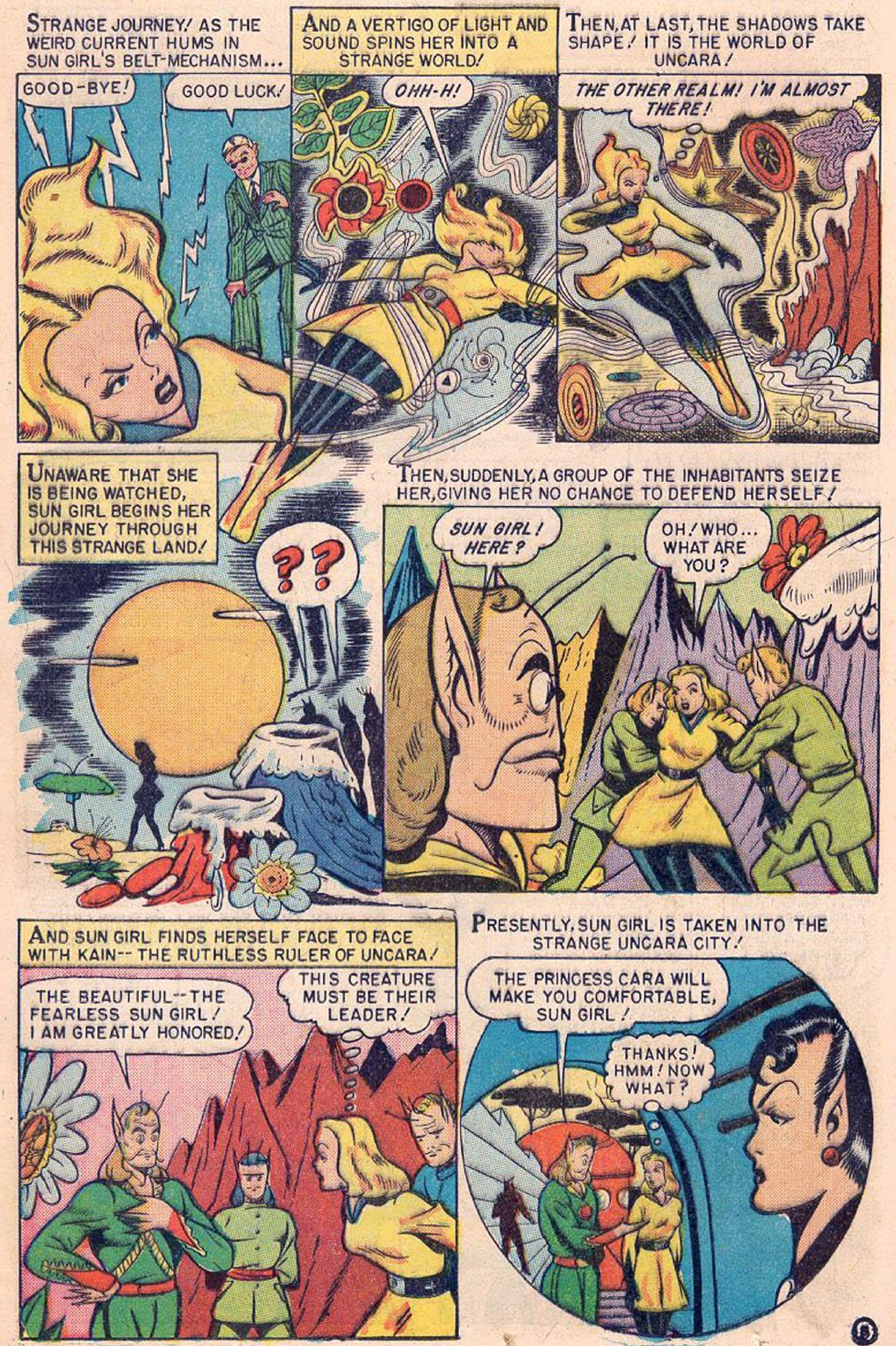

THE NEXT DAY BRINGS FURTHER ACTIVITY ON THE PART OF THE PHANTOMS! IN FRONT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, THE LOVELY SUN GIRL IS WITNESS TO...
MORE GHOSTS! WE'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!
WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE DOING SOMETHING IMPORTANT— TO THEM, AT LEAST! BUT WHAT IS IT... *WHAT?*

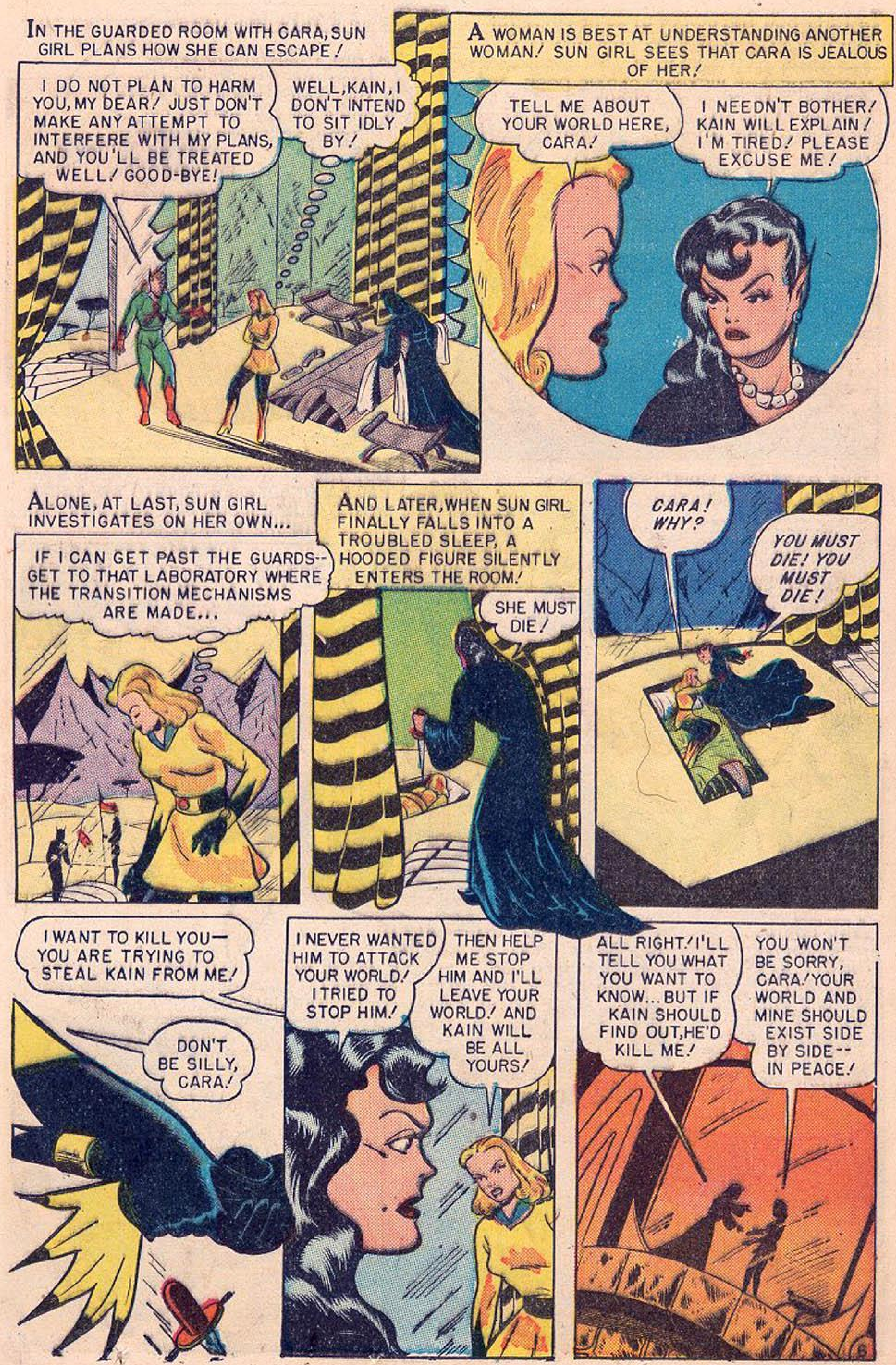

EGAD! GHOST-MACHINES, TOO! WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?
LET ME OUT OF HERE!

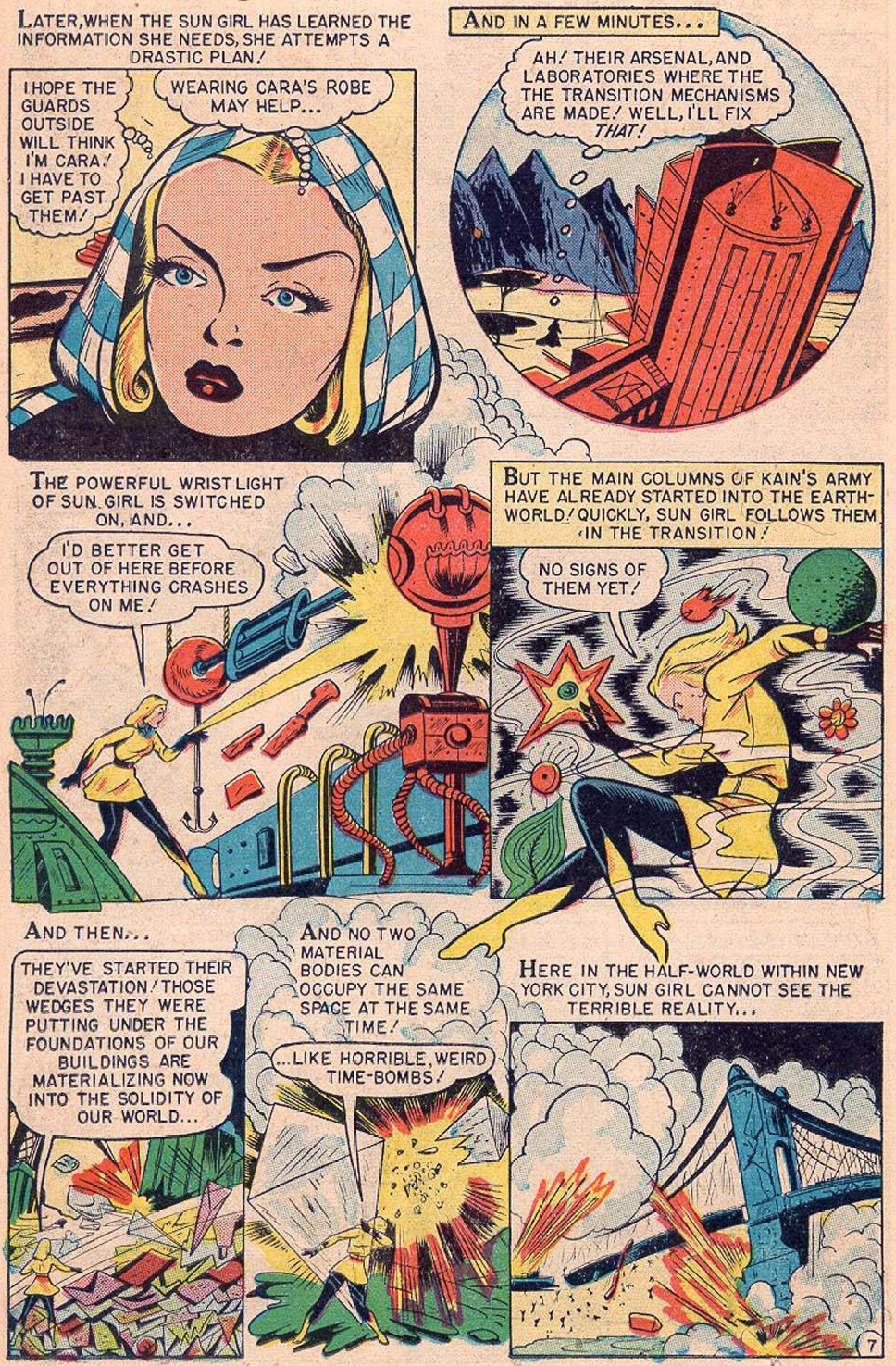

PANIC IS A HORRIBLE THING! IT IS THE CAUSE OF MANY ACCIDENTS THE NEXT FEW DAYS, ALTHOUGH THE STRANGE PHANTOMS HAVE DONE NOTHING--YET!

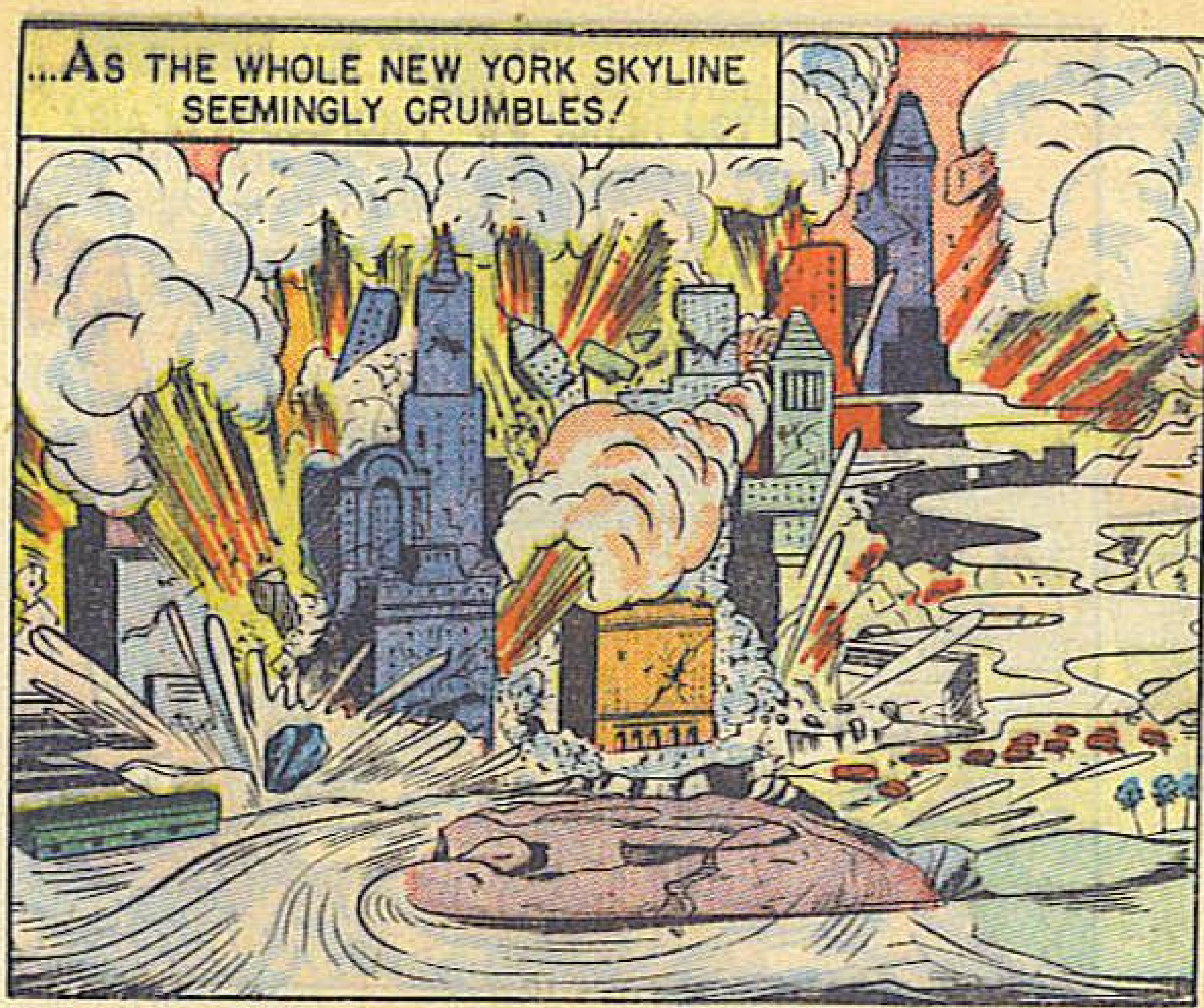

...IN THE NEW YORK SUBWAY...
IT'S TOO HORRIBLE! THE TRAIN IS GOING RIGHT THROUGH THEM!
EACH DAY THE PHANTOMS BECOME MORE AND MORE NUMEROUS--THROWING THE ENTIRE CITY INTO A TURMOIL!
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE COMING IN DROVES!
"THE FARCE" "THE FARCE"
CALL THE POLICE!...THE ARMY!
A FRANTIC MAYOR DESPERATELY BROADCASTS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE!
...THESE STRANGE PHANTOMS SEEM HARMLESS! THEY HAVE DONE NOTHING--YET! ALL THE TROUBLE SO FAR HAS BEEN CAUSED BY THE PANIC OF YOU PEOPLE! BE CALM! *THERE IS NO DANGER!*
NO *DANGER?* THERE ARE THOSE WHO KNOW DIFFERENTLY! THAT NIGHT, SUN GIRL RECEIVES AN URGENT TELEPHONE CALL!
THESE APPARITIONS, SUN GIRL! I WANT TO SEE YOU! THERE IS DESPERATE DANGER TO US ALL! *COME SECRETLY!*
WHY--WHY OF COURSE, PROFESSOR BLAIR! I'LL COME AT ONCE!
SUN GIRL STARTS FOR THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS PHYSICIST, IN THE NEARBY WESTCHESTER SUBURBS!
I REMEMBER PROFESSOR BLAIR WELL--AND HIS VERY HANDSOME SON!
NEAR HER DESTINATION, SHE PARKS HER CAR, AND...
THE PROFESSOR'S HOME MAY BE WATCHED! *WHOOPS!* THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW!
SUDDENLY, THE CREATURE LOSES ITS TRANSPARENCY!
SO! I CAN'T SEE THROUGH YOU NOW! YOU'RE NO LONGER TRANSPARENT, EH, MY FRIEND? *GOOD!* NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE *REALLY* A *MENACE!*

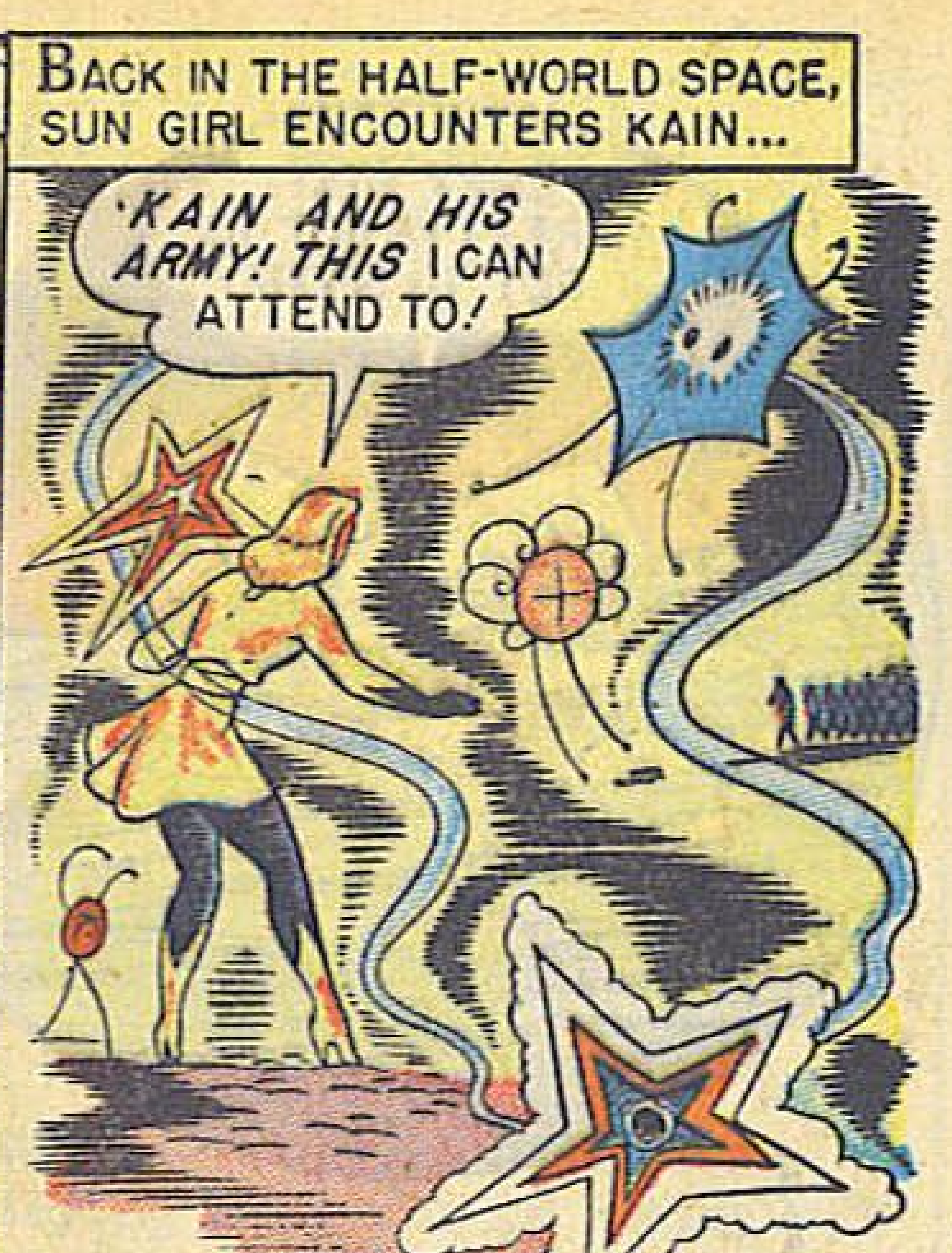

BUT AS SHE COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE STRANGE BEING, IT BECOMES TRANSPARENT *AGAIN!*
HE-HE'S TURNING INTO *A GHOST!*
WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE ARE YOU? I TOUCH YOU--AND YOU BECOME NOTHING BUT--AIR!
THERE IS *NOTHING* SUN GIRL CAN DO... SHE IS HELPLESS, AND THE *THING* WALKS CALMLY AWAY!
BUT THERE IS MORE URGENT BUSINESS AT HAND! PRESENTLY, SECLUDED IN PROFESSOR BLAIR'S STUDY...
OUR CIVILIZATION NEEDS YOU IN THIS CRISIS! I UNDERSTAND THIS MYSTERY-- WHAT THESE PHANTOMS INTEND DOING TO US!
TELL ME!
ONE MATERIALIZED AND MY SON, ARTHUR, TRAPPED HIM! THESE PHANTOMS LIVE IN A REALM THAT COEXISTS IN SPACE WITH OUR OWN--WHAT WE PHYSICISTS CALL THE WORLD OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION! A DIFFERENT FORM OF MATTER FROM OURS!
THEY CALL IT THE REALM OF UNCARA! A RUTHLESS DICTATOR HAS RISEN UP TO RULE THEM! HIS NAME IS KAIN! HE HAS THE SECRET OF TRANSITION INTO OUR WORLD AND HE PLANS ATTACK--DEVASTATION!
WITH THIS, YOU CAN TRAVEL TO UNCARA AND RETURN--*IF YOU LIVE!*
MY SON MADE A TRIP INTO UNCARA! HE CAME BACK WOUNDED! HE-HE DIED IN MY ARMS! BUT I HAVE THIS MECHANISM! *YOU* MUST USE IT, SUN GIRL!
OH-H!
INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION! AND NO ONE CAN FORESEE WHAT AWAITS HER THERE--OR EVEN THAT SHE WILL RETURN! BUT THE COURAGEOUS SUN GIRL DOES NOT HESITATE!
YOU MUST FIND SOME WAY OF STOPPING THIS ATTACK! KAIN'S ARMY IS ALMOST EQUIPPED NOW!
I WILL! I'LL DO MY BEST!

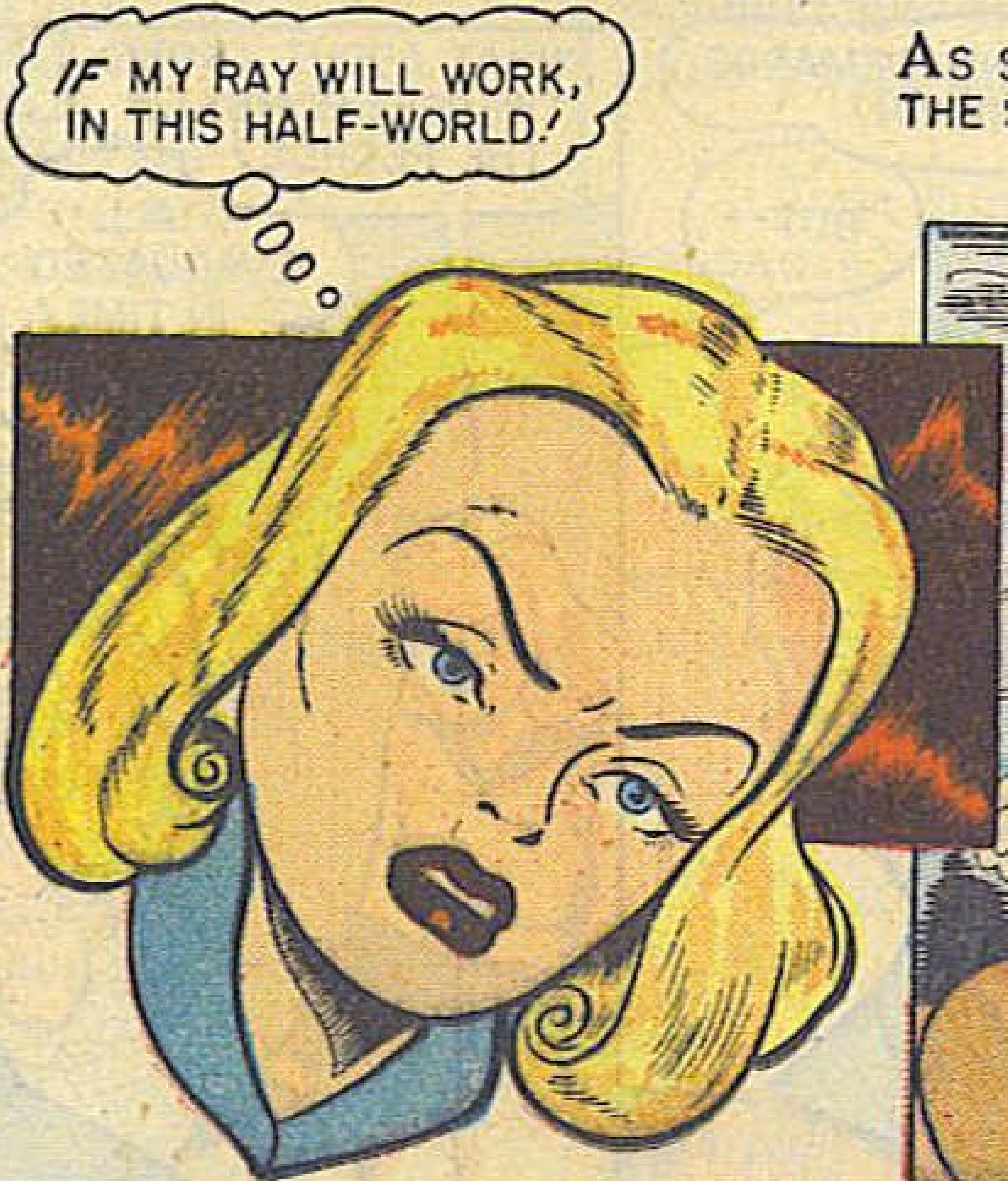

STRANGE JOURNEY! AS THE WEIRD CURRENT HUMS IN SUN GIRL'S BELT-MECHANISM...
GOOD-BYE!
GOOD LUCK!
AND A VERTIGO OF LIGHT AND SOUND SPINS HER INTO A STRANGE WORLD!
OHH-H!
THEN, AT LAST, THE SHADOWS TAKE SHAPE! IT IS THE WORLD OF UNCARA!
THE OTHER REALM! I'M ALMOST THERE!
UNAWARE THAT SHE IS BEING WATCHED, SUN GIRL BEGINS HER JOURNEY THROUGH THIS STRANGE LAND!
??
THEN, SUDDENLY, A GROUP OF THE INHABITANTS SEIZE HER, GIVING HER NO CHANCE TO DEFEND HERSELF!
SUN GIRL! HERE?
OH! WHO... WHAT ARE YOU?
AND SUN GIRL FINDS HERSELF FACE TO FACE WITH KAIN-- THE RUTHLESS RULER OF UNCARA!
THE BEAUTIFUL-- THE FEARLESS SUN GIRL! I AM GREATLY HONORED!
THIS CREATURE MUST BE THEIR LEADER!
PRESENTLY, SUN GIRL IS TAKEN INTO THE STRANGE UNCARA CITY!
THE PRINCESS CARA WILL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE, SUN GIRL!
THANKS! HMM! NOW WHAT?

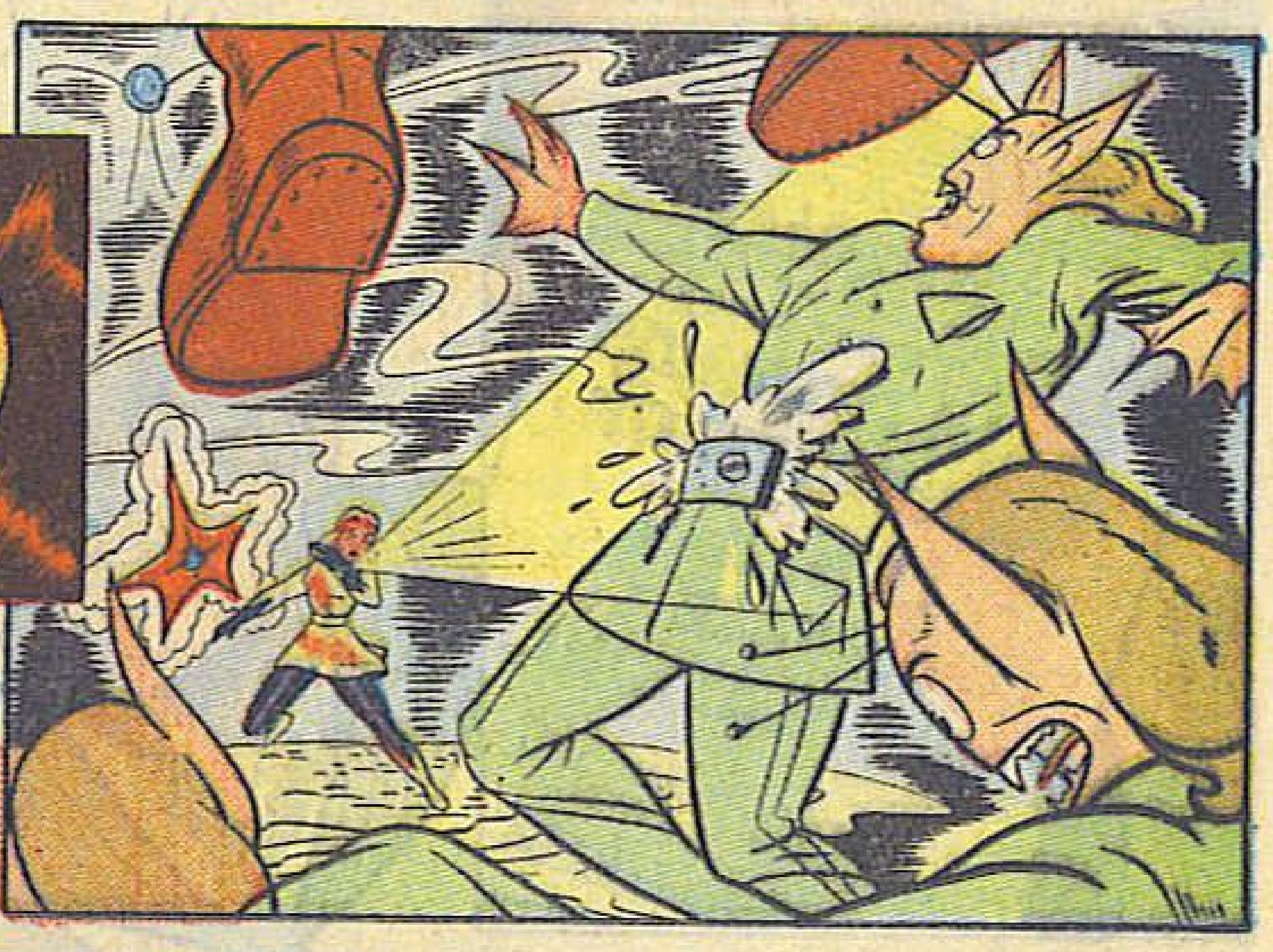

IN THE GUARDED ROOM WITH CARA, SUN GIRL PLANS HOW SHE CAN ESCAPE!
I DO NOT PLAN TO HARM YOU, MY DEAR! JUST DON'T MAKE ANY ATTEMPT TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS, AND YOU'LL BE TREATED WELL! GOOD-BYE!
WELL, KAIN, I DON'T INTEND TO SIT IDLY BY!
A WOMAN IS BEST AT UNDERSTANDING ANOTHER WOMAN! SUN GIRL SEES THAT CARA IS JEALOUS OF HER!
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR WORLD HERE, CARA!
I NEEDN'T BOTHER! KAIN WILL EXPLAIN! I'M TIRED! PLEASE EXCUSE ME!
ALONE, AT LAST, SUN GIRL INVESTIGATES ON HER OWN...
IF I CAN GET PAST THE GUARDS-- GET TO THAT LABORATORY WHERE THE TRANSITION MECHANISMS ARE MADE...
AND LATER, WHEN SUN GIRL FINALLY FALLS INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP, A HOODED FIGURE SILENTLY ENTERS THE ROOM!
SHE MUST DIE!
CARA! WHY?
YOU MUST DIE! YOU MUST DIE!
I WANT TO KILL YOU— YOU ARE TRYING TO STEAL KAIN FROM ME!
DON'T BE SILLY, CARA!
I NEVER WANTED HIM TO ATTACK YOUR WORLD! I TRIED TO STOP HIM!
THEN HELP ME STOP HIM AND I'LL LEAVE YOUR WORLD! AND KAIN WILL BE ALL YOURS!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW... BUT IF KAIN SHOULD FIND OUT, HE'D KILL ME!
YOU WON'T BE SORRY, CARA! YOUR WORLD AND MINE SHOULD EXIST SIDE BY SIDE-- IN PEACE!

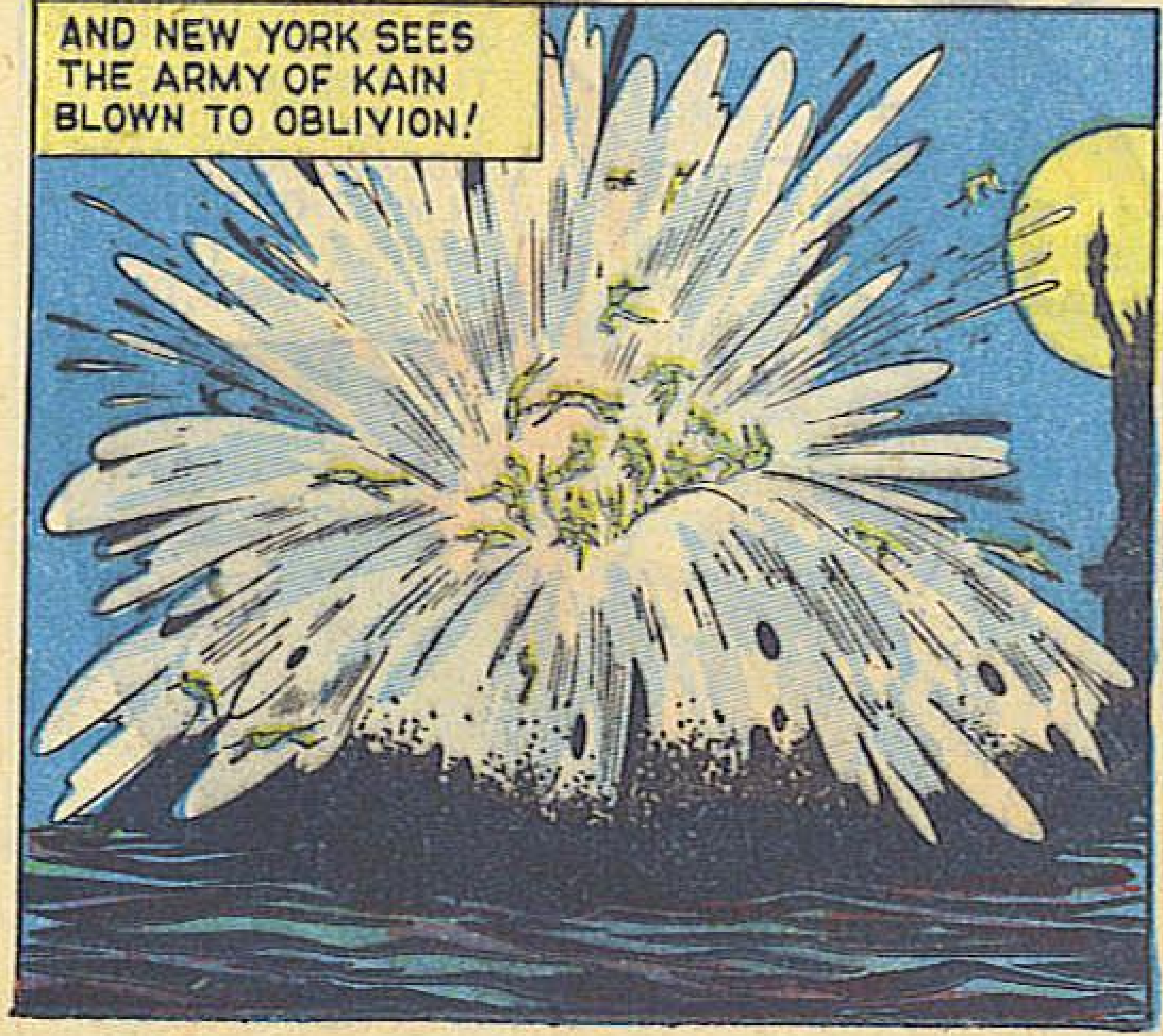

LATER, WHEN THE SUN GIRL HAS LEARNED THE INFORMATION SHE NEEDS, SHE ATTEMPTS A DRASTIC PLAN!
I HOPE THE GUARDS OUTSIDE WILL THINK I'M CARA! I HAVE TO GET PAST THEM!
WEARING CARA'S ROBE MAY HELP...
AND IN A FEW MINUTES...
AH! THEIR ARSENAL, AND LABORATORIES WHERE THE THE TRANSITION MECHANISMS ARE MADE! WELL, I'LL FIX *THAT*!
THE POWERFUL WRIST LIGHT OF SUN GIRL IS SWITCHED ON, AND...
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE EVERYTHING CRASHES ON ME!
BUT THE MAIN COLUMNS OF KAIN'S ARMY HAVE ALREADY STARTED INTO THE EARTH-WORLD! QUICKLY, SUN GIRL FOLLOWS THEM IN THE TRANSITION!
NO SIGNS OF THEM YET!
AND THEN...
THEY'VE STARTED THEIR DEVASTATION! THOSE WEDGES THEY WERE PUTTING UNDER THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR BUILDINGS ARE MATERIALIZING NOW INTO THE SOLIDITY OF OUR WORLD...
AND NO TWO MATERIAL BODIES CAN OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT THE SAME TIME!
...LIKE HORRIBLE, WEIRD TIME-BOMBS!
HERE IN THE HALF-WORLD WITHIN NEW YORK CITY, SUN GIRL CANNOT SEE THE TERRIBLE REALITY...

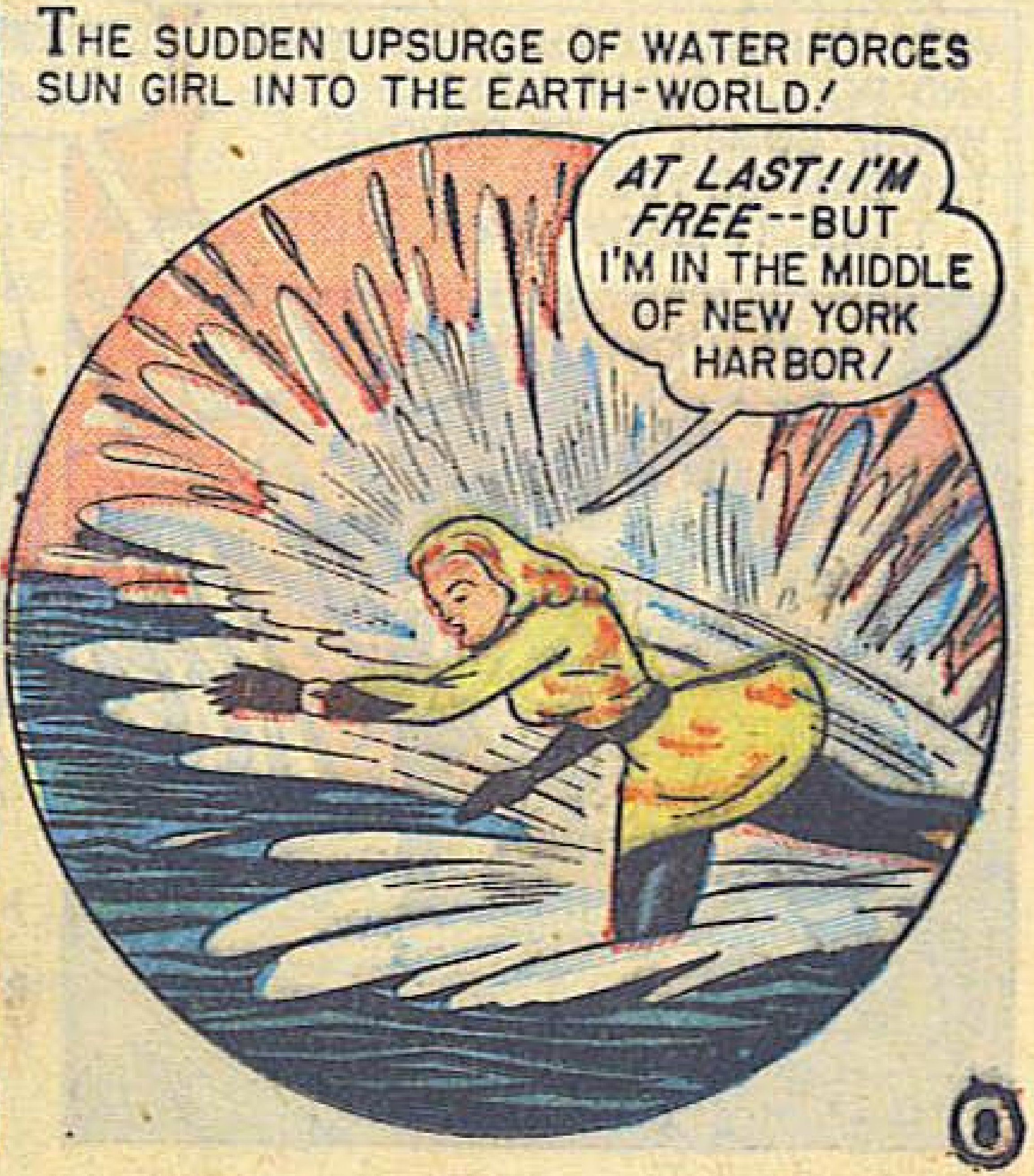

...AS THE WHOLE NEW YORK SKYLINE SEEMINGLY CRUMBLES!

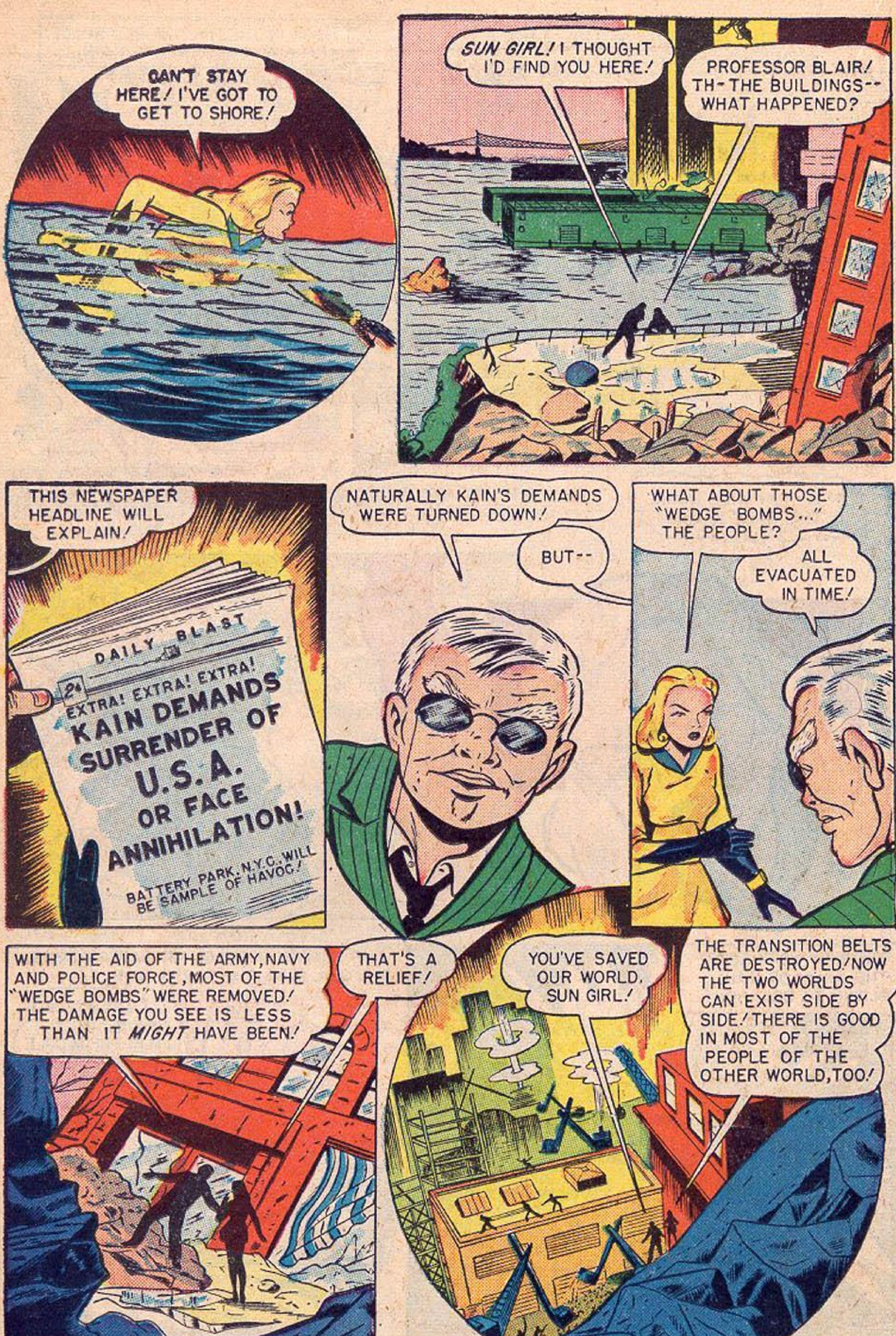

BACK IN THE HALF-WORLD SPACE, SUN GIRL ENCOUNTERS KAIN...
'KAIN AND HIS ARMY! THIS I CAN ATTEND TO!


IF MY RAY WILL WORK, IN THIS HALF-WORLD!


AS SUN GIRL'S RAY MELTS KAIN'S TRANSITION MECHANISMS, THE SUDDENLY DERANGED, INTENSIFIED CURRENT PROJECTS KAIN'S MEN INTO OUR EARTH WORLD!


AND NEW YORK SEES THE ARMY OF KAIN BLOWN TO OBLIVION!


THE SUDDEN UPSURGE OF WATER FORCES SUN GIRL INTO THE EARTH-WORLD!
AT LAST! I'M FREE--BUT I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK HARBOR!


CAN'T STAY HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO SHORE!
SUN GIRL! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!
PROFESSOR BLAIR! TH-THE BUILDINGS-- WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS NEWSPAPER HEADLINE WILL EXPLAIN!
DAILY BLAST
2¢
EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!
KAIN DEMANDS SURRENDER OF U.S.A. OR FACE ANNIHILATION!
BATTERY PARK, N.Y.C. WILL BE SAMPLE OF HAVOC!
NATURALLY KAIN'S DEMANDS WERE TURNED DOWN!
BUT--
WHAT ABOUT THOSE "WEDGE BOMBS..." THE PEOPLE?
ALL EVACUATED IN TIME!
WITH THE AID OF THE ARMY, NAVY AND POLICE FORCE, MOST OF THE "WEDGE BOMBS" WERE REMOVED! THE DAMAGE YOU SEE IS LESS THAN IT *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN!
THAT'S A RELIEF!
YOU'VE SAVED OUR WORLD, SUN GIRL!
THE TRANSITION BELTS ARE DESTROYED! NOW THE TWO WORLDS CAN EXIST SIDE BY SIDE! THERE IS GOOD IN MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF THE OTHER WORLD, TOO!
THE END

MARVEL COMIC GROUP

Hi, Friends:

The editors of this magazine would like to ask you an important question — Why are you reading this magazine?

We believe the answer is that you enjoy comics, and that you enjoy reading this particular comic.

We want to help you protect your right to buy and read your favorite magazines, as long as they contain nothing that might be harmful to you. That is why we are writing you this open letter.

Lately, lots of people have been criticizing comics. They have been saying that comics teach you youngsters things that are not good for you, things like violence, cruelty, immorality, etc.

Some time back, we were fortunate in obtaining editorial advice from Dr. Jean Thompson, a psychiatrist in the Child Guidance Bureau of the New York City Board of Education. Dr. Thompson read our magazines, approved our stories generally, gave us suggestions for the finest kind of stories, and agreed to serve as editorial consultant on all future magazines. She will insure the fact that our comics contain nothing that might meet with objections from your parents, teachers or friends.

That is our answer to the charge that comics are bad.

Now, this is the way we can help you keep the privilege of buying and reading what you want. The magazines listed on this page are all in the Marvel Comic Group. Look through them, and you will see that there is nothing in these magazines that could possibly be considered harmful. Then show them to the critics of comics. Prove to those people that here is reading matter that no one can criticize.

Use judgment. Buy only the best comics, like the magazines listed on this page, or any of the other good ones, and prove to people that the magazines you read are above criticism.

If you do that, no one will ever want to take your magazines away from you.

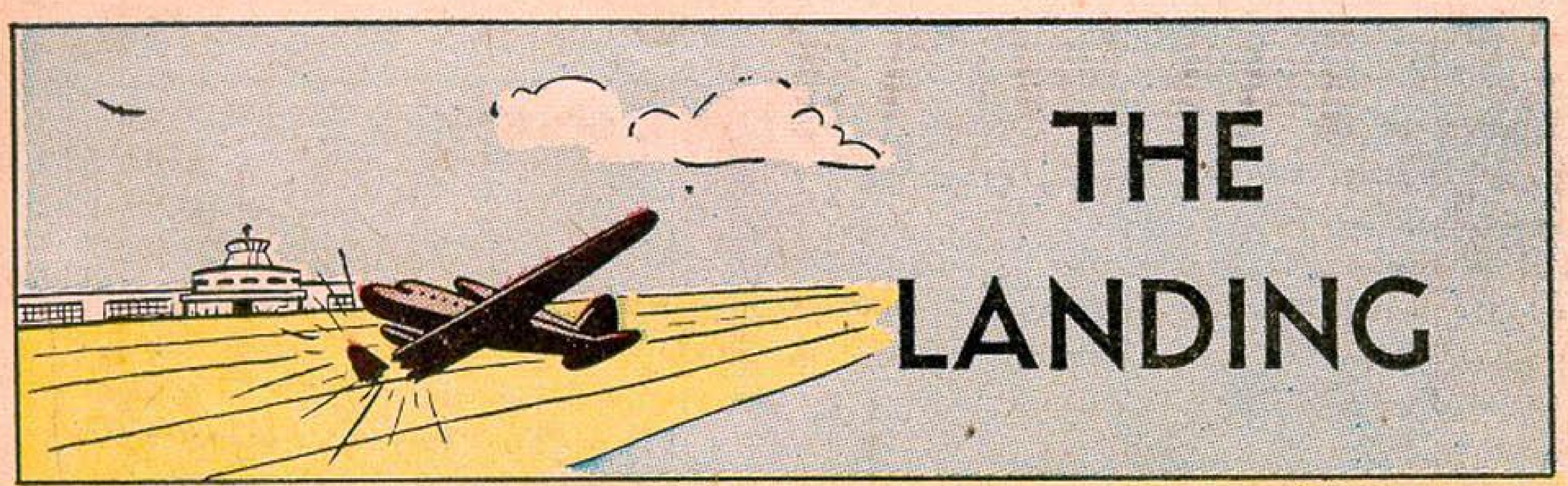
The Editors
Marvel Comic Group

RED UNIT

Annie Oakley
Blackstone the Magician
Blonde Phantom
Complete Mystery Stories
Crimefighters Always Win
Georgie
Ideal Comics
Joker Comics
Justice
Lawbreakers Always Lose
Margie
Marvel Mystery Comics
Millie the Model
Namora
Nellie the Nurse
Patsy Walker
Sub-Mariner
Sun Girl
Teen Comics
Tessie the Typist
Tex Morgan
Two-Gun Kid
Wild Western
Willie

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

All-True Crime Cases
All Winners
Blaze Carson
Captain America
Cindy
Comedy Comics
Frankie
Gay Comics
Hedy de Vine
Human Torch
Jeanie
Junior Miss
Kid Colt
Krazy Komics
Lana
Mitzi
My Romance
Oscar
Powerhouse Pepper
Rusty
Super Rabbit
Tex Taylor
The Witness
Venus
Wacky Duck



THE LANDING

SICK with a nameless horror, Randy struggled awake. For long minutes he lay in a cold sweat, trembling with his strange illness of mind—the dream again, the same terrible dream that would not let him sleep or rest.

He clenched his fists at his sides, trying desperately to forget, but even in his waking moments he remembered. There was never any rest for him now awake or asleep. His thoughts traveled back to that moment a year ago when he was on his third flight for the airlines. On the approach to the runway he'd had a full load of passengers. Then, just as he was setting the huge twin engined ship in, a rocketing gust of wind scooped up one wing. It was too late for him to act, everything happened so quickly. There was a violent tearing crash as the low wing scraped the runway, and the ship turned a cartwheel through the air.

Randy was thrown through the front windshield and clear of the plane. Stunned with shock, unable to move, he lay there and watched it burn, hearing the cries and screams of the people trapped within. He was the only survivor.

After that he'd been washed up as a pilot. There was a black, smudgy streak on that portion of the runway where the wing had scraped, and no amount of scrubbing on the part of the airport workmen had been able to remove it. On the approach run Randy could see it plainly, sticking out like a blinding red light. And once over that spot, he was helpless, staring at it with paralyzing intentness, unable to move a muscle. Twice the copilot had to take over the controls for landings to keep them from crashing again.

Randy had taken to physicals, and the flight surgeon had been very friendly toward him.

"What's the matter with me, Doc?" Randy would ask. "I just can't seem to function right on those landings."

"Nothing, Randy—at least nothing I can find. Your eyes are all right. Depth perception is perfect. Not a thing wrong with you physically. It's all in your mind."

"Yeah, I know. I guess you're right." And Randy shrugged his broad shoulders helplessly. "But what can I do about it? Whenever I see that spot on the runway, I go all to pieces inside." He rubbed his hands feverishly across his eyes as if he were trying to blot out the memory of what had happened.

"You've got to get hold of yourself, Randy, and fight this thing out. You can lick it. I know you can!"

But Randy wasn't convinced. Jackson, the airlines manager, tried to help him, but every time Randy failed to deliver the goods and the copilot had to take over the controls.

One Sunday afternoon Randy was lounging despondently in the pilot's ready room. He was staring moodily at the wall, seeing nothing in front of him, when Jackson entered.

"Hi, Randy, how's the boy?" he asked jovially, slapping him across the shoulders.

"Not so hot, chief. I'm all washed up with this flying game, and I think I'll go out somewhere and get a job as a dishwasher!"

"Well, until you do, I have a little job for you. Number 2 ship just had her engines changed. Take her around the field a few times and check the engines. A slow time job."

Randy looked at Jackson with incredulous eyes. "You mean you'll trust me with *another* ship? And one with new engines?"

"Sure, kid. There's a fellow here who wants to ride copilot with you. Name's Andrews. He's been grounded for some time and wants to get a hop in the air again. A nice guy. He's out in the ship waiting for you."

Randy walked slowly out to the ship. Its shiny silver sparkled in the afternoon sunlight, and the bright letters of the airlines' name stood out sharply on the long, tapered fuselage. He could see someone sitting in the copilot's seat. He climbed in, locked the door behind him and walked up toward the pilot's compartment.

"What say?" Randy called as he slid into the seat and buckled the safety belt across his waist.

"Not much," Andrews replied, smiling, "but it sure will seem good to get in the air again. It's been a long time for me."

"I hope you'll feel the same way when this flight is over," Randy said as he began to make his usual thorough cockpit check and to start the engines. "You may be doing a little flying before we hit old Mother Earth again."

"Not me," Andrews answered. "I'm just going along for the ride, and I'm strictly planning to enjoy the whole thing."

Signaling the men to pull the chocks, Randy eased the throttles forward and began to taxi away from the line. At the take-off point he set the brakes and began to check the cockpit once more—the magnetos, the oil pressure, fuel pressure, gas tanks. Finally he was ready to go, and he called the tower.

"Hello, Weston tower. Trans 2 ready for take-off. Test hop. Randy, pilot."

"Trans 2," the tower called back, "clear to go."

Easing the throttles forward, Randy turned the ship straight down the runway and locked his tail wheel, then steadily pushed the throttles full forward to the stops. The ship thundered down the runway, swiftly picked up speed and lifted smoothly into the air.

Andrews fumbled for the wheel switch and flipped it, and the red light on the panel came on, indicating that the wheels were up. Randy wheeled the big ship to the left, then to the right and out of the pattern of the field.

Once clear, his fears seemed to vanish as he put the ship through the engine tests. After thirty minutes he returned to the field and prepared to land. But on the last turn to the approach he began to stare straight ahead as the fatal spot on the runway came into view. Five hundred feet from the ground he knew he couldn't make it.

"You'd better take it," he said to Andrews. "I can't set her in!"

Andrews was sitting easily, his arms relaxed, looking down at the fast approaching ground. "I just came along for the ride," he said casually. "You land it."

At the last instant Randy shoved the throttles, and the plane picked up speed, barely missing the ground. His hands were shaking as though he had a chill, but his forehead was beaded with perspiration. He swung the plane around for another try at a landing, his face grim with inner fear.

Again, just short of the ground he lost his nerve. "Take it!" he shouted at Andrews. But Andrews just smiled gently and didn't move.

Helplessly, Randy went around the field again, but this time he was angry clear through—at himself, but mostly at Andrews. "All right," he said to Andrews, "I'll land this baby myself!"

And he did! The plane hit the runway with a little screeching sound in a perfect three point landing. Suddenly Randy knew that he could do it again any time he wanted to! Feeling like a million dollars, he taxied up to the chocks, and without waiting for Andrews, he jumped out of the plane and ran to where Jackson was waiting.

"I did it!" he shouted excitedly. "Landed 'er myself, sweet as a whistle!"

They shook hands. "I knew you could, kid. Now you'd better go back and help Andrews out of the plane."

"Help him out? What do you mean?" Randy was puzzled.

Jackson smiled. "Andrews was a captain in the Air Corps. Flew a B-17. He was hit by ack-ack. It severed his optic nerves. He's stone-blind!"

The words spun around Randy as he realized what Andrews had done for him, what iron nerve and calm it must have taken for him to sit there while he landed—because Andrews must have known about his fear! And suddenly he was more grateful and humble than he had ever been before.

With a great thankfulness in his heart, he ran back to the plane and helped Andrews, still sitting, to the ground.

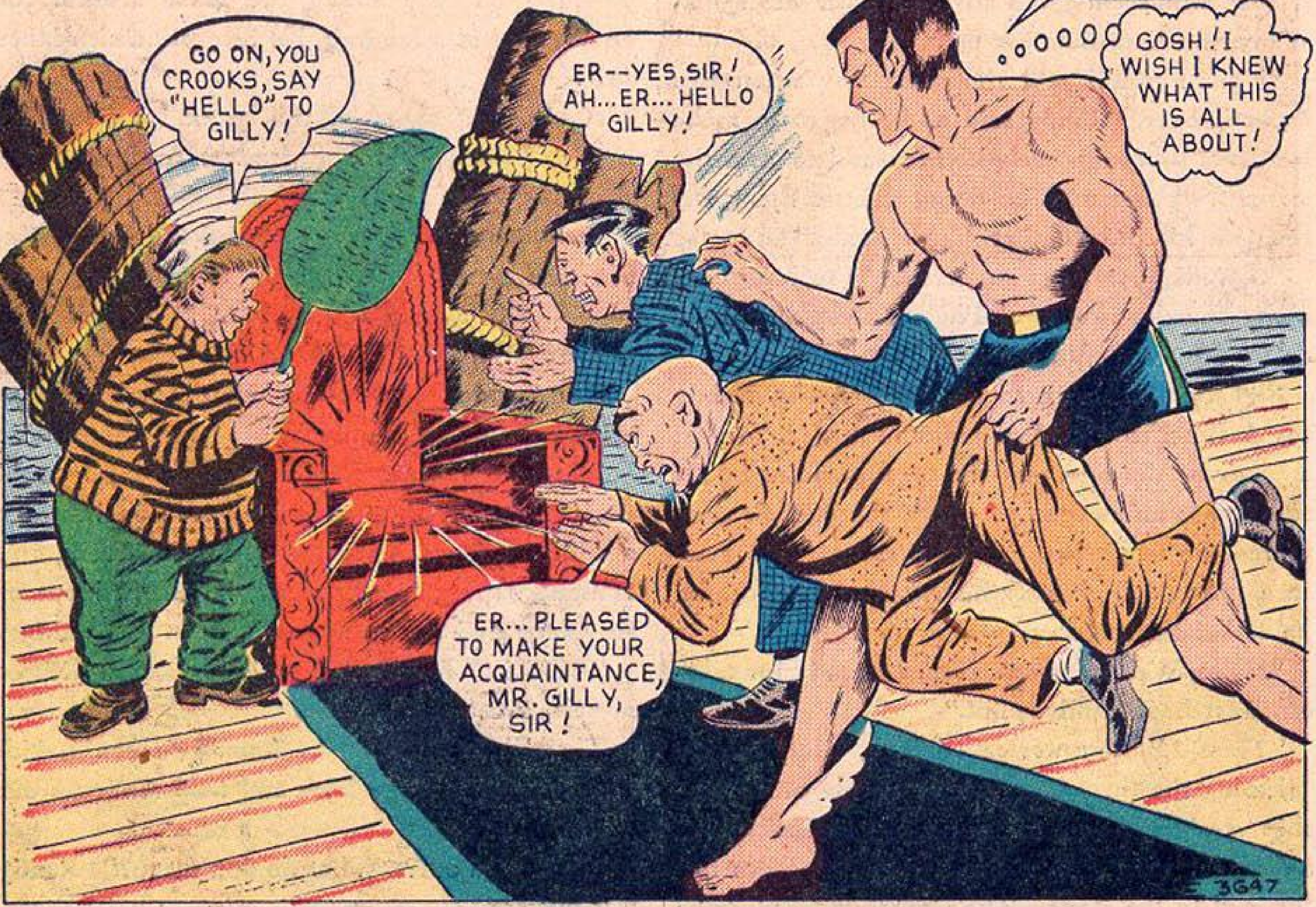
THE END

SL—3510

SUB-MARINER

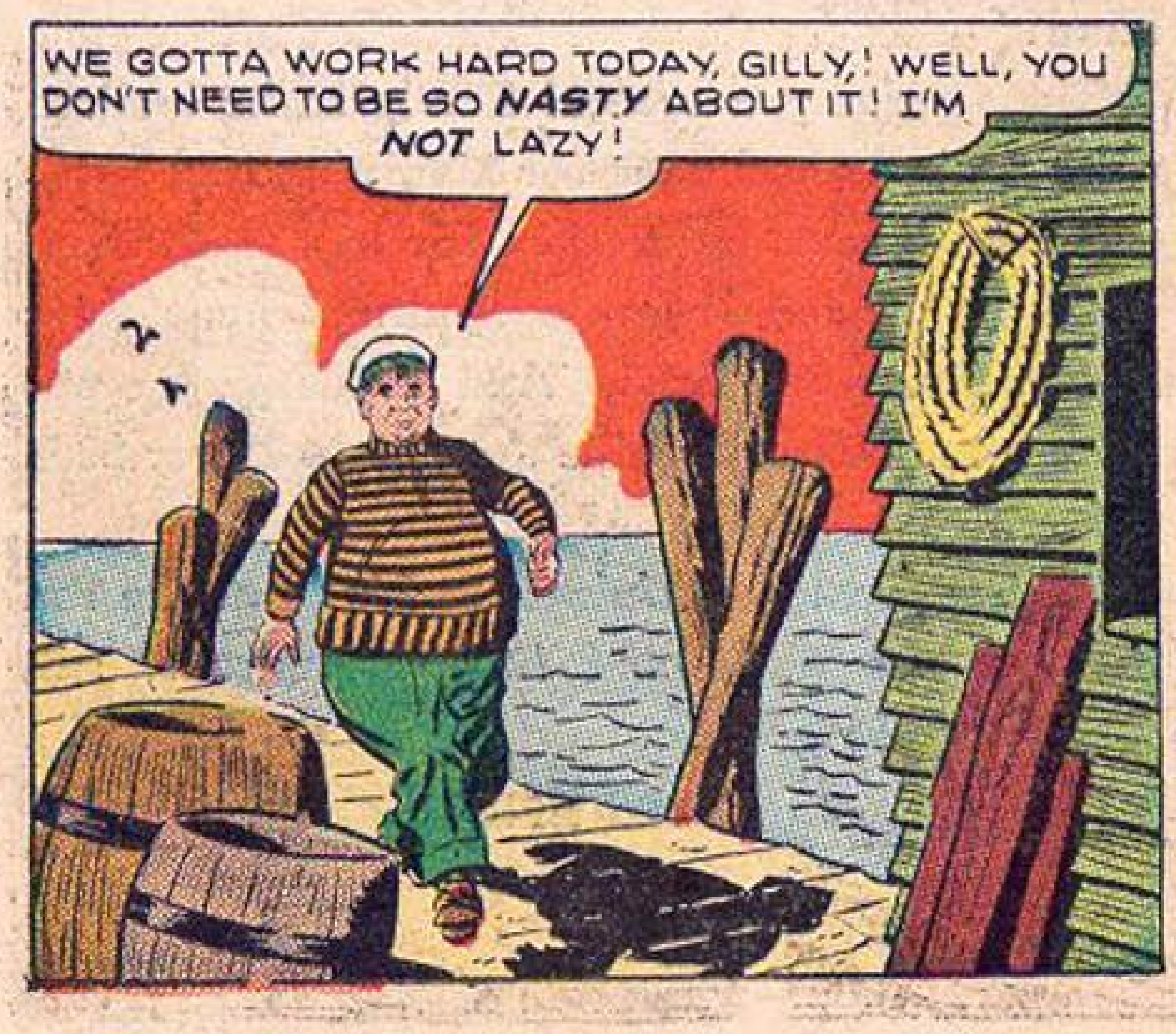
YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE *"GILLY"*! WHY? WELL, IT'S KIND OF HARD TO SAY... THERE ARE QUITE A FEW REASONS! YOU'VE NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE GILLY BEFORE... *THAT* IS GUARANTEED! AND HE HAS A PURPOSE IN LIFE, TOO... BUT WHAT IT IS, ONLY HENRY ENWHISTLE KNOWS, BECAUSE, YOU SEE, ONLY *HENRY CAN SEE GILLY!* AND *SUB-MARINER* REALLY RUNS INTO SOMETHING WHEN HE MEETS HENRY AND...

"MY FRIEND GILLY"!



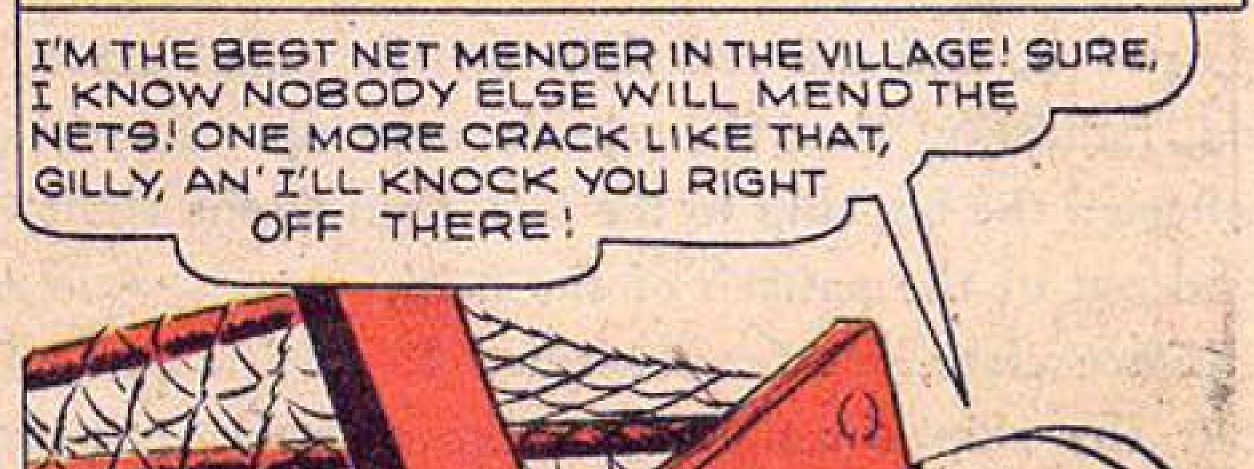
GO ON, YOU CROOKS, SAY "HELLO" TO GILLY!
ER--YES, SIR! AH...ER... HELLO GILLY!
THAT'S THE WAY!
GOSH! I WISH I KNEW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
ER... PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. GILLY, SIR!
3G47

PEOPLE CALL HENRY ENWHISTLE A LITTLE PECULIAR, BUT ONLY IN ONE SMALL WAY, SO THAT NOBODY CARES VERY MUCH! THEY ARE JUST AMUSED! HE HAS A FRIEND, A CONSTANT COMPANION, ALWAYS RIGHT WITH HIM!

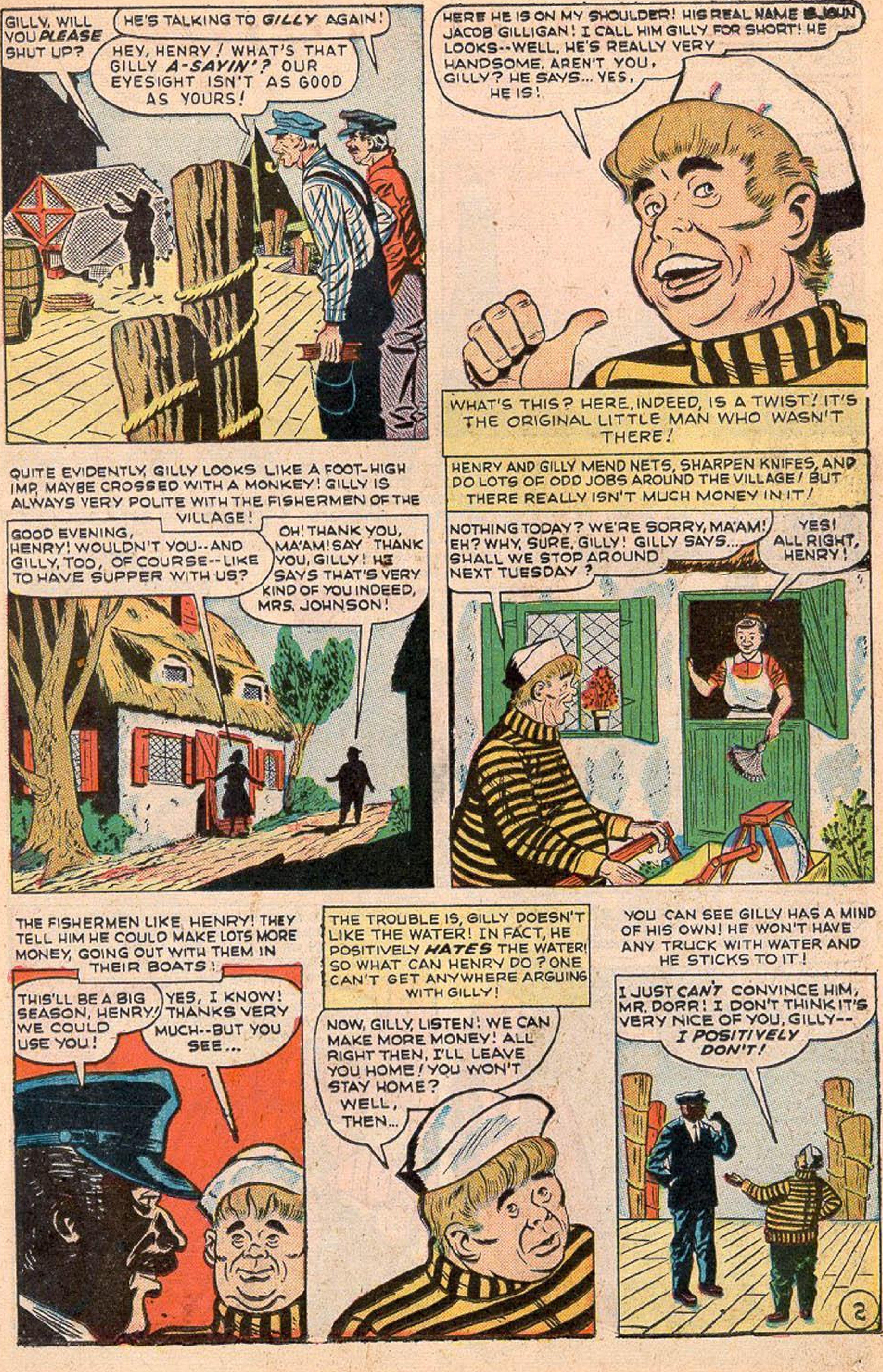


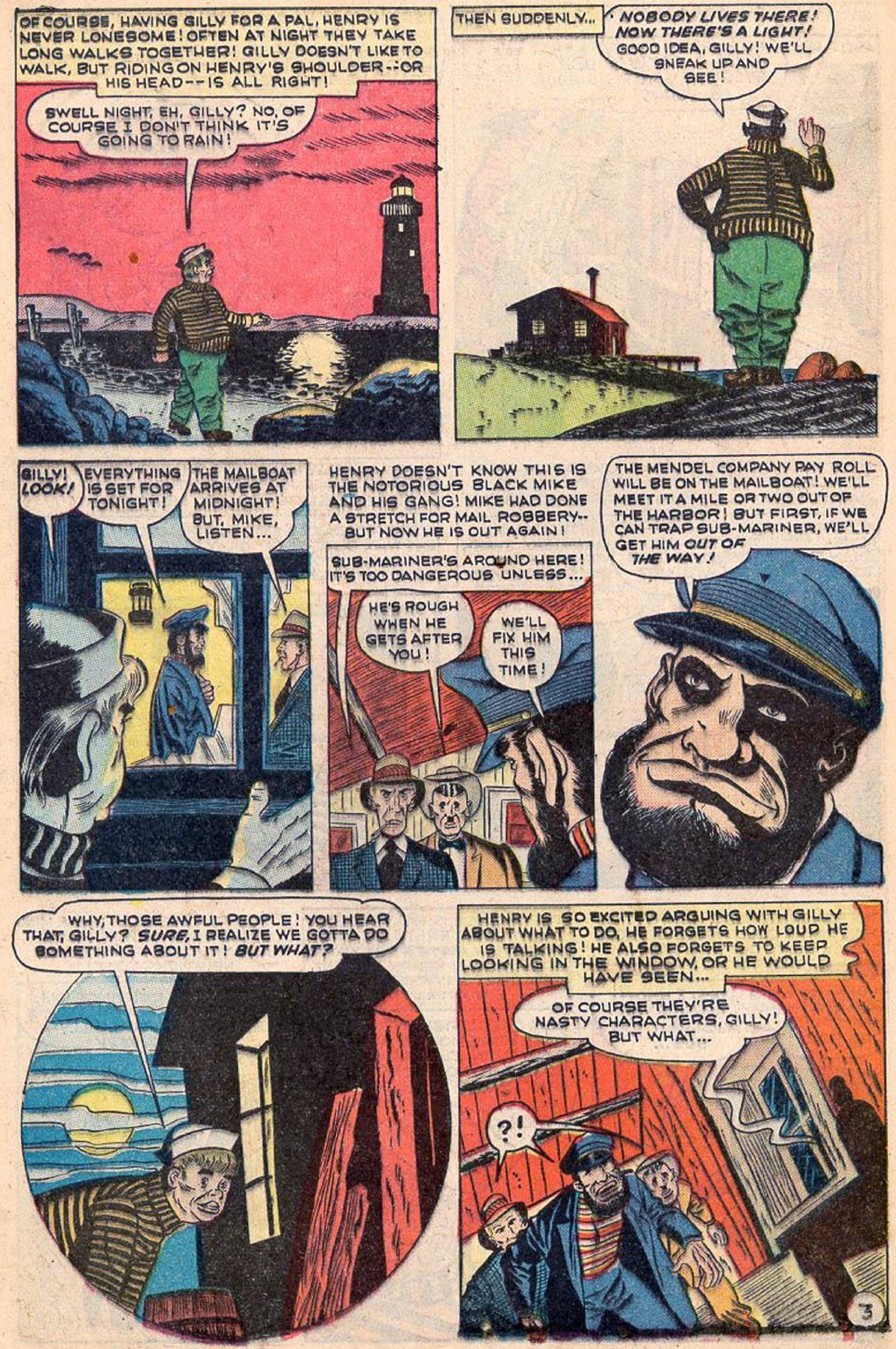
WE GOTTA WORK HARD TODAY, GILLY! WELL, YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SO *NASTY* ABOUT IT! I'M *NOT* LAZY!

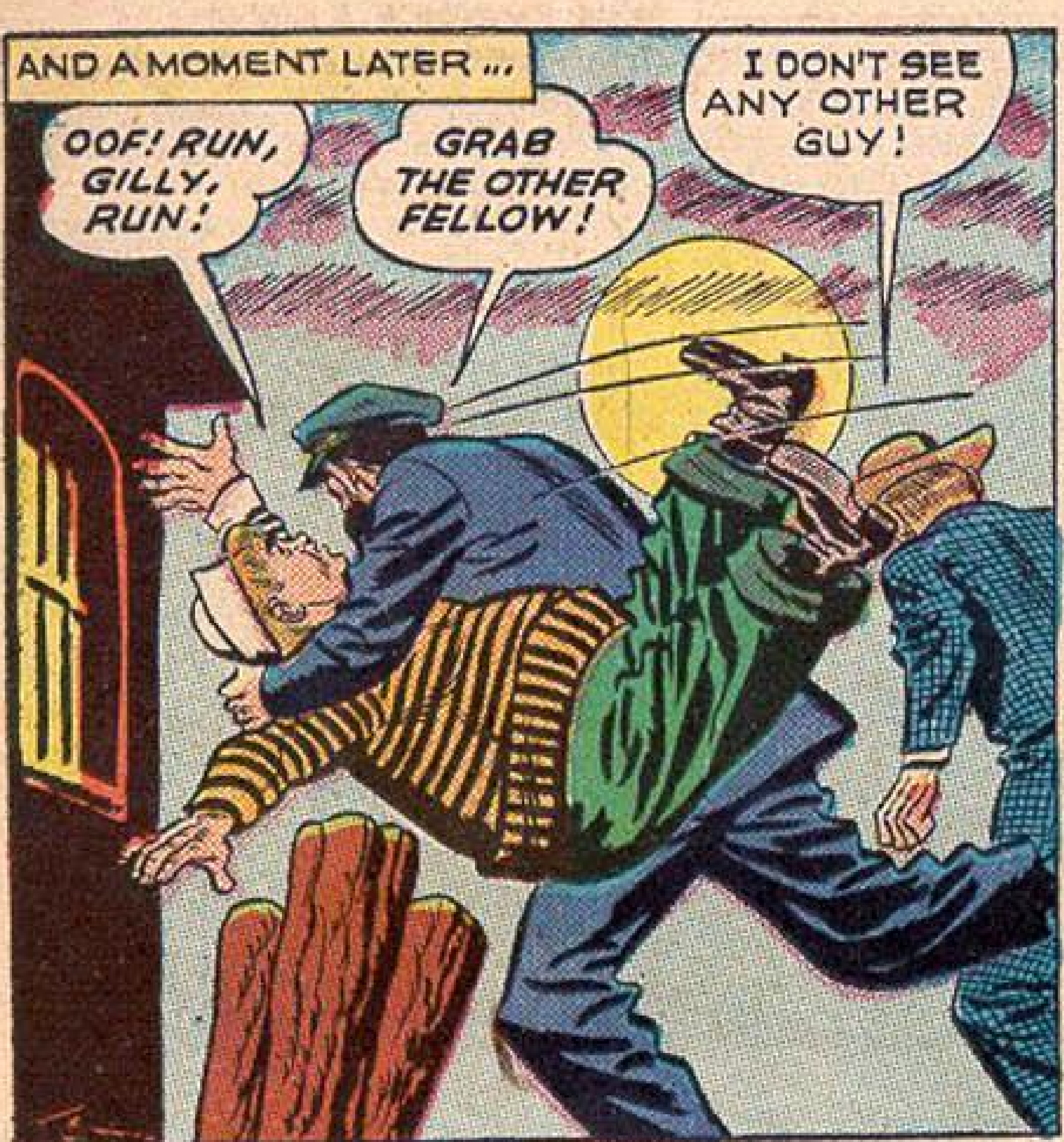
THIS IS STRANGE, BECAUSE, AS YOU OBSERVE, NOBODY CAN SEE OR HEAR GILLY--EXCEPT HENRY, OF COURSE! GILLY IS EVIDENTLY PERCHED ON HENRY'S SHOULDER!



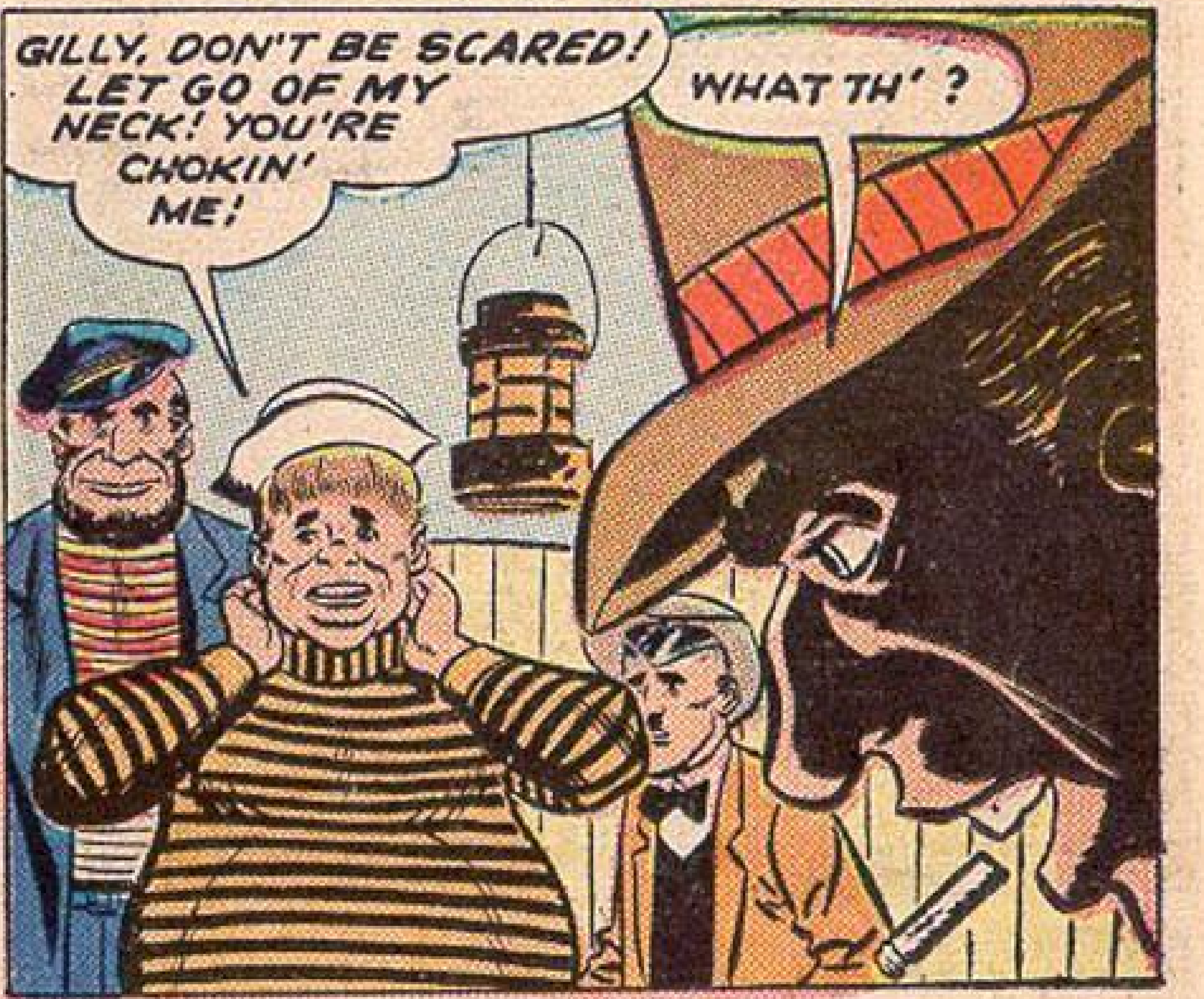
I'M THE BEST NET MENDER IN THE VILLAGE! SURE, I KNOW NOBODY ELSE WILL MEND THE NETS! ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT, GILLY, AN' I'LL KNOCK YOU RIGHT OFF THERE!
1


GILLY, WILL YOU *PLEASE* SHUT UP?
HE'S TALKING TO *GILLY* AGAIN!
HEY, HENRY! WHAT'S THAT GILLY *A-SAYIN'?* OUR EYESIGHT ISN'T AS GOOD AS YOURS!
HERE HE IS ON MY SHOULDER! HIS REAL NAME IS JOHN JACOB GILLIGAN! I CALL HIM GILLY FOR SHORT! HE LOOKS--WELL, HE'S REALLY VERY HANDSOME, AREN'T YOU, GILLY? HE SAYS... YES, HE IS!
WHAT'S THIS? HERE, INDEED, IS A TWIST! IT'S THE ORIGINAL LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE!
QUITE EVIDENTLY, GILLY LOOKS LIKE A FOOT-HIGH IMP, MAYBE CROSSED WITH A MONKEY! GILLY IS ALWAYS VERY POLITE WITH THE FISHERMEN OF THE VILLAGE!
GOOD EVENING, HENRY! WOULDN'T YOU--AND GILLY, TOO, OF COURSE--LIKE TO HAVE SUPPER WITH US?
OH! THANK YOU, MA'AM! SAY THANK YOU, GILLY! HE SAYS THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU INDEED, MRS. JOHNSON!
HENRY AND GILLY MEND NETS, SHARPEN KNIFES, AND DO LOTS OF ODD JOBS AROUND THE VILLAGE! BUT THERE REALLY ISN'T MUCH MONEY IN IT!
NOTHING TODAY? WE'RE SORRY, MA'AM! EH? WHY, SURE, GILLY! GILLY SAYS... SHALL WE STOP AROUND NEXT TUESDAY?
YES! ALL RIGHT, HENRY!
THE FISHERMEN LIKE HENRY! THEY TELL HIM HE COULD MAKE LOTS MORE MONEY, GOING OUT WITH THEM IN THEIR BOATS!
THIS'LL BE A BIG SEASON, HENRY! WE COULD USE YOU!
YES, I KNOW! THANKS VERY MUCH--BUT YOU SEE...
THE TROUBLE IS, GILLY DOESN'T LIKE THE WATER! IN FACT, HE POSITIVELY *HATES* THE WATER! SO WHAT CAN HENRY DO? ONE CAN'T GET ANYWHERE ARGUING WITH GILLY!
NOW, GILLY, LISTEN! WE CAN MAKE MORE MONEY! ALL RIGHT THEN, I'LL LEAVE YOU HOME! YOU WON'T STAY HOME? WELL, THEN...
YOU CAN SEE GILLY HAS A MIND OF HIS OWN! HE WON'T HAVE ANY TRUCK WITH WATER AND HE STICKS TO IT!
I JUST *CAN'T* CONVINCE HIM, MR. DORR! I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, GILLY-- *I POSITIVELY DON'T!*
2

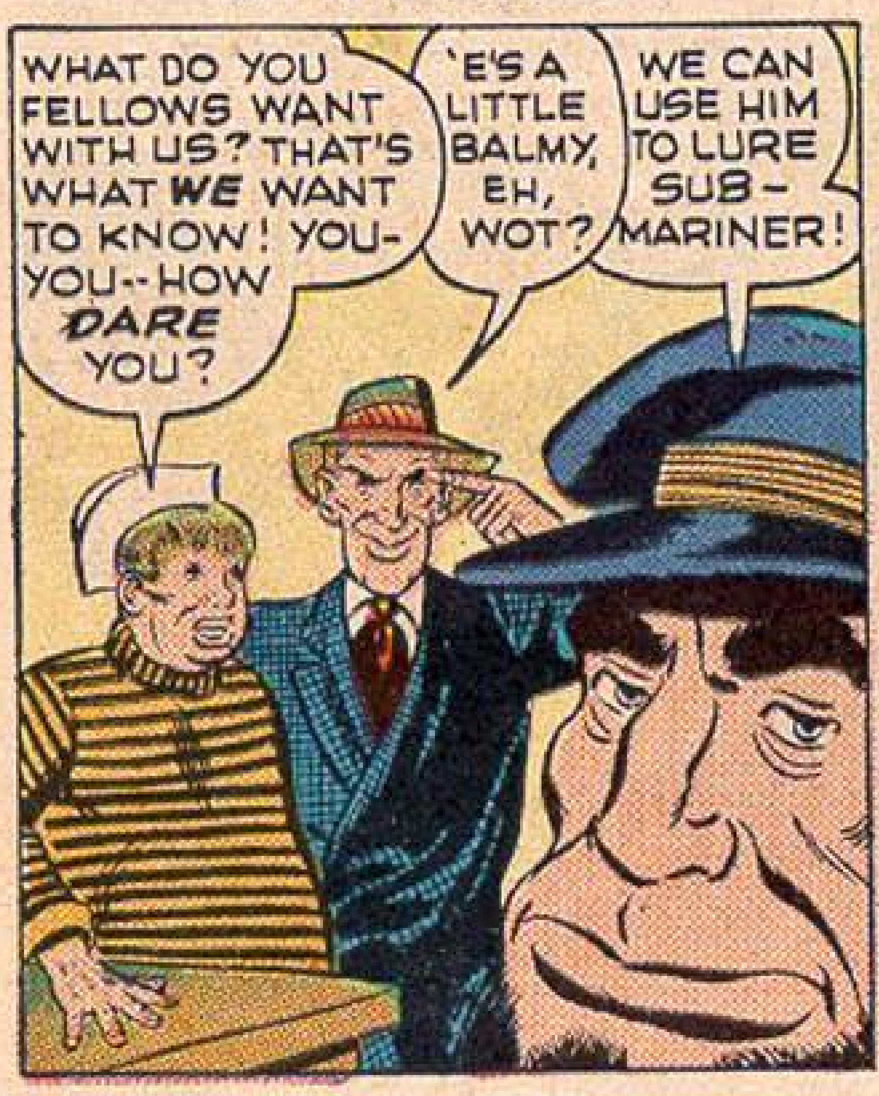

OF COURSE, HAVING GILLY FOR A PAL, HENRY IS NEVER LONESOME! OFTEN AT NIGHT THEY TAKE LONG WALKS TOGETHER! GILLY DOESN'T LIKE TO WALK, BUT RIDING ON HENRY'S SHOULDER--OR HIS HEAD--IS ALL RIGHT!
SWELL NIGHT, EH, GILLY? NO, OF COURSE I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN!
THEN SUDDENLY...
NOBODY LIVES THERE! NOW THERE'S A LIGHT! GOOD IDEA, GILLY! WE'LL SNEAK UP AND SEE!
GILLY! *LOOK!*
EVERYTHING IS SET FOR TONIGHT!
THE MAILBOAT ARRIVES AT MIDNIGHT! BUT, MIKE, LISTEN...
HENRY DOESN'T KNOW THIS IS THE NOTORIOUS BLACK MIKE AND HIS GANG! MIKE HAD DONE A STRETCH FOR MAIL ROBBERY--BUT NOW HE IS OUT AGAIN!
SUB-MARINER'S AROUND HERE! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS UNLESS...
HE'S ROUGH WHEN HE GETS AFTER YOU!
WE'LL FIX HIM THIS TIME!
THE MENDEL COMPANY PAY ROLL WILL BE ON THE MAILBOAT! WE'LL MEET IT A MILE OR TWO OUT OF THE HARBOR! BUT FIRST, IF WE CAN TRAP SUB-MARINER, WE'LL GET HIM *OUT OF THE WAY!*
WHY, THOSE AWFUL PEOPLE! YOU HEAR THAT, GILLY? *SURE*, I REALIZE WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! *BUT WHAT?*
HENRY IS SO EXCITED ARGUING WITH GILLY ABOUT WHAT TO DO, HE FORGETS HOW LOUD HE IS TALKING! HE ALSO FORGETS TO KEEP LOOKING IN THE WINDOW, OR HE WOULD HAVE SEEN...
OF COURSE THEY'RE NASTY CHARACTERS, GILLY! BUT WHAT...
?!

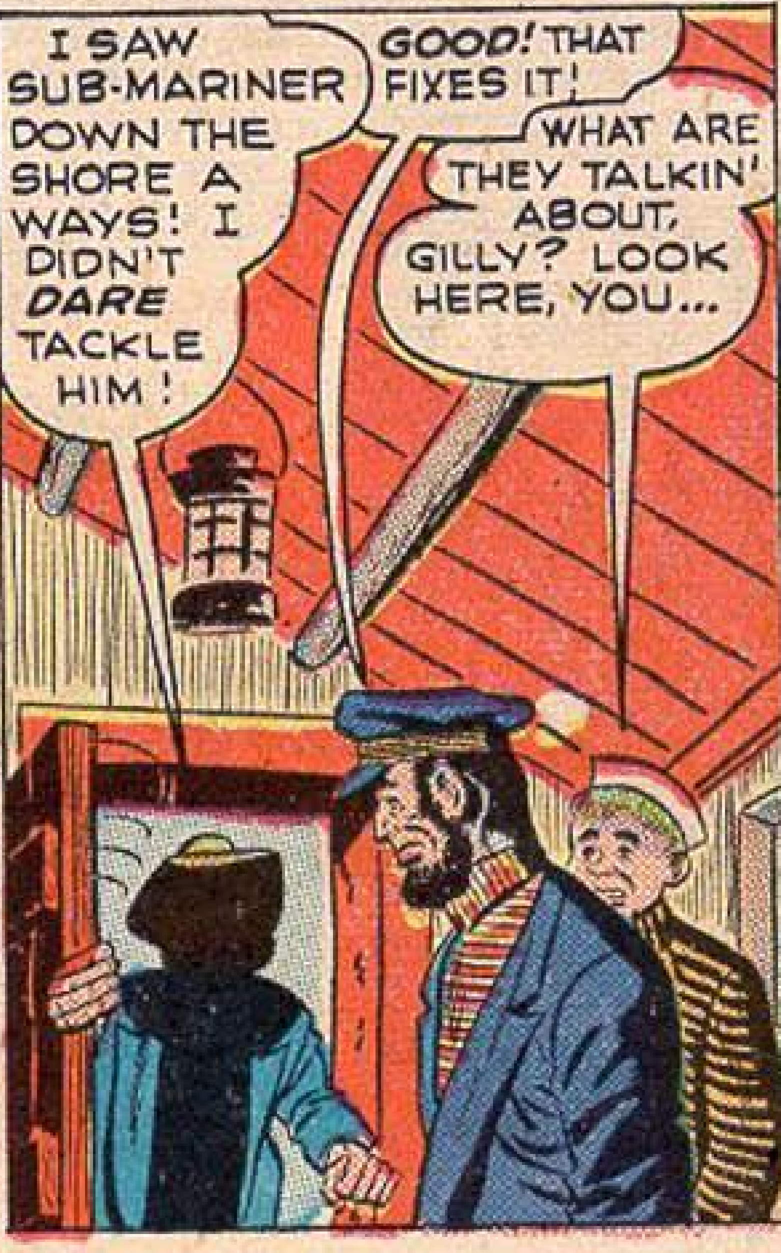

AND A MOMENT LATER...
OOF! RUN, GILLY, RUN!
GRAB THE OTHER FELLOW!
I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER GUY!

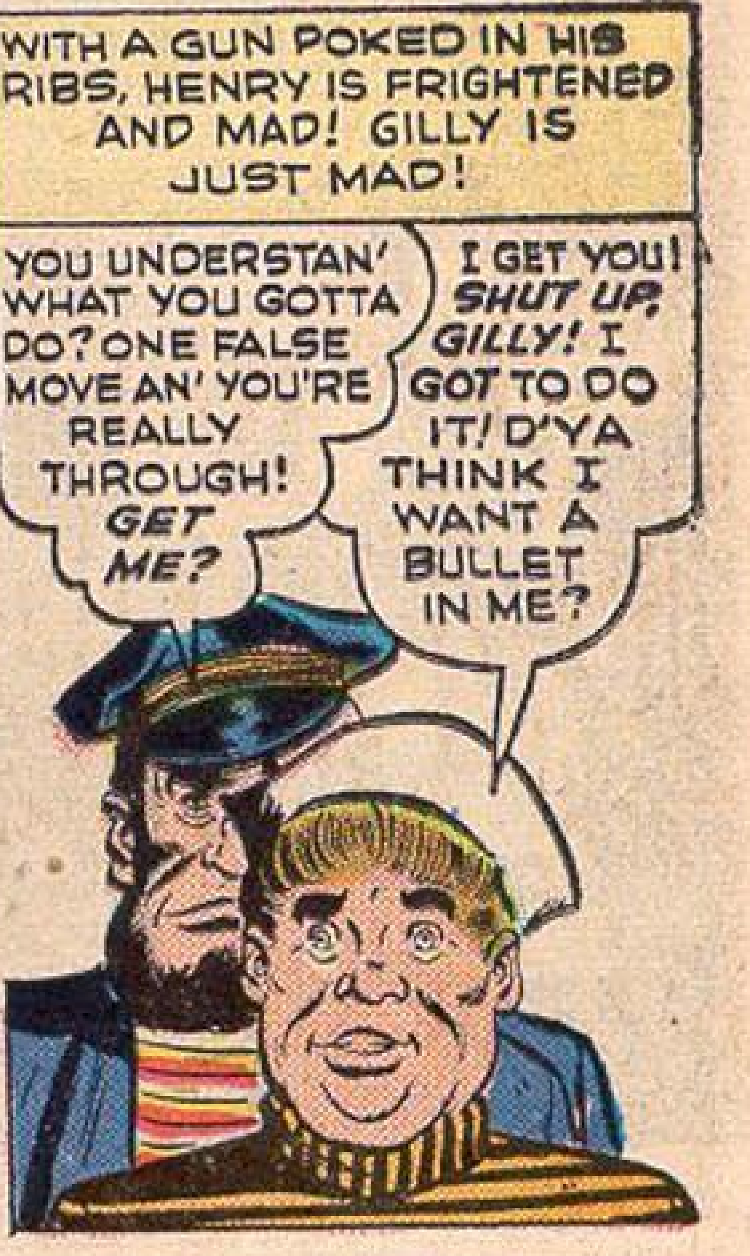
IT DOESN'T TAKE MIKE'S GANG LONG TO REALIZE THAT THEY HAVE CAPTURED AN UNUSUAL CHARACTER! BECAUSE GILLY *DOESN'T* RUN! EVIDENTLY HE IS STILL HANGING ON HENRY'S NECK!

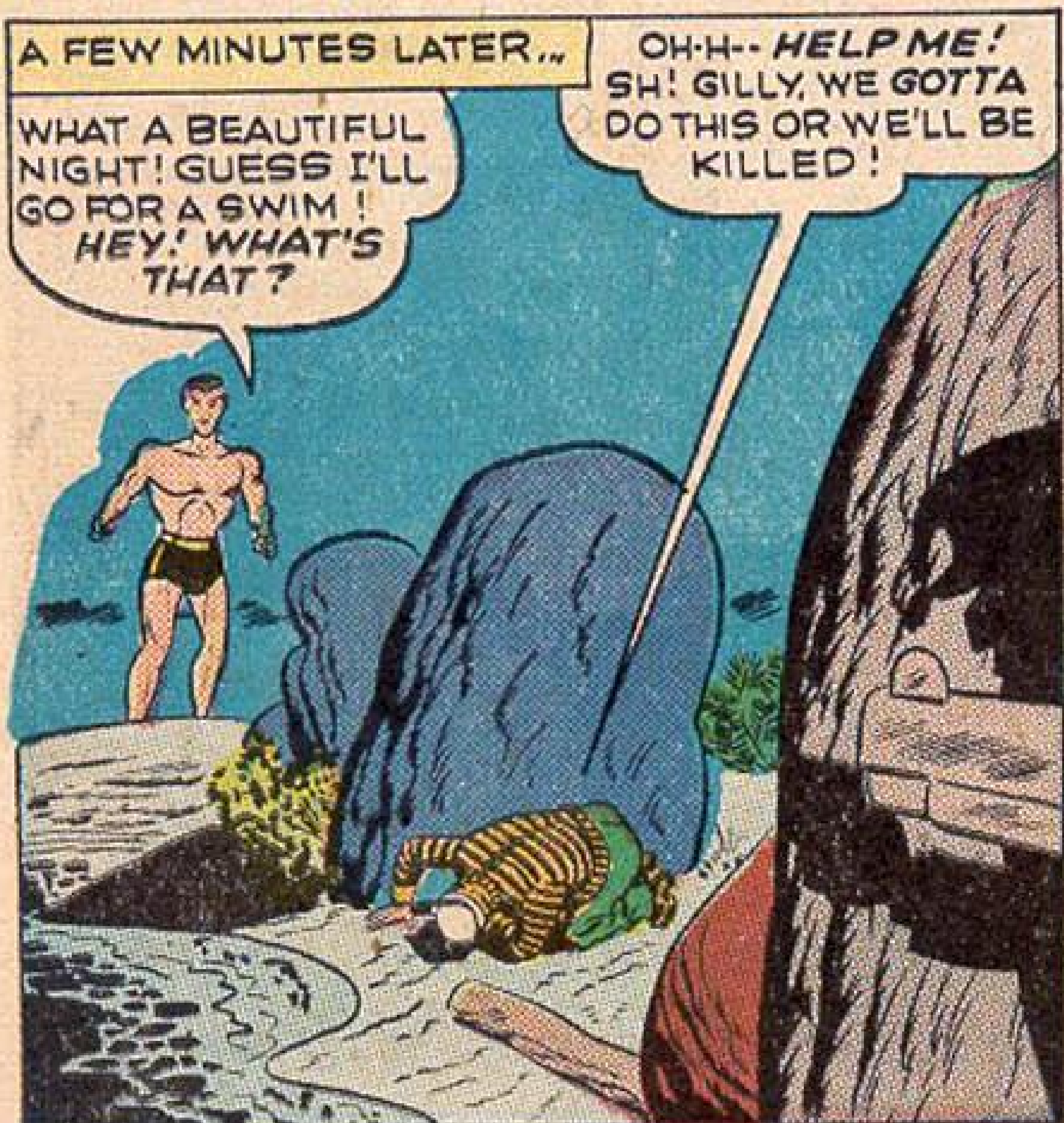

GILLY, DON'T BE SCARED! LET GO OF MY NECK! YOU'RE CHOKIN' ME!
WHAT TH' ?

THEY GET USED TO GILLY PRESENTLY! THEY THINK HENRY PECULIAR, BUT HARMLESS!

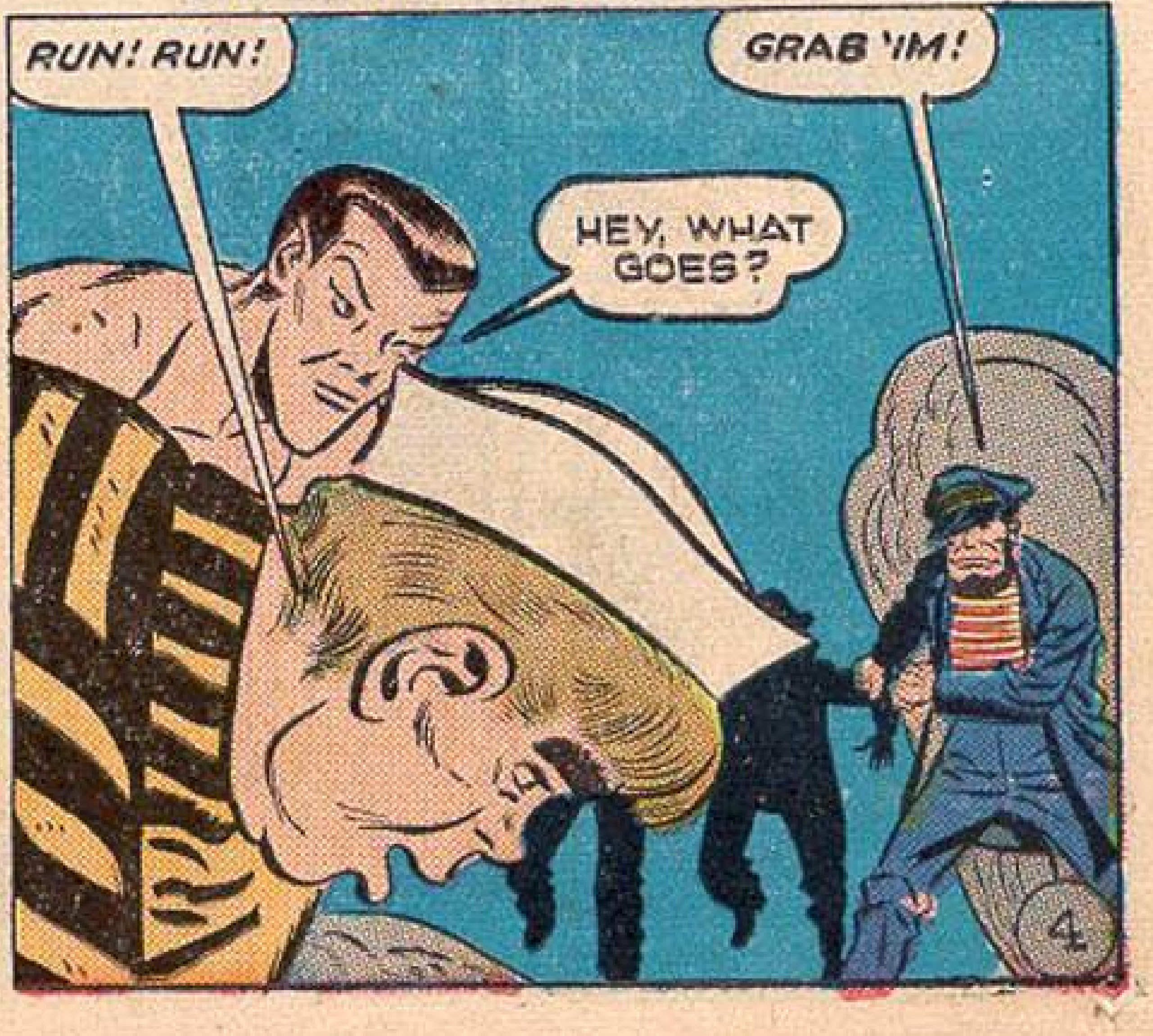

WHAT DO YOU FELLOWS WANT WITH US? THAT'S WHAT *WE* WANT TO KNOW! YOU-YOU--HOW *DARE* YOU?
'E'S A LITTLE BALMY, EH, WOT?
WE CAN USE HIM TO LURE SUB-MARINER!

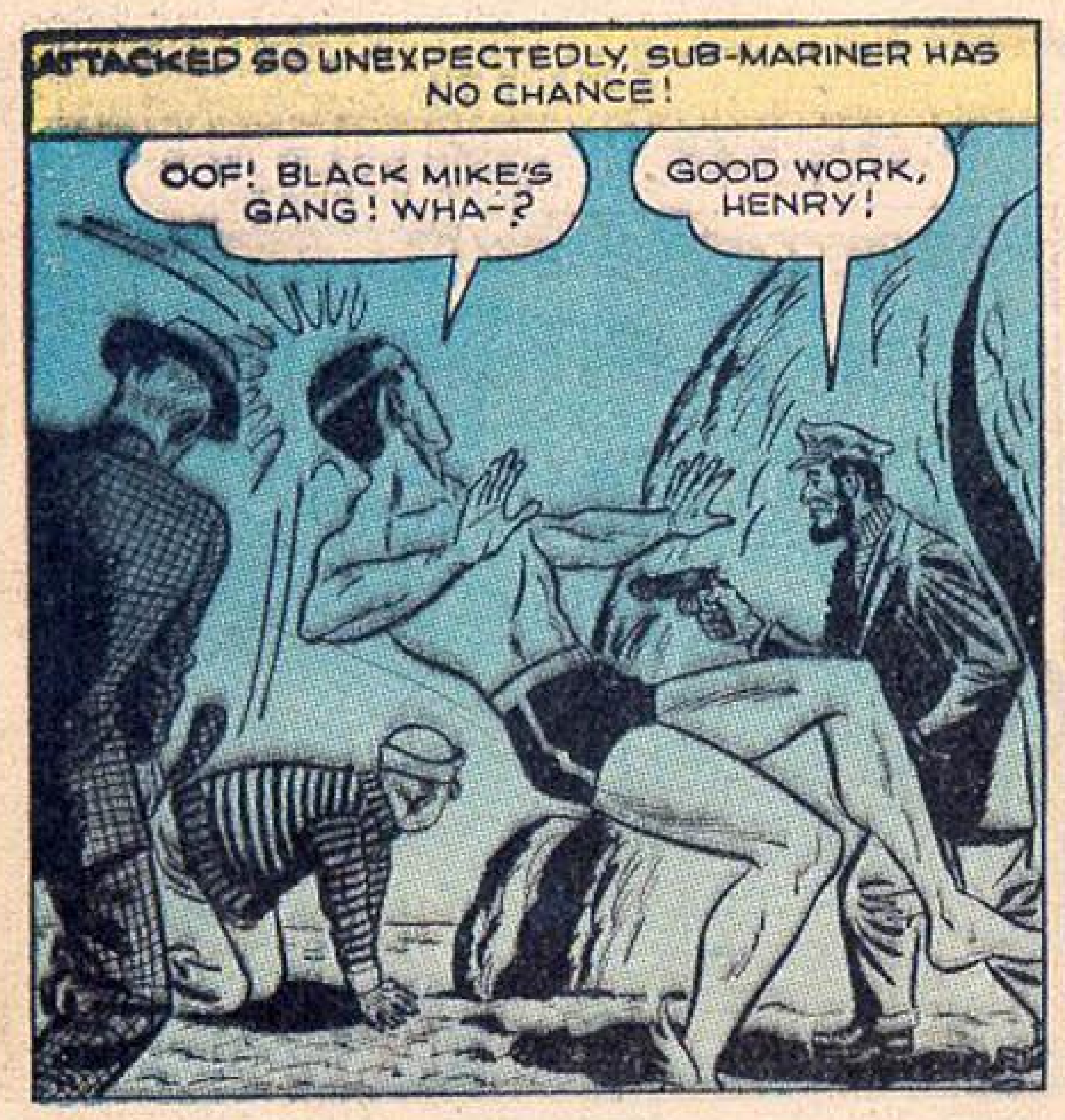

I SAW SUB-MARINER DOWN THE SHORE A WAYS! I DIDN'T *DARE* TACKLE HIM!
GOOD! THAT FIXES IT!
WHAT ARE THEY TALKIN' ABOUT, GILLY? LOOK HERE, YOU...

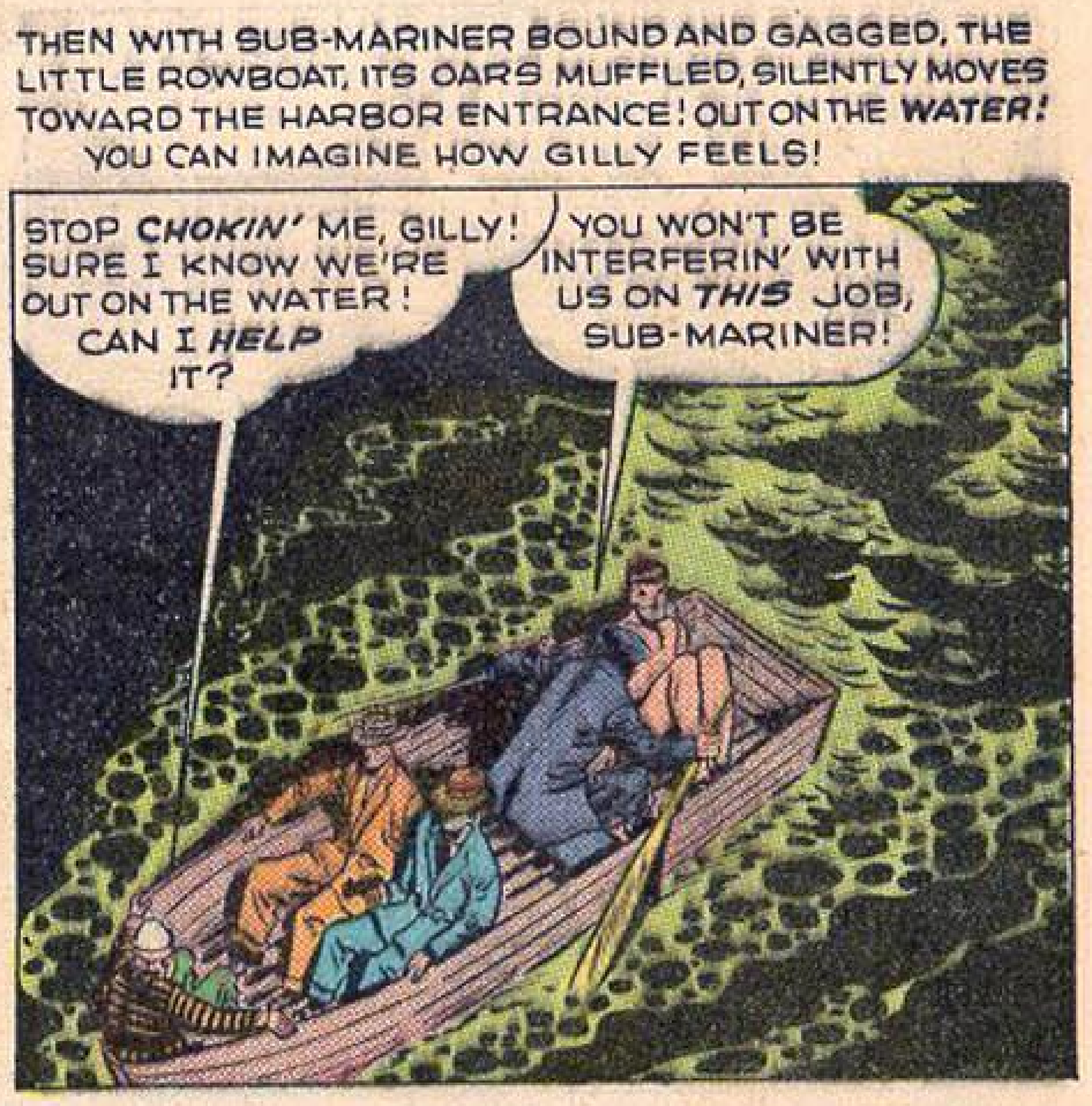

WITH A GUN POKED IN HIS RIBS, HENRY IS FRIGHTENED AND MAD! GILLY IS JUST MAD!
YOU UNDERSTAN' WHAT YOU GOTTA DO? ONE FALSE MOVE AN' YOU'RE REALLY THROUGH! *GET ME?*
I GET YOU! *SHUT UP, GILLY!* I *GOT* TO DO IT! D'YA THINK I WANT A BULLET IN ME?

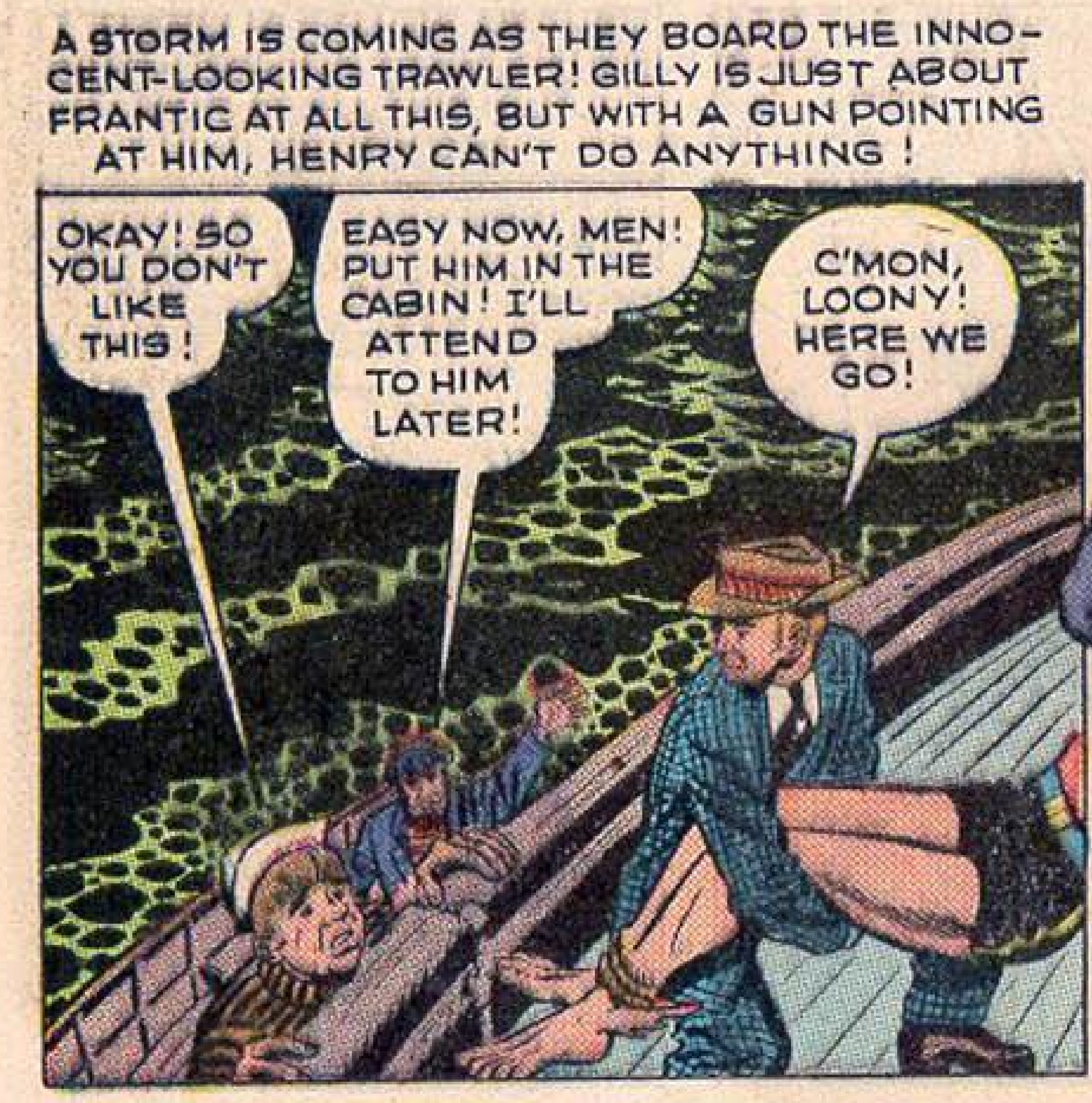

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT! GUESS I'LL GO FOR A SWIM! *HEY! WHAT'S THAT?*
OH-H-- *HELP ME!* SH! GILLY, WE *GOTTA* DO THIS OR WE'LL BE KILLED!

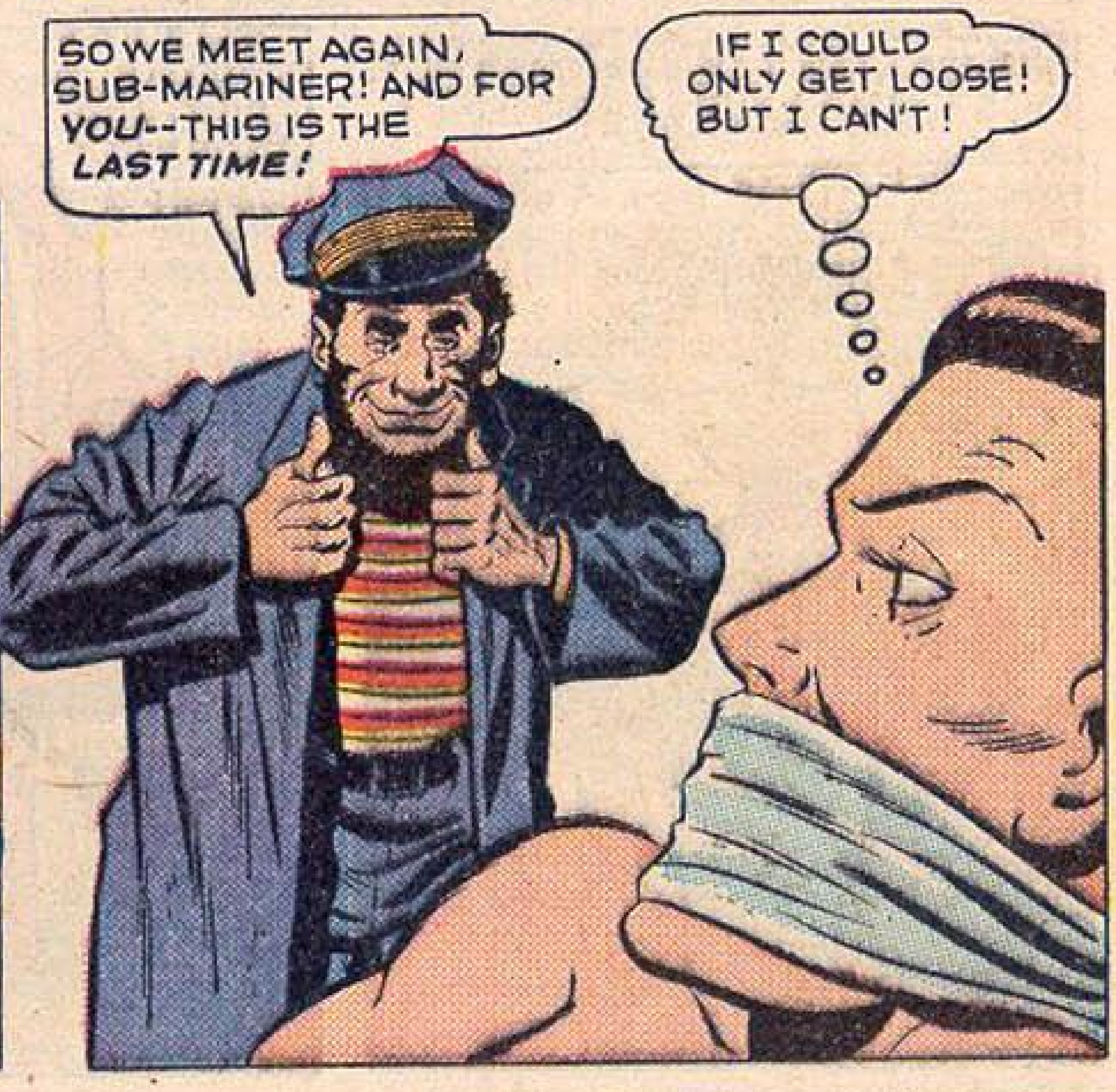
HENRY AGREES WITH GILLY--THIS *IS* A DIRTY TRICK! AT THE LAST MINUTE HE TRIES TO WARN SUB-MARINER, BUT TOO LATE!

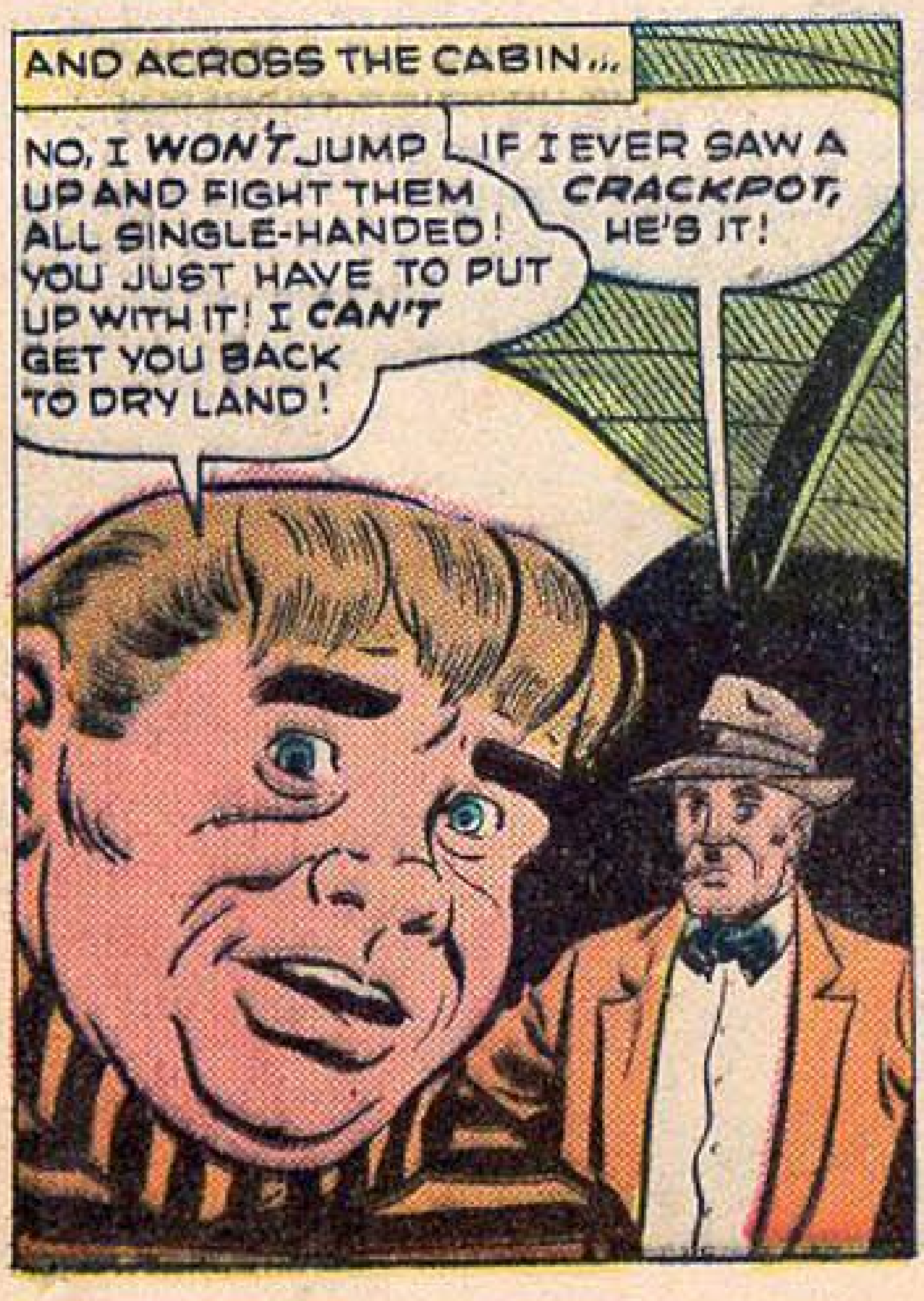

RUN! RUN!
GRAB 'IM!
HEY, WHAT GOES?

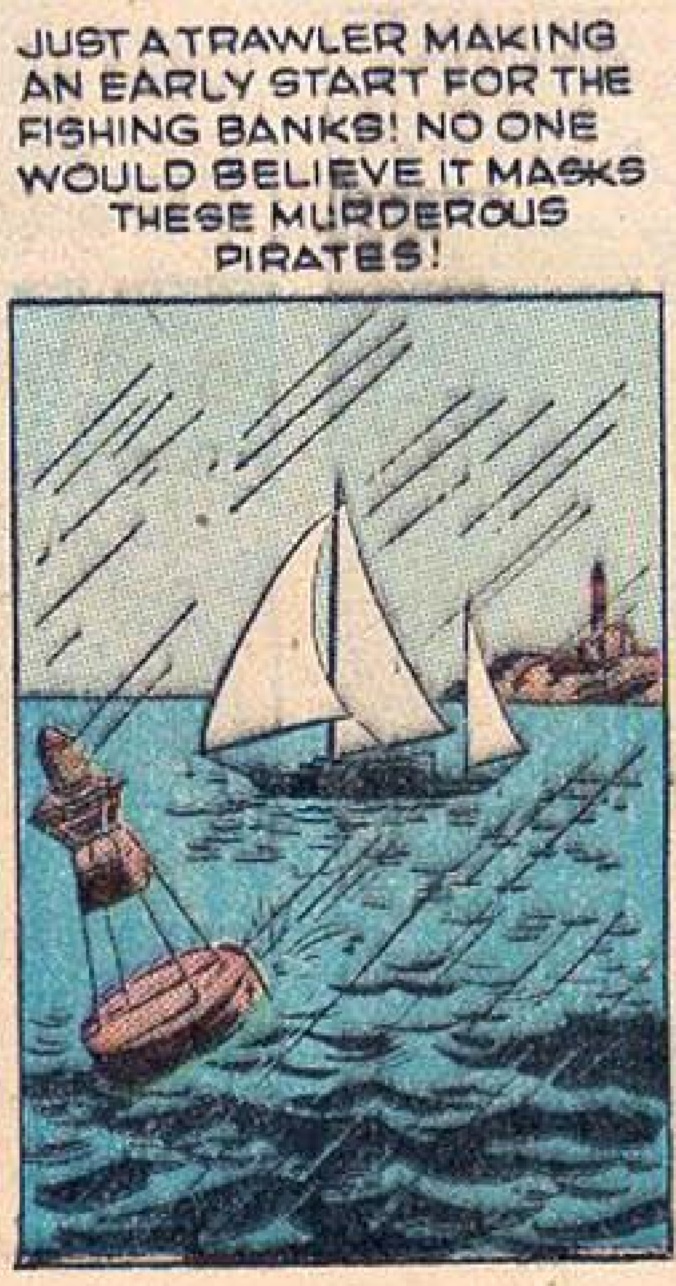

ATTACKED SO UNEXPECTEDLY, SUB-MARINER HAS NO CHANCE!
OOF! BLACK MIKE'S GANG! WHA-?
GOOD WORK, HENRY!

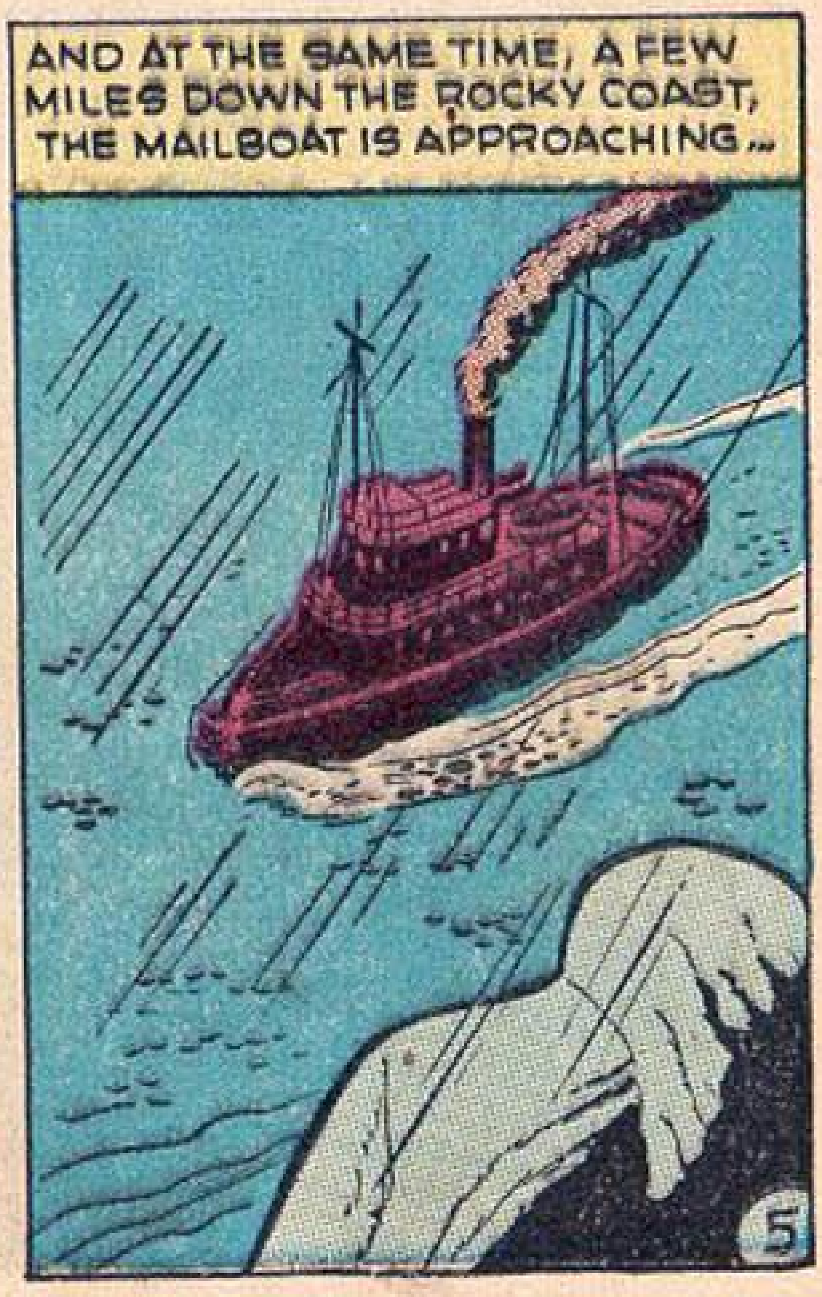

THEN WITH SUB-MARINER BOUND AND GAGGED, THE LITTLE ROWBOAT, ITS OARS MUFFLED, SILENTLY MOVES TOWARD THE HARBOR ENTRANCE! OUT ON THE *WATER!* YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW GILLY FEELS!
STOP *CHOKIN'* ME, GILLY! SURE I KNOW WE'RE OUT ON THE WATER! CAN I *HELP* IT?
YOU WON'T BE INTERFERIN' WITH US ON *THIS* JOB, SUB-MARINER!

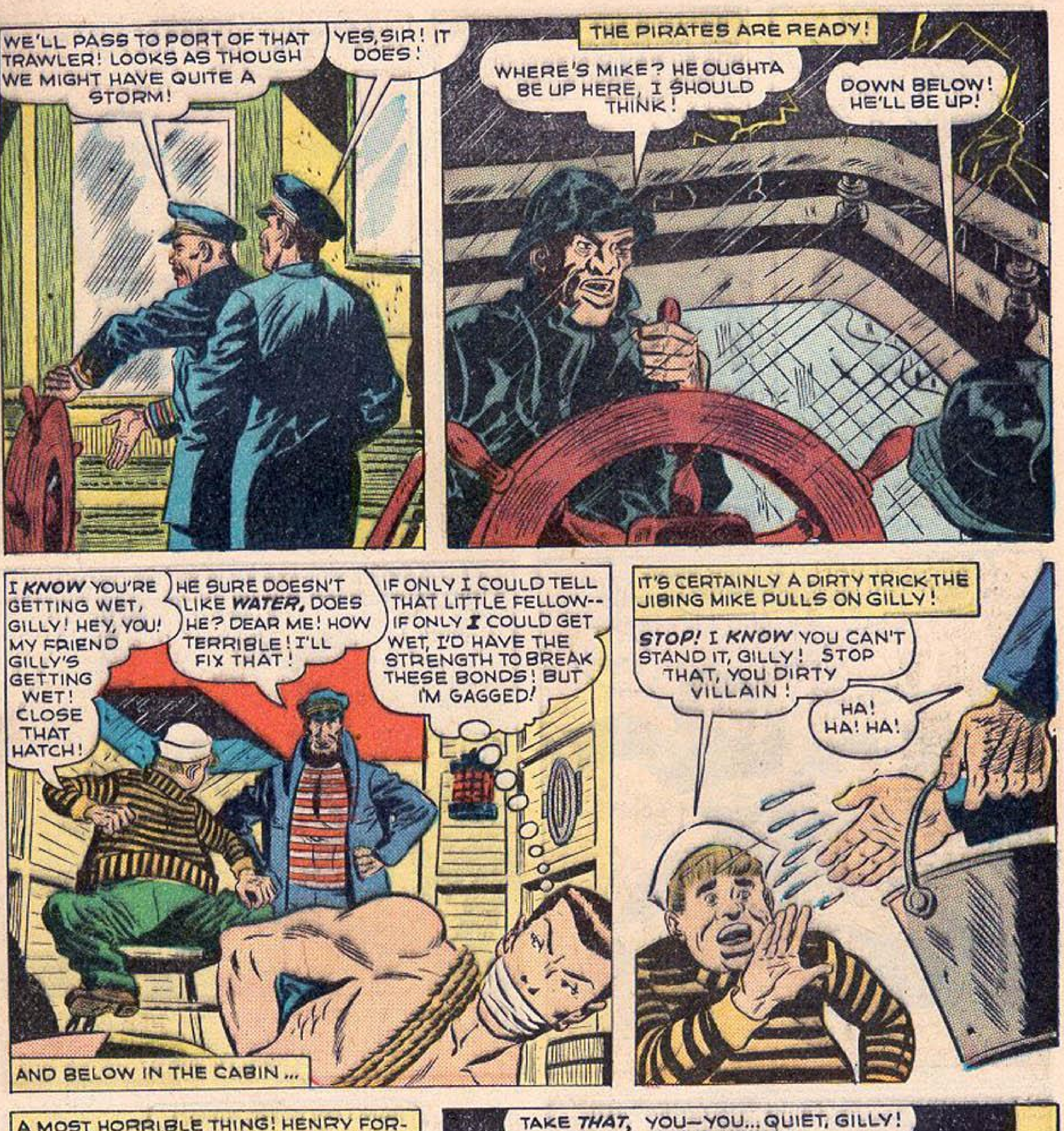

A STORM IS COMING AS THEY BOARD THE INNOCENT-LOOKING TRAWLER! GILLY IS JUST ABOUT FRANTIC AT ALL THIS, BUT WITH A GUN POINTING AT HIM, HENRY CAN'T DO ANYTHING!
OKAY! SO YOU DON'T LIKE THIS!
EASY NOW, MEN! PUT HIM IN THE CABIN! I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER!
C'MON, LOONY! HERE WE GO!

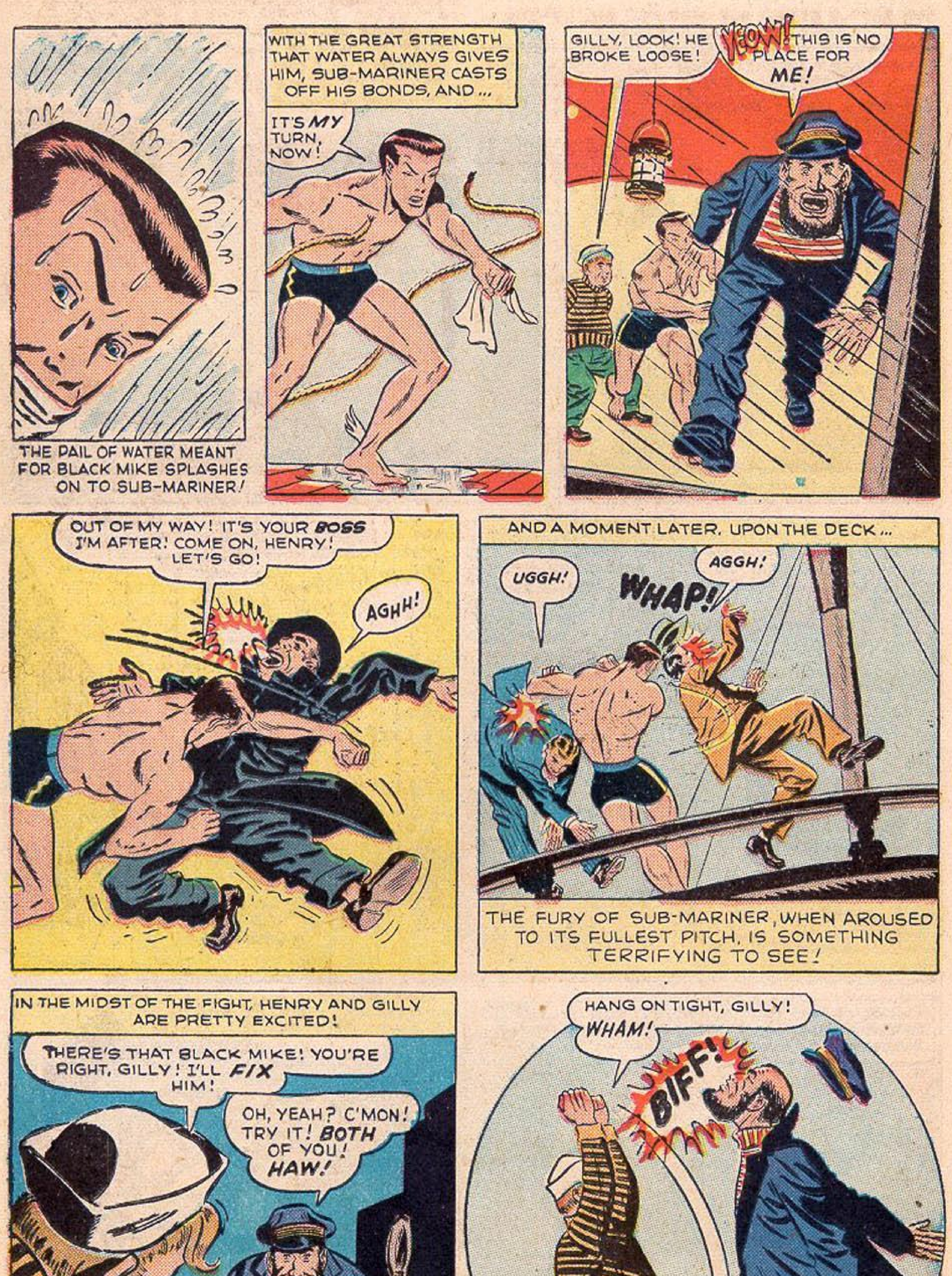

SO WE MEET AGAIN, SUB-MARINER! AND FOR *YOU*--THIS IS THE *LAST TIME!*
IF I COULD ONLY GET LOOSE! BUT I CAN'T!

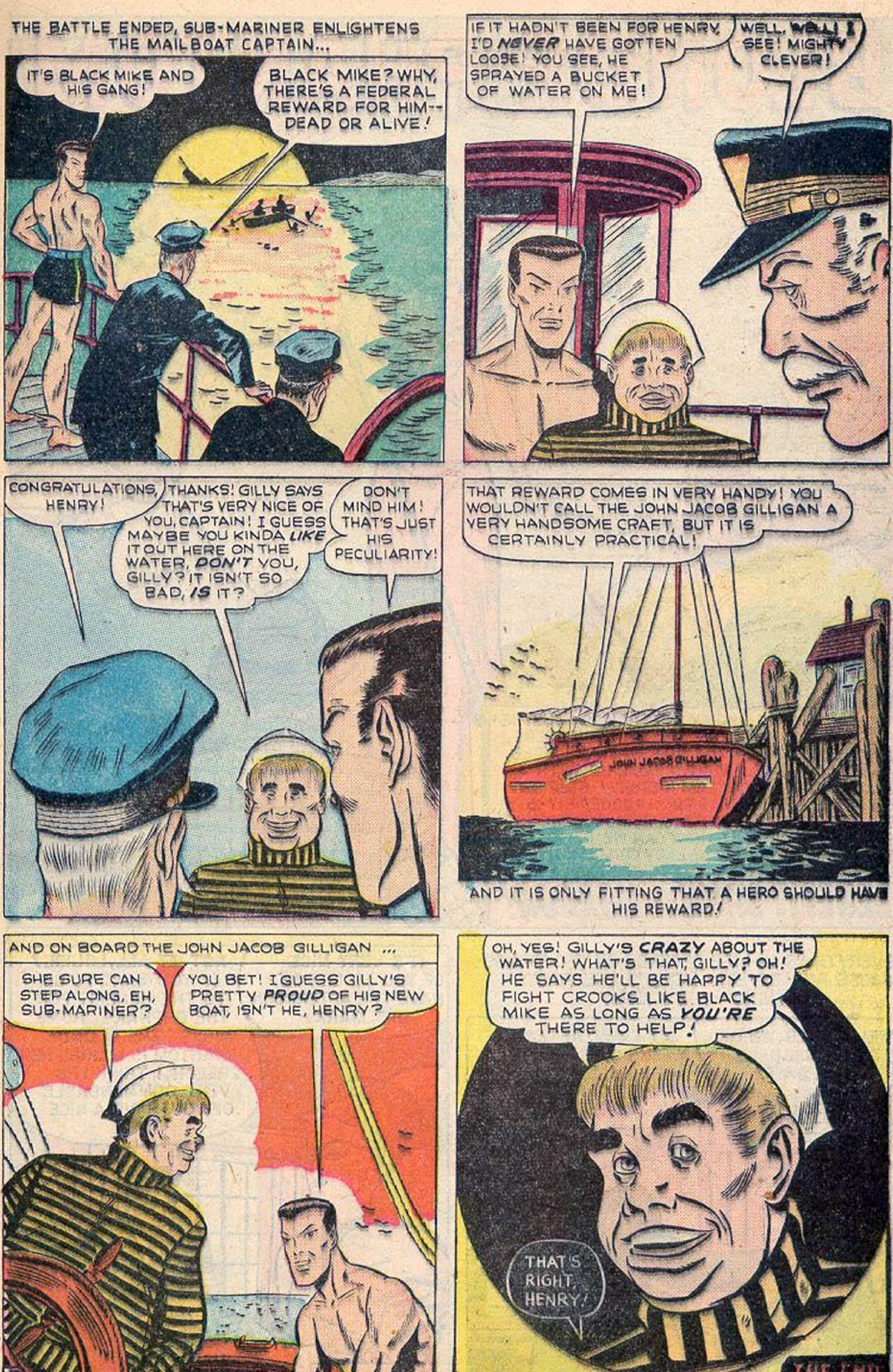

AND ACROSS THE CABIN...
NO, I *WON'T* JUMP UP AND FIGHT THEM ALL SINGLE-HANDED! YOU JUST HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IT! I *CAN'T* GET YOU BACK TO DRY LAND!
IF I EVER SAW A *CRACKPOT,* HE'S IT!

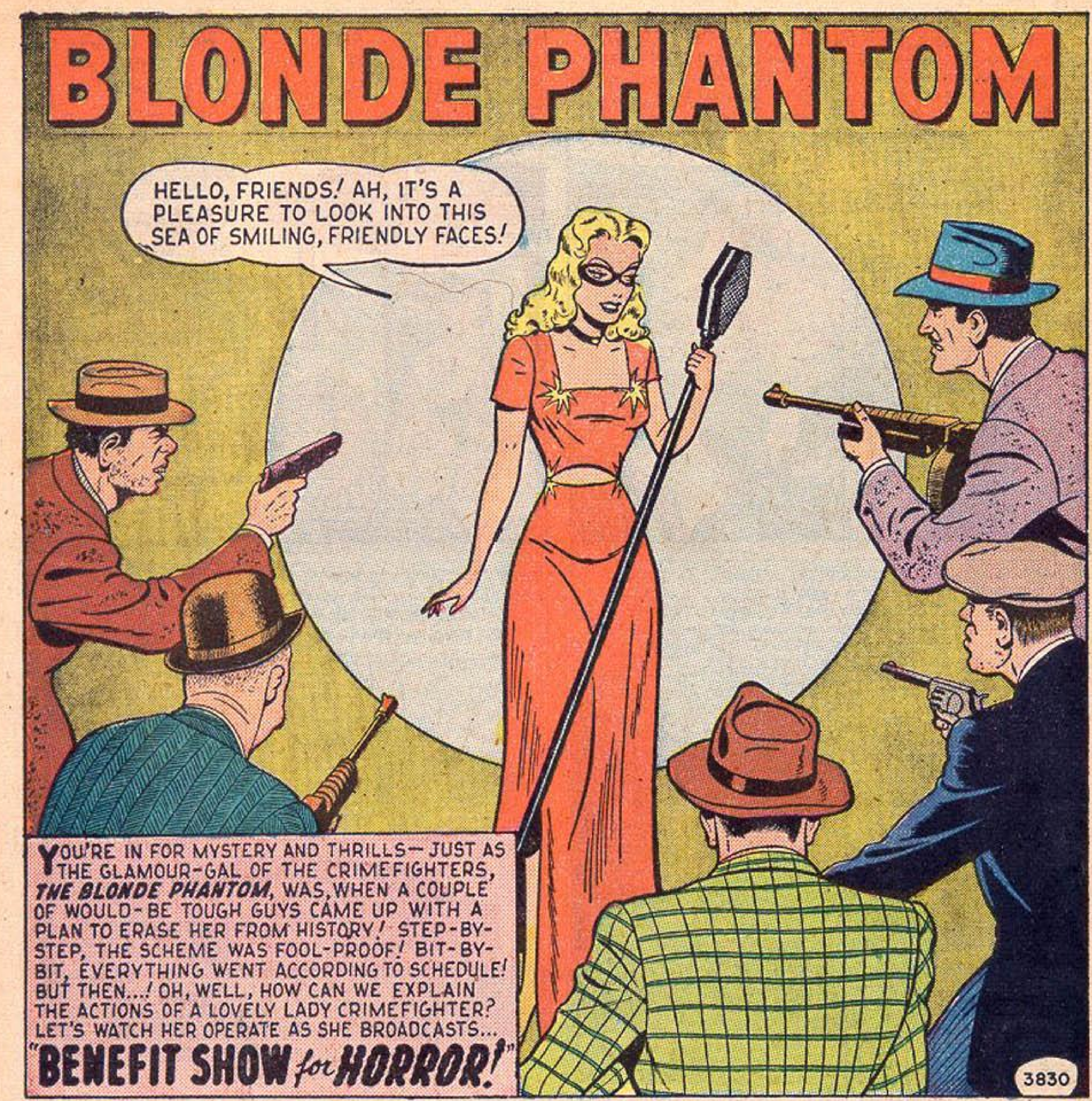

JUST A TRAWLER MAKING AN EARLY START FOR THE FISHING BANKS! NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT MASKS THESE MURDEROUS PIRATES!

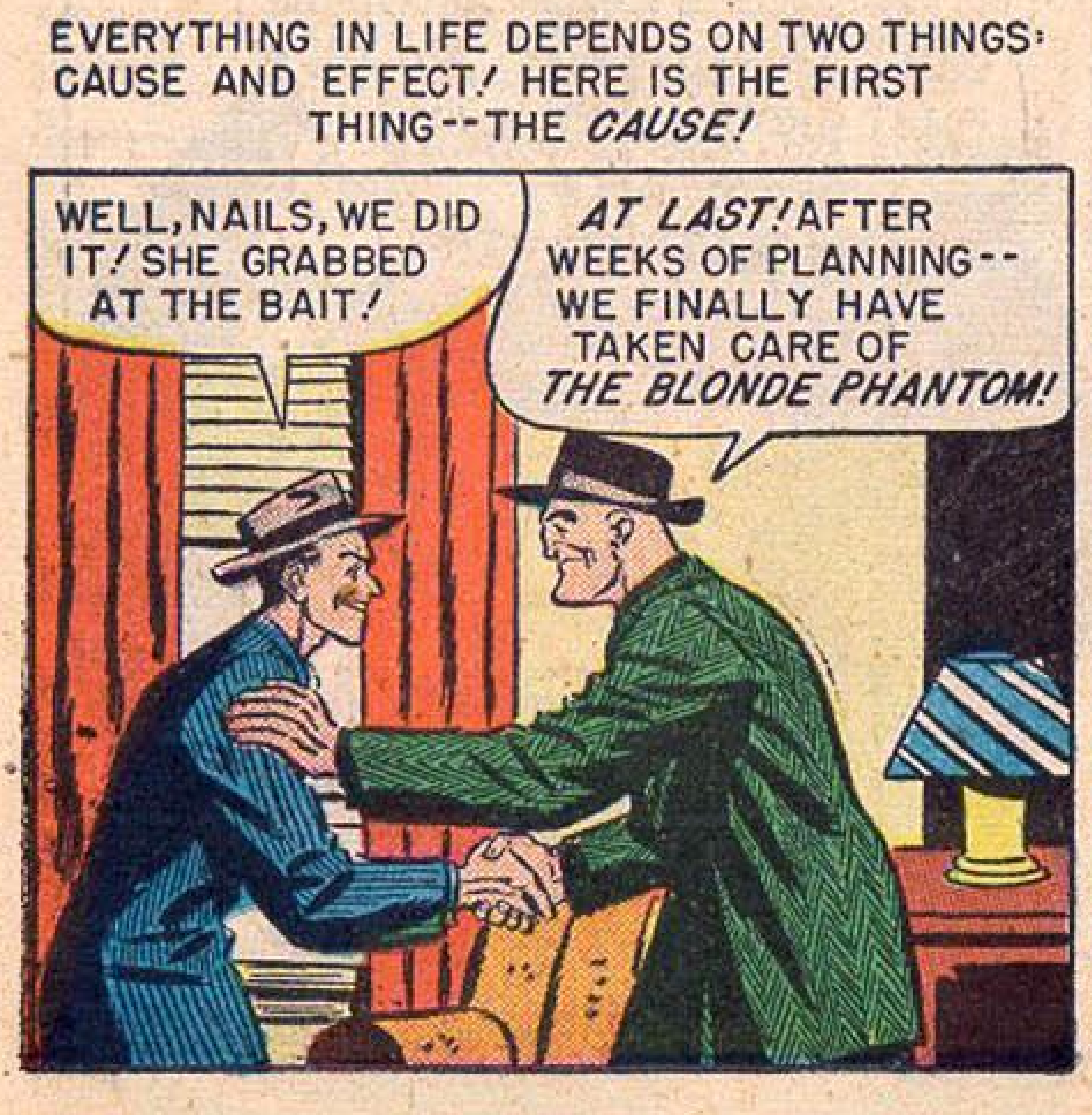

AND AT THE SAME TIME, A FEW MILES DOWN THE ROCKY COAST, THE MAILBOAT IS APPROACHING...

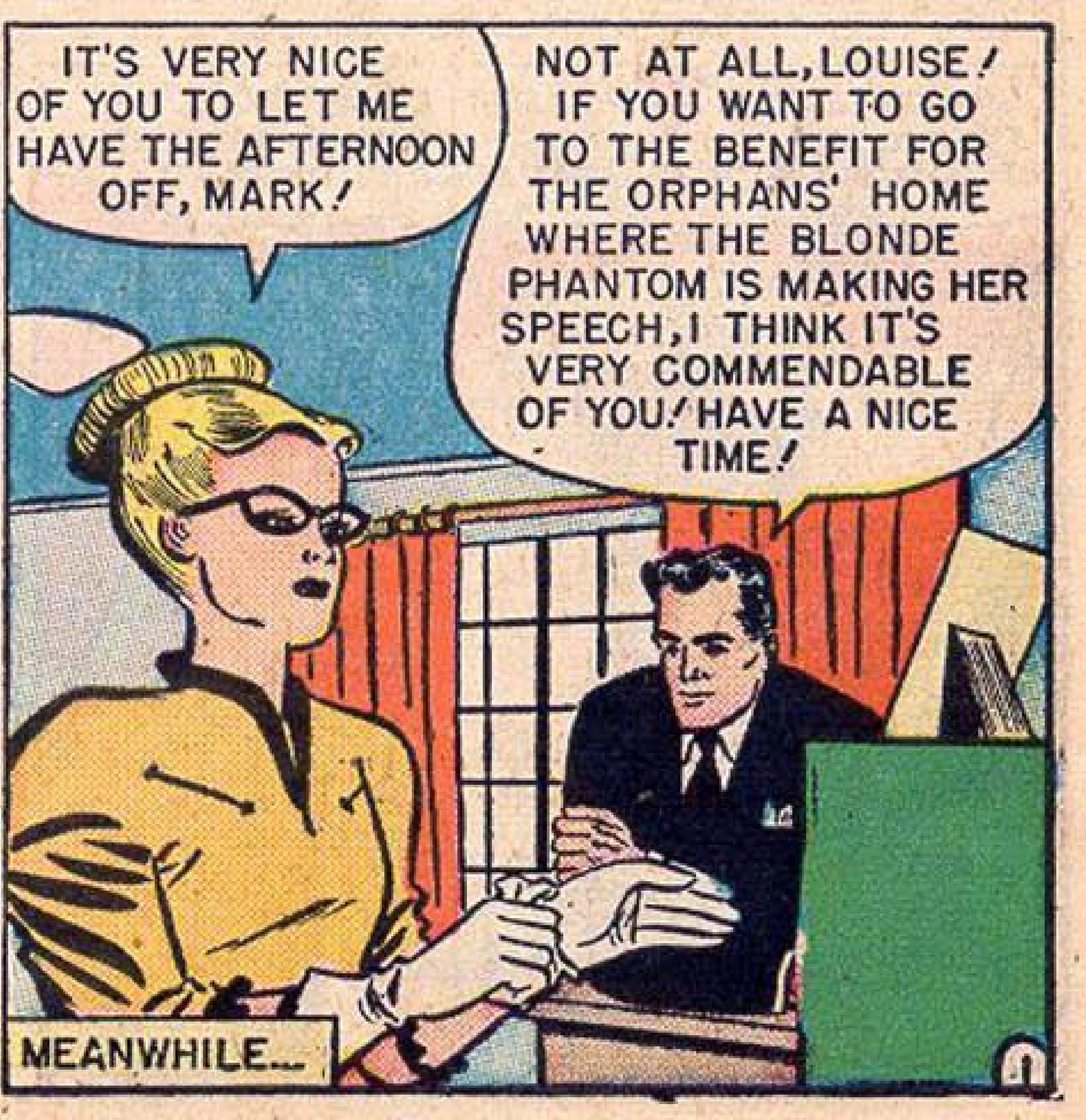

WE'LL PASS TO PORT OF THAT TRAWLER! LOOKS AS THOUGH WE MIGHT HAVE QUITE A STORM!
YES, SIR! IT DOES!
THE PIRATES ARE READY!
WHERE'S MIKE? HE OUGHTA BE UP HERE, I SHOULD THINK!
DOWN BELOW! HE'LL BE UP!
I *KNOW* YOU'RE GETTING WET, GILLY! HEY, YOU! MY FRIEND GILLY'S GETTING WET! CLOSE THAT HATCH!
HE SURE DOESN'T LIKE *WATER,* DOES HE? DEAR ME! HOW TERRIBLE! I'LL FIX THAT!
IF ONLY I COULD TELL THAT LITTLE FELLOW-- IF ONLY *I* COULD GET WET, I'D HAVE THE STRENGTH TO BREAK THESE BONDS! BUT I'M GAGGED!
AND BELOW IN THE CABIN ...
IT'S CERTAINLY A DIRTY TRICK THE JIBING MIKE PULLS ON GILLY!
STOP! I *KNOW* YOU CAN'T STAND IT, GILLY! STOP THAT, YOU DIRTY VILLAIN!
HA! HA! HA!
A MOST HORRIBLE THING! HENRY FORGETS HE MIGHT GET A BULLET IN HIM! HE MAKES A FRANTIC LEAP, AND ...
STOP IT! GIVE ME THAT! YOU—YOU ROTTEN ...
TAKE *THAT,* YOU—YOU... QUIET, GILLY! IT'S ALL RIGHT *NOW!*

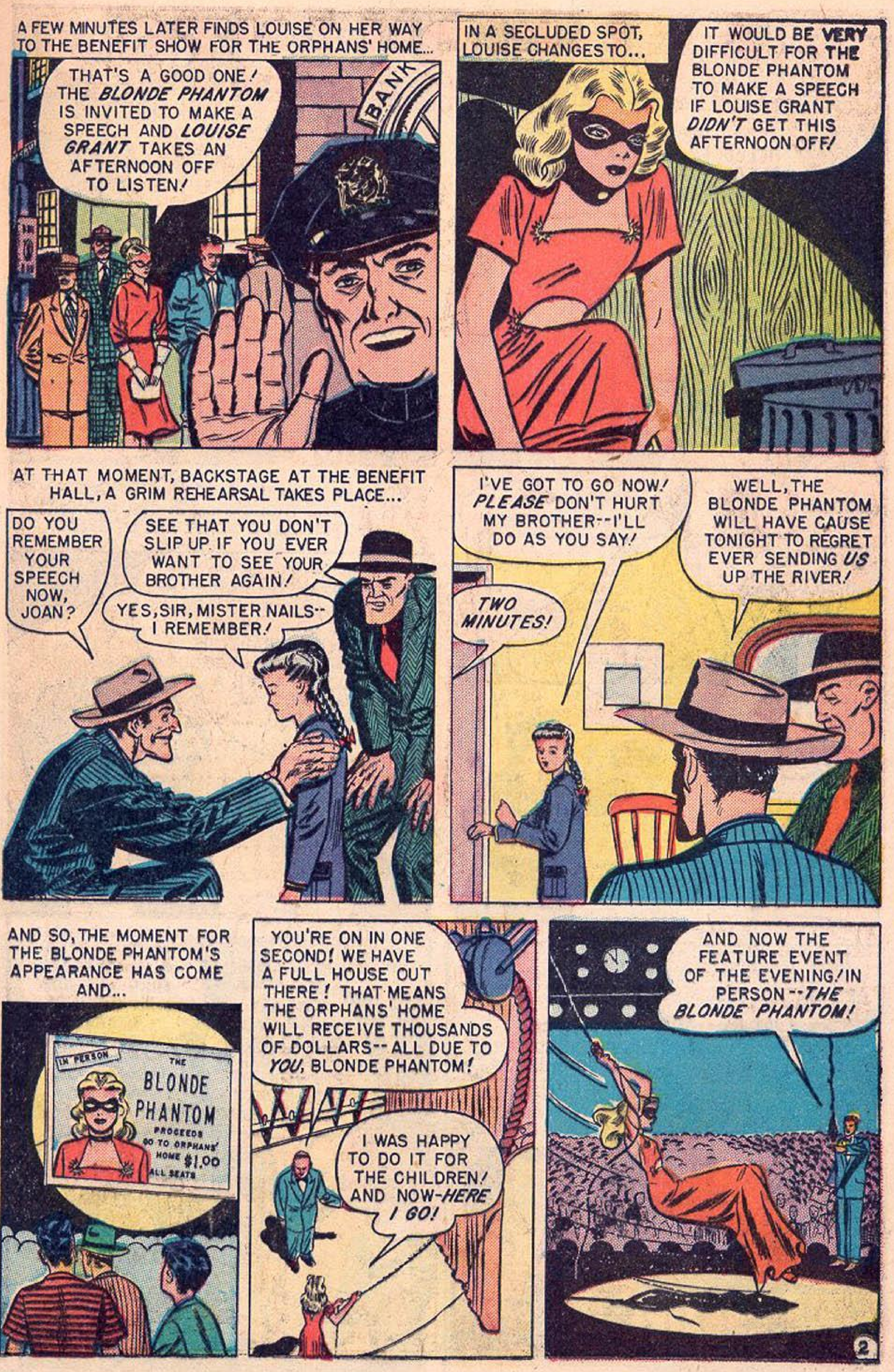

THE PAIL OF WATER MEANT FOR BLACK MIKE SPLASHES ON TO SUB-MARINER!
WITH THE GREAT STRENGTH THAT WATER ALWAYS GIVES HIM, SUB-MARINER CASTS OFF HIS BONDS, AND ...
IT'S MY TURN, NOW!
GILLY, LOOK! HE BROKE LOOSE!
YEOW! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!
OUT OF MY WAY! IT'S YOUR BOSS I'M AFTER! COME ON, HENRY! LET'S GO!
AGHH!
AND A MOMENT LATER, UPON THE DECK ...
UGGH!
AGGH!
WHAP!
THE FURY OF SUB-MARINER, WHEN AROUSED TO ITS FULLEST PITCH, IS SOMETHING TERRIFYING TO SEE!
IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHT, HENRY AND GILLY ARE PRETTY EXCITED!
THERE'S THAT BLACK MIKE! YOU'RE RIGHT, GILLY! I'LL FIX HIM!
OH, YEAH? C'MON! TRY IT! BOTH OF YOU! HAW!
HANG ON TIGHT, GILLY! WHAM!
BIFF!
7
SO NOW GILLY, IN ADDITION TO EVERYTHING ELSE, IS NOW A CRIMEFIGHTER!

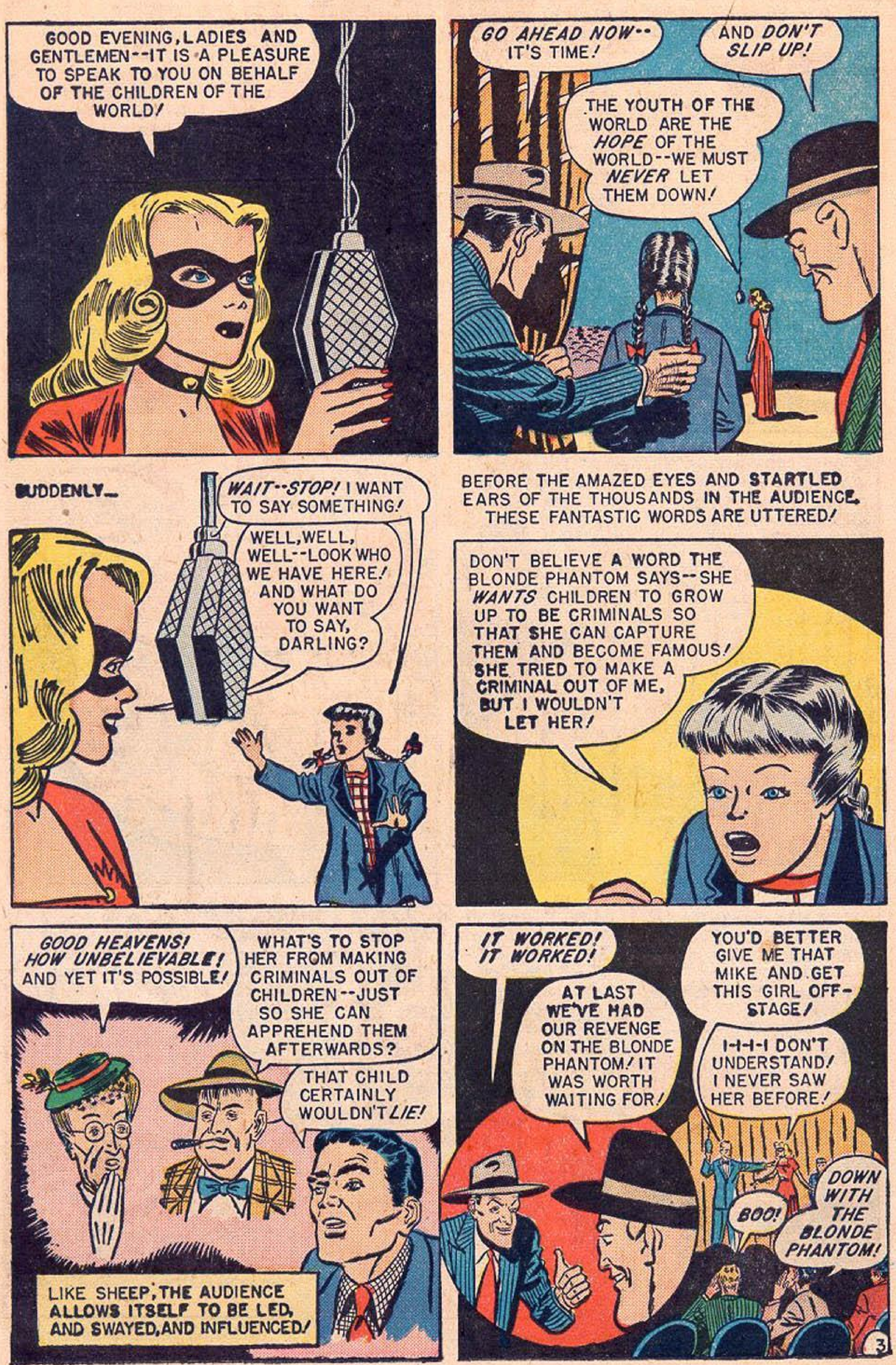

THE BATTLE ENDED, SUB-MARINER ENLIGHTENS THE MAILBOAT CAPTAIN...
IT'S BLACK MIKE AND HIS GANG!
BLACK MIKE? WHY, THERE'S A FEDERAL REWARD FOR HIM-- DEAD OR ALIVE!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HENRY, I'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN LOOSE! YOU SEE, HE SPRAYED A BUCKET OF WATER ON ME!
WELL, WELL! I SEE! MIGHTY CLEVER!
CONGRATULATIONS, HENRY!
THANKS! GILLY SAYS THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, CAPTAIN! I GUESS MAYBE YOU KINDA LIKE IT OUT HERE ON THE WATER, DON'T YOU, GILLY? IT ISN'T SO BAD, IS IT?
DON'T MIND HIM! THAT'S JUST HIS PECULIARITY!
THAT REWARD COMES IN VERY HANDY! YOU WOULDN'T CALL THE JOHN JACOB GILLIGAN A VERY HANDSOME CRAFT, BUT IT IS CERTAINLY PRACTICAL!
JOHN JACOB GILLIGAN
AND IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT A HERO SHOULD HAVE HIS REWARD!
AND ON BOARD THE JOHN JACOB GILLIGAN ...
SHE SURE CAN STEP ALONG, EH, SUB-MARINER?
YOU BET! I GUESS GILLY'S PRETTY PROUD OF HIS NEW BOAT, ISN'T HE, HENRY?
OH, YES! GILLY'S CRAZY ABOUT THE WATER! WHAT'S THAT, GILLY? OH! HE SAYS HE'LL BE HAPPY TO FIGHT CROOKS LIKE BLACK MIKE AS LONG AS YOU'RE THERE TO HELP!
THAT'S RIGHT, HENRY!
THE END

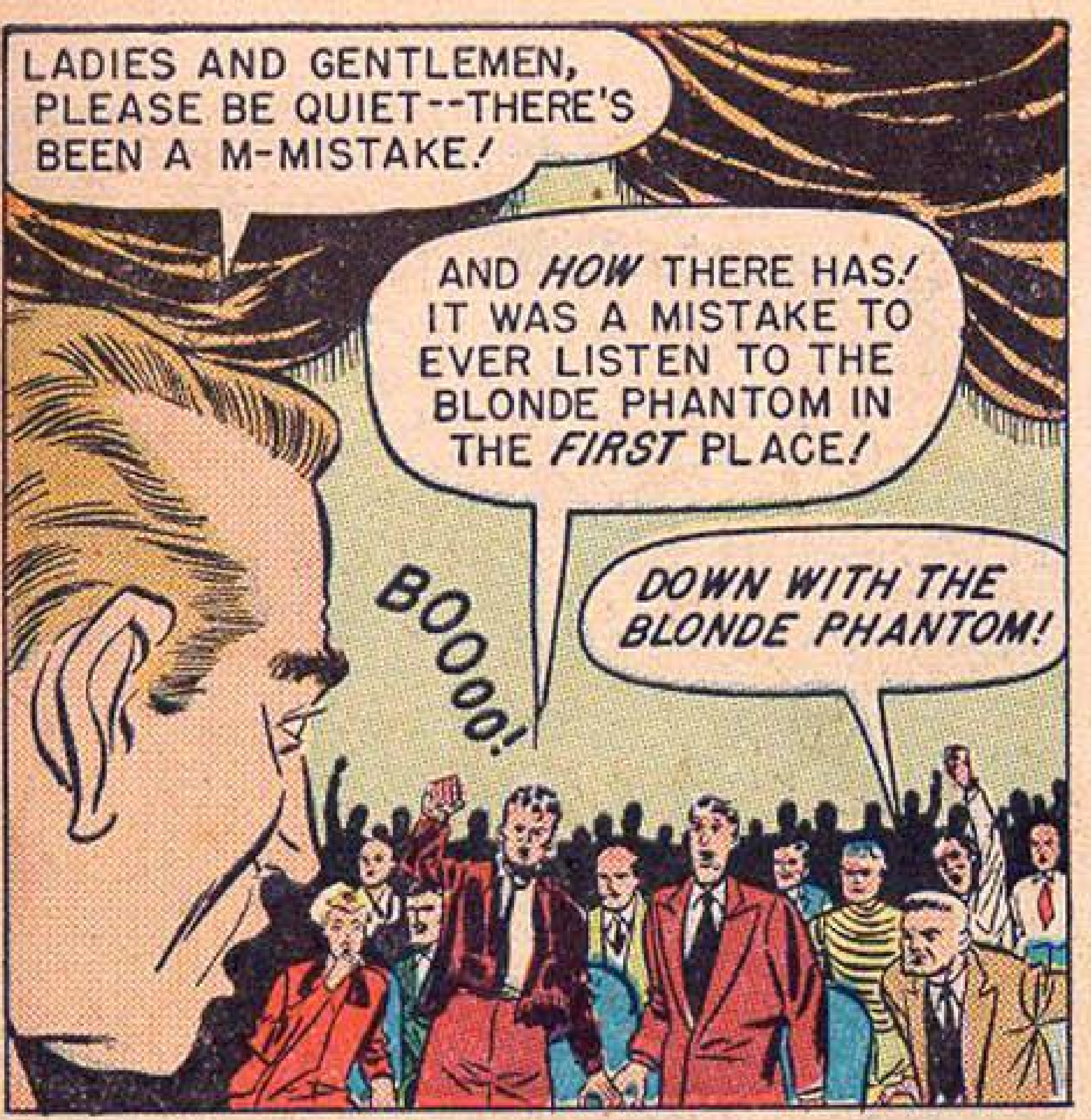

BLONDE PHANTOM
HELLO, FRIENDS! AH, IT'S A PLEASURE TO LOOK INTO THIS SEA OF SMILING, FRIENDLY FACES!
YOU'RE IN FOR MYSTERY AND THRILLS— JUST AS THE GLAMOUR-GAL OF THE CRIMEFIGHTERS, *THE BLONDE PHANTOM*, WAS, WHEN A COUPLE OF WOULD-BE TOUGH GUYS CAME UP WITH A PLAN TO ERASE HER FROM HISTORY! STEP-BY-STEP, THE SCHEME WAS FOOL-PROOF! BIT-BY-BIT, EVERYTHING WENT ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE! BUT THEN...! OH, WELL, HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN THE ACTIONS OF A LOVELY LADY CRIMEFIGHTER? LET'S WATCH HER OPERATE AS SHE BROADCASTS...
"BENEFIT SHOW for HORROR!"
3830

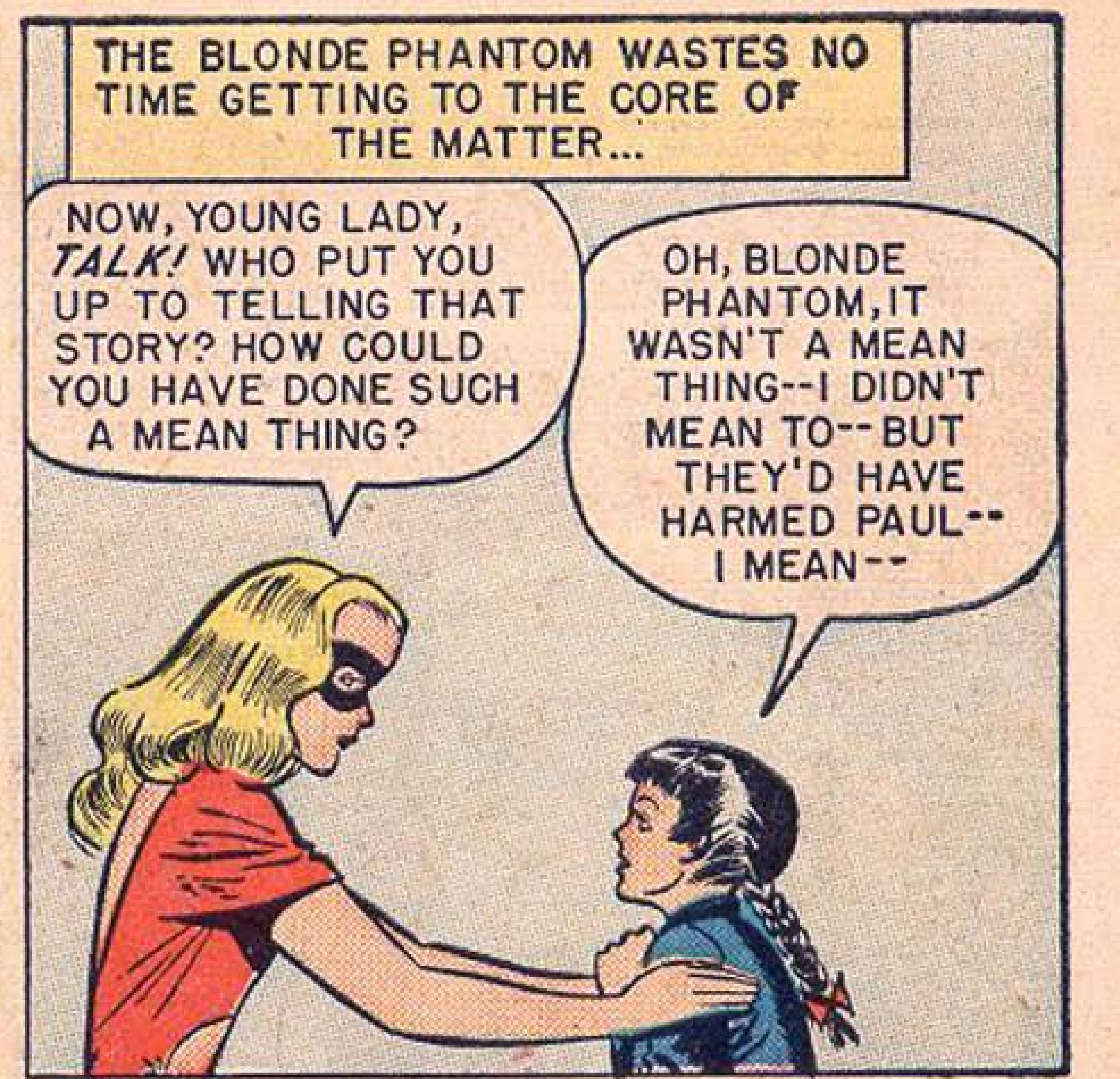

EVERYTHING IN LIFE DEPENDS ON TWO THINGS: CAUSE AND EFFECT! HERE IS THE FIRST THING--THE *CAUSE!*
WELL, NAILS, WE DID IT! SHE GRABBED AT THE BAIT!
AT LAST! AFTER WEEKS OF PLANNING-- WE FINALLY HAVE TAKEN CARE OF *THE BLONDE PHANTOM!*

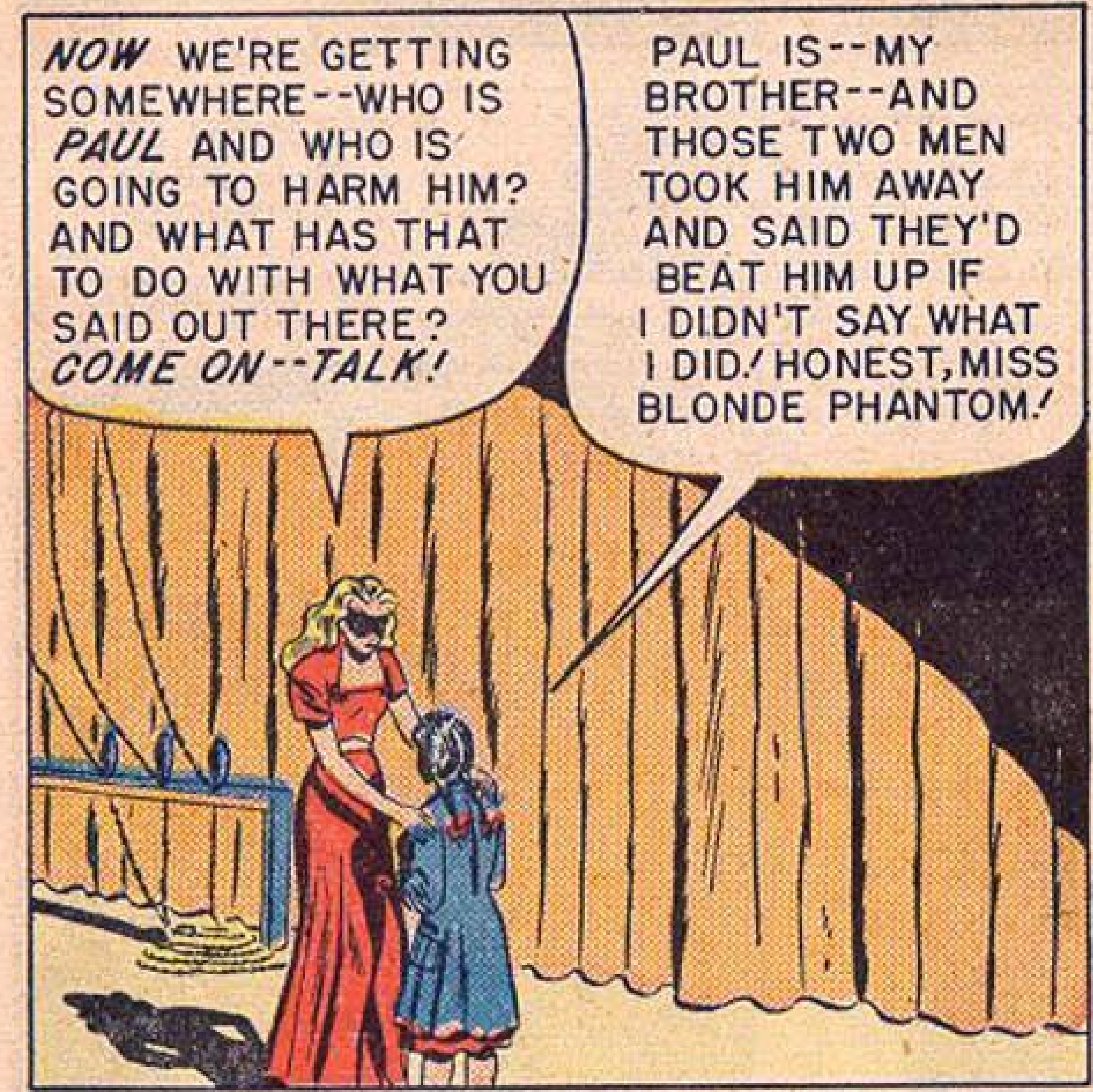

IT'S VERY NICE OF YOU TO LET ME HAVE THE AFTERNOON OFF, MARK!
NOT AT ALL, LOUISE! IF YOU WANT TO GO TO THE BENEFIT FOR THE ORPHANS' HOME WHERE THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS MAKING HER SPEECH, I THINK IT'S VERY COMMENDABLE OF YOU! HAVE A NICE TIME!
MEANWHILE...
1

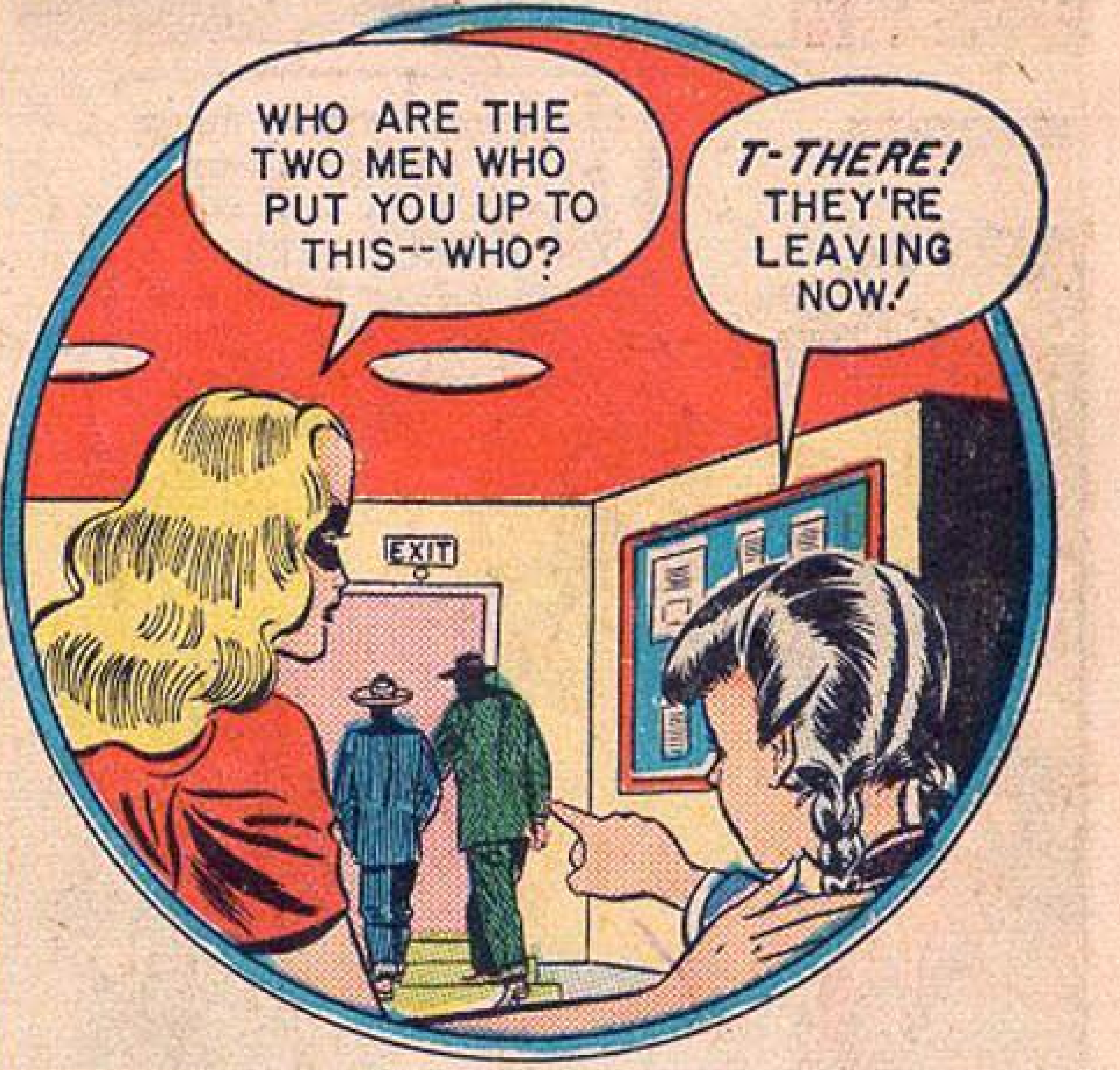

A FEW MINUTES LATER FINDS LOUISE ON HER WAY TO THE BENEFIT SHOW FOR THE ORPHANS' HOME...
BANK
THAT'S A GOOD ONE! THE *BLONDE PHANTOM* IS INVITED TO MAKE A SPEECH AND *LOUISE GRANT* TAKES AN AFTERNOON OFF TO LISTEN!
IN A SECLUDED SPOT, LOUISE CHANGES TO...
IT WOULD BE **VERY** DIFFICULT FOR **THE** BLONDE PHANTOM TO MAKE A SPEECH IF LOUISE GRANT *DIDN'T* GET THIS AFTERNOON OFF!
AT THAT MOMENT, BACKSTAGE AT THE BENEFIT HALL, A GRIM REHEARSAL TAKES PLACE...
DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR SPEECH NOW, JOAN?
SEE THAT YOU DON'T SLIP UP IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE YOUR BROTHER AGAIN!
YES, SIR, MISTER NAILS-- I REMEMBER!
I'VE GOT TO GO NOW! *PLEASE* DON'T HURT MY BROTHER--I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!
TWO MINUTES!
WELL, THE BLONDE PHANTOM WILL HAVE CAUSE TONIGHT TO REGRET EVER SENDING *US* UP THE RIVER!
AND SO, THE MOMENT FOR THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S APPEARANCE HAS COME AND...
IN PERSON
THE BLONDE PHANTOM
PROCEEDS GO TO ORPHANS' HOME $1.00 ALL SEATS
YOU'RE ON IN ONE SECOND! WE HAVE A FULL HOUSE OUT THERE! THAT MEANS THE ORPHANS' HOME WILL RECEIVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS-- ALL DUE TO *YOU*, BLONDE PHANTOM!
I WAS HAPPY TO DO IT FOR THE CHILDREN! AND NOW-*HERE I GO!*
AND NOW THE FEATURE EVENT OF THE EVENING! IN PERSON --*THE BLONDE PHANTOM!*
2

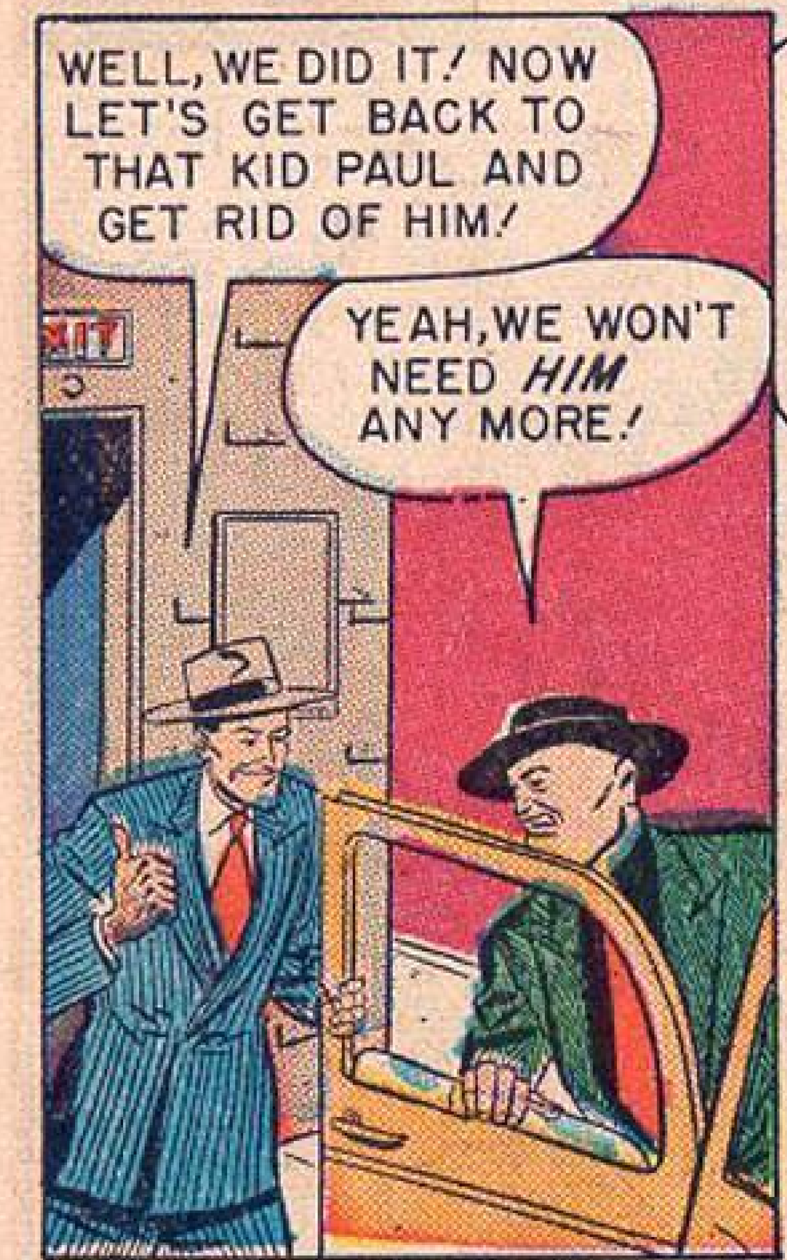

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--IT IS A PLEASURE TO SPEAK TO YOU ON BEHALF OF THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD!
GO AHEAD NOW-- IT'S TIME!
AND DON'T SLIP UP!
THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD--WE MUST NEVER LET THEM DOWN!
SUDDENLY...
WAIT--STOP! I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING!
WELL, WELL, WELL--LOOK WHO WE HAVE HERE! AND WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY, DARLING?
BEFORE THE AMAZED EYES AND STARTLED EARS OF THE THOUSANDS IN THE AUDIENCE, THESE FANTASTIC WORDS ARE UTTERED!
DON'T BELIEVE A WORD THE BLONDE PHANTOM SAYS--SHE WANTS CHILDREN TO GROW UP TO BE CRIMINALS SO THAT SHE CAN CAPTURE THEM AND BECOME FAMOUS! SHE TRIED TO MAKE A CRIMINAL OUT OF ME, BUT I WOULDN'T LET HER!
GOOD HEAVENS! HOW UNBELIEVABLE! AND YET IT'S POSSIBLE!
WHAT'S TO STOP HER FROM MAKING CRIMINALS OUT OF CHILDREN--JUST SO SHE CAN APPREHEND THEM AFTERWARDS?
THAT CHILD CERTAINLY WOULDN'T LIE!
LIKE SHEEP, THE AUDIENCE ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE LED, AND SWAYED, AND INFLUENCED!
IT WORKED! IT WORKED!
AT LAST WE'VE HAD OUR REVENGE ON THE BLONDE PHANTOM! IT WAS WORTH WAITING FOR!
YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME THAT MIKE AND GET THIS GIRL OFF-STAGE!
I-I-I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE!
BOO!
DOWN WITH THE BLONDE PHANTOM!

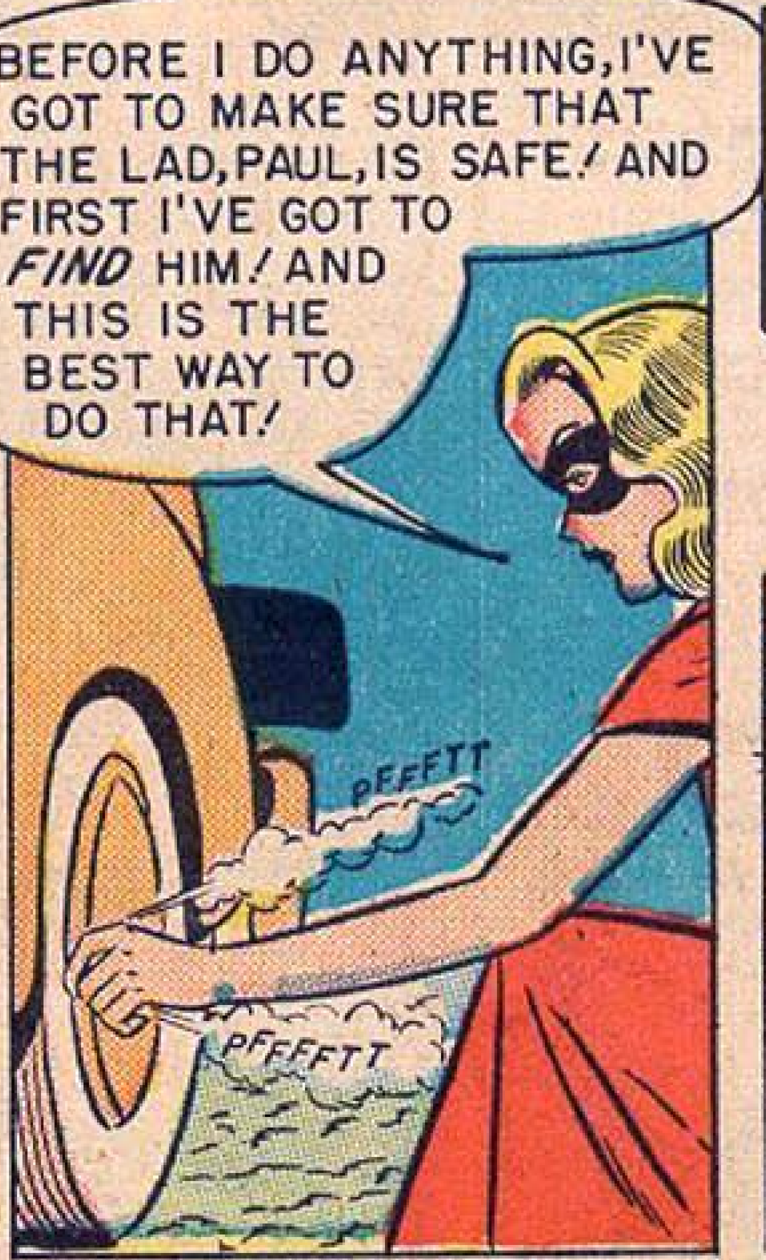

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE BE QUIET--THERE'S BEEN A M-MISTAKE!
AND *HOW* THERE HAS! IT WAS A MISTAKE TO EVER LISTEN TO THE BLONDE PHANTOM IN THE *FIRST* PLACE!
BOOOO!
DOWN WITH THE BLONDE PHANTOM!

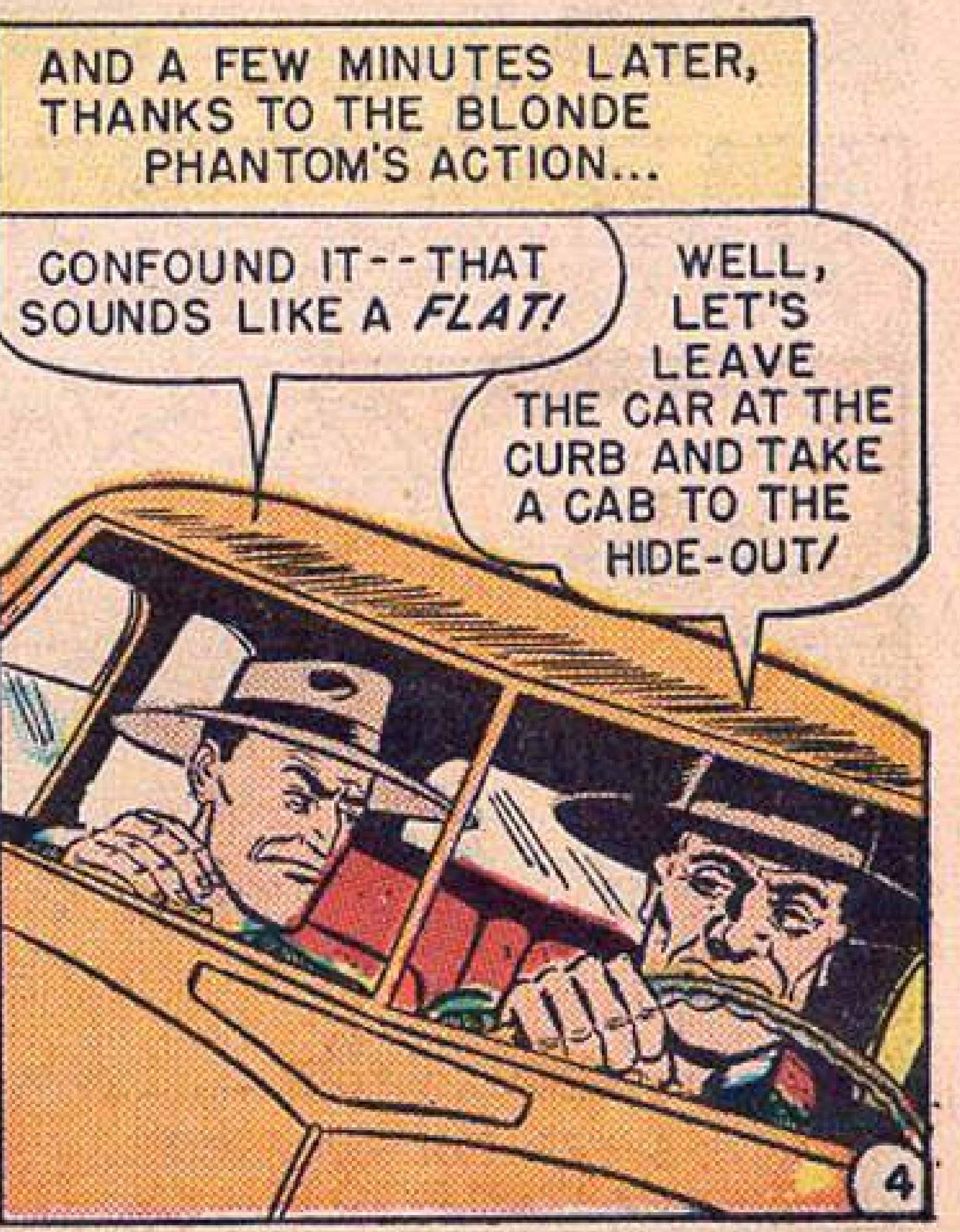

THE BLONDE PHANTOM WASTES NO TIME GETTING TO THE CORE OF THE MATTER...
NOW, YOUNG LADY, *TALK!* WHO PUT YOU UP TO TELLING THAT STORY? HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE SUCH A MEAN THING?
OH, BLONDE PHANTOM, IT WASN'T A MEAN THING--I DIDN'T MEAN TO--BUT THEY'D HAVE HARMED PAUL--I MEAN--

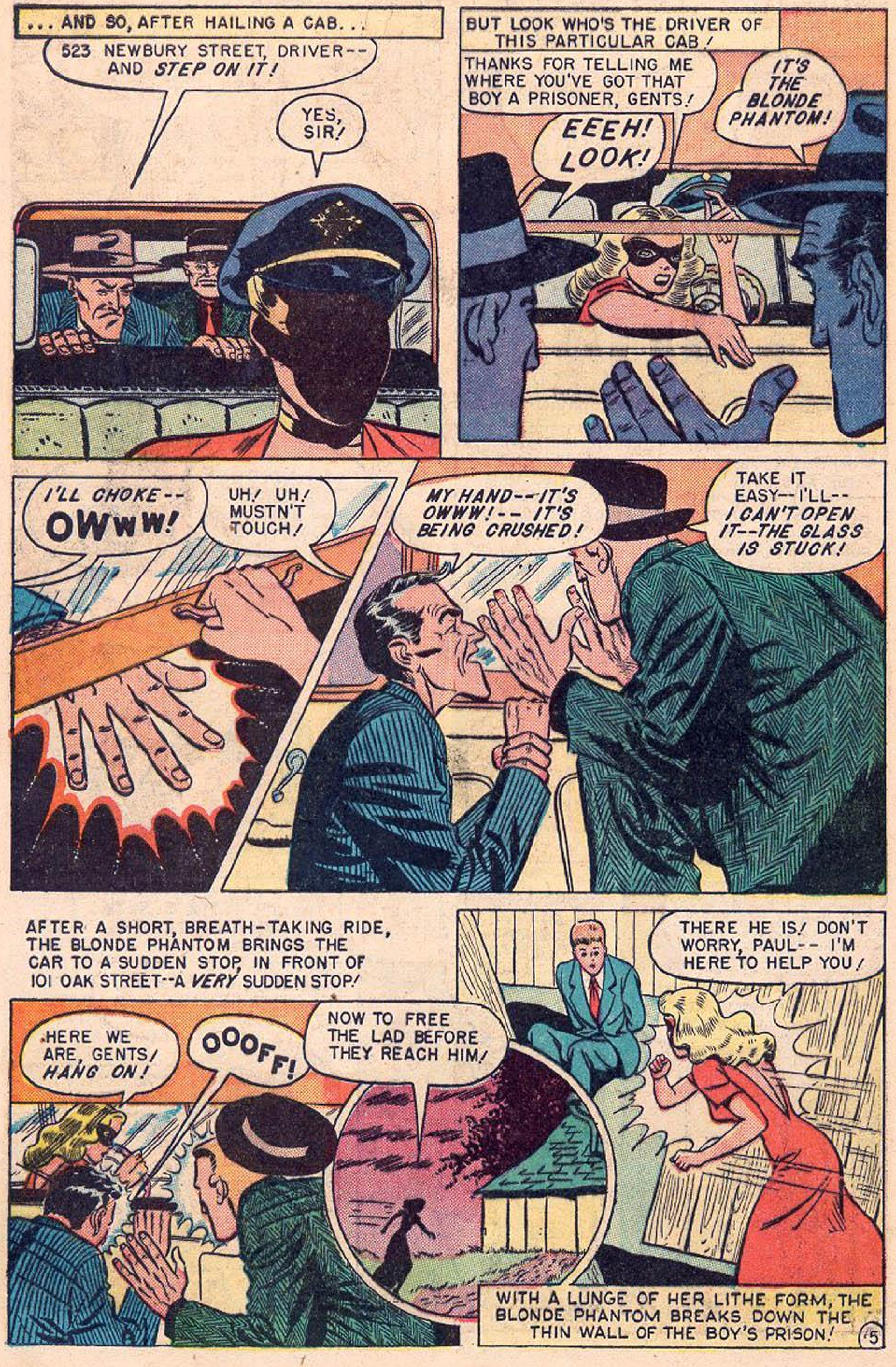

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE--WHO IS *PAUL* AND WHO IS GOING TO HARM HIM? AND WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH WHAT YOU SAID OUT THERE? *COME ON--TALK!*
PAUL IS--MY BROTHER--AND THOSE TWO MEN TOOK HIM AWAY AND SAID THEY'D BEAT HIM UP IF I DIDN'T SAY WHAT I DID! HONEST, MISS BLONDE PHANTOM!

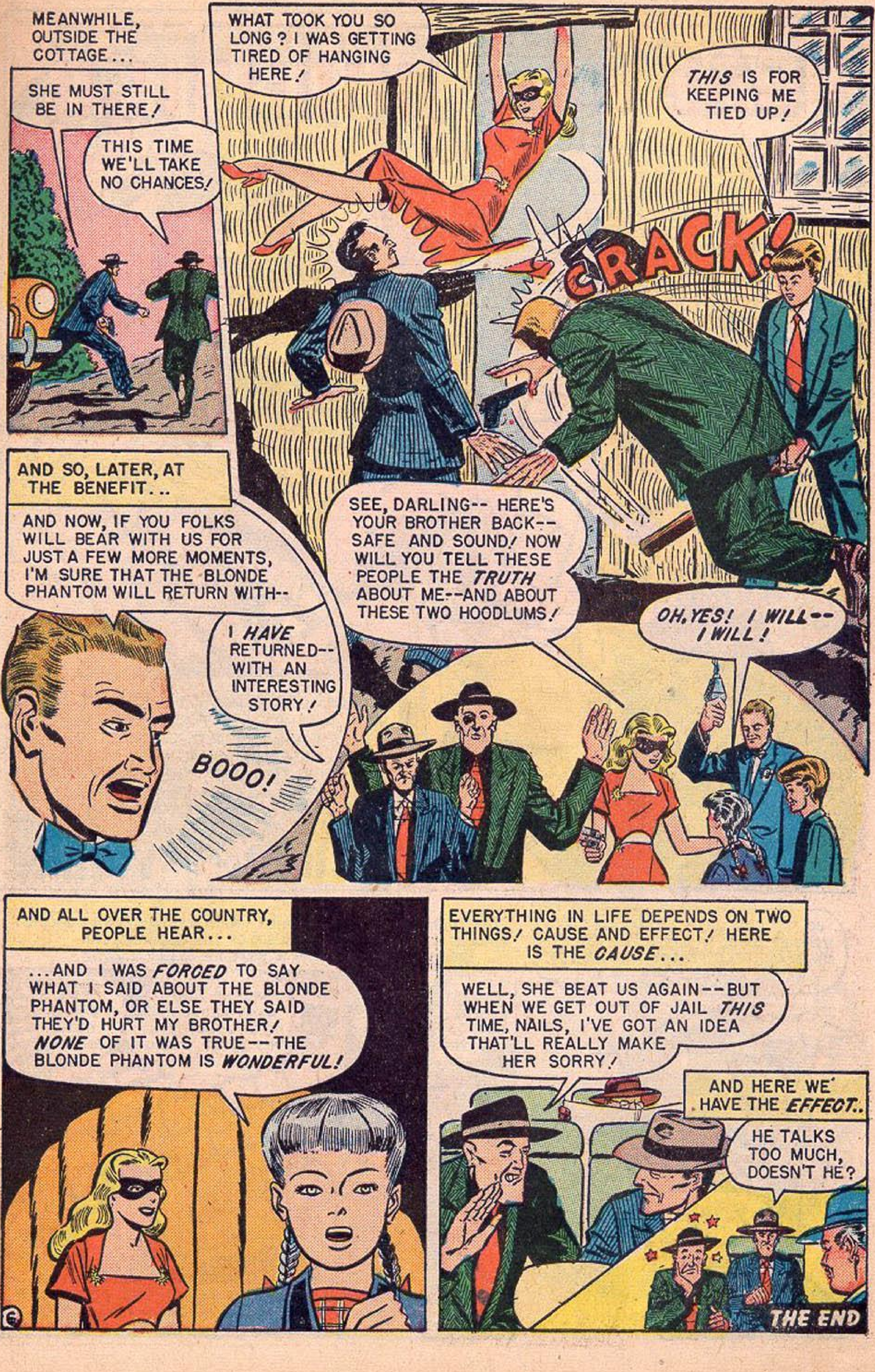

WHO ARE THE TWO MEN WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS--WHO?
T-THERE! THEY'RE LEAVING NOW!
EXIT

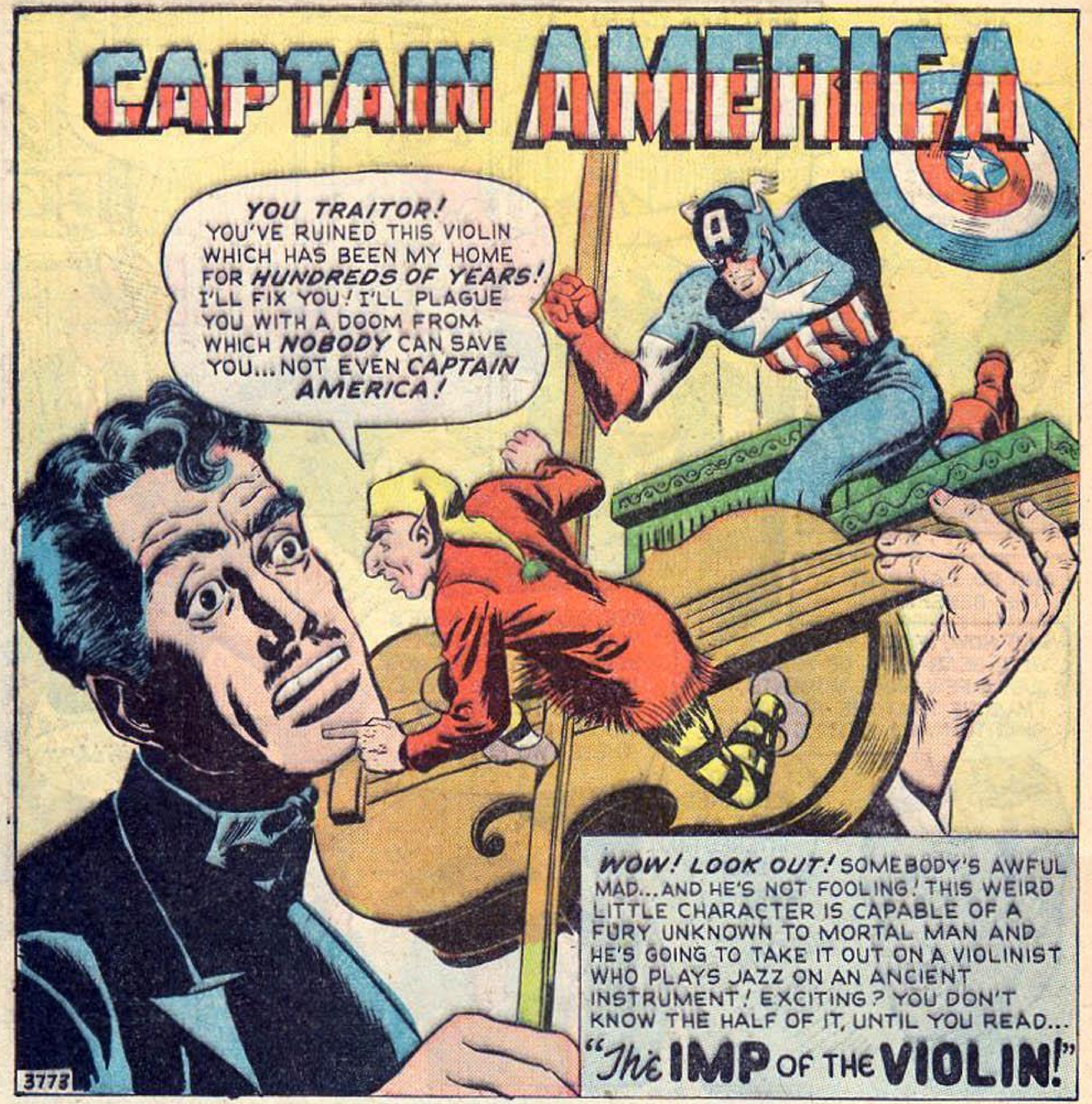

WELL, WE DID IT! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THAT KID PAUL AND GET RID OF HIM!
YEAH, WE WON'T NEED *HIM* ANY MORE!

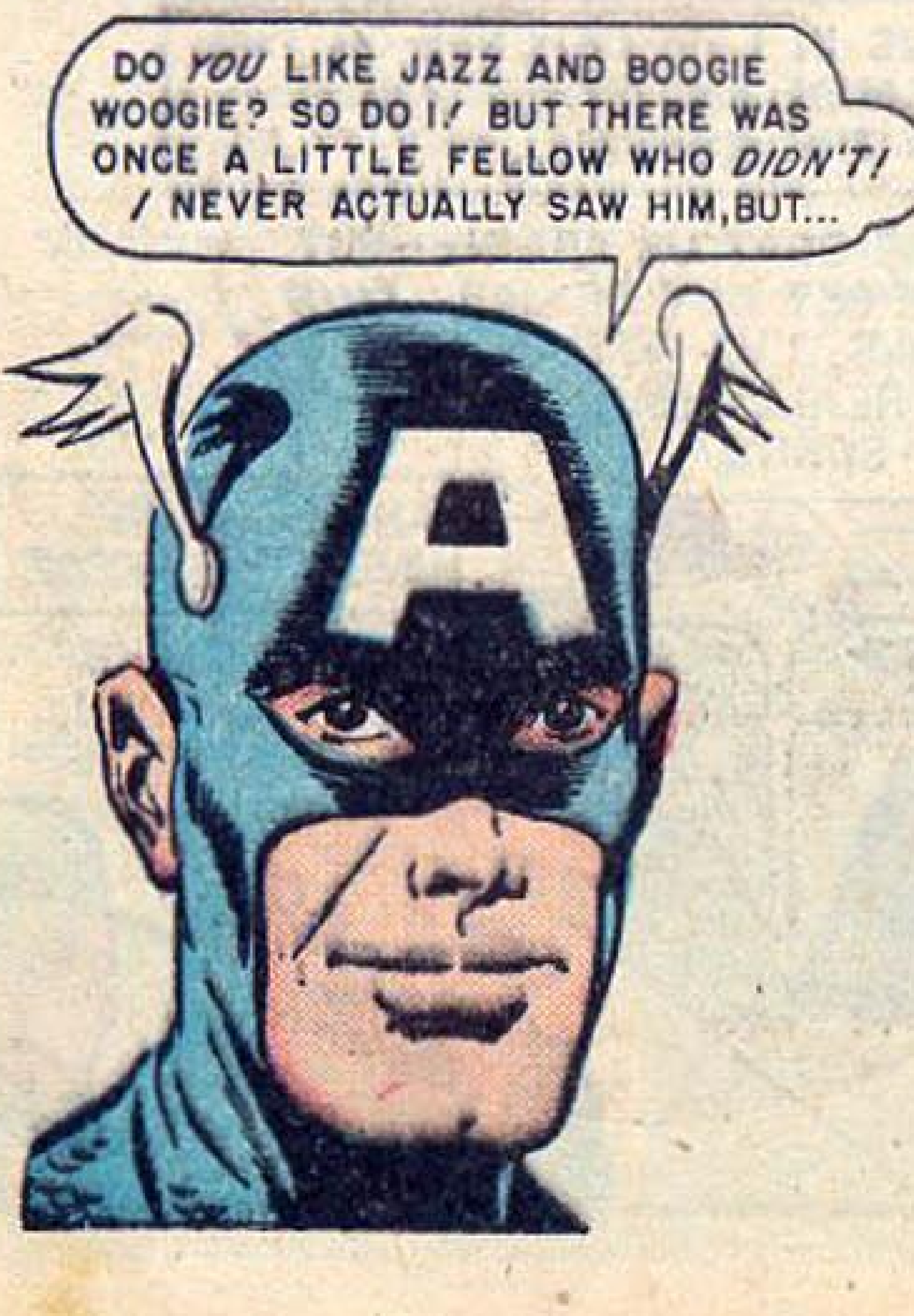

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING, I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THAT THE LAD, PAUL, IS SAFE! AND FIRST I'VE GOT TO *FIND* HIM! AND THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT!
PFFFTT
PFFFFTT


AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THANKS TO THE BLONDE PHANTOM'S ACTION...
CONFOUND IT--THAT SOUNDS LIKE A *FLAT!*
WELL, LET'S LEAVE THE CAR AT THE CURB AND TAKE A CAB TO THE HIDE-OUT!

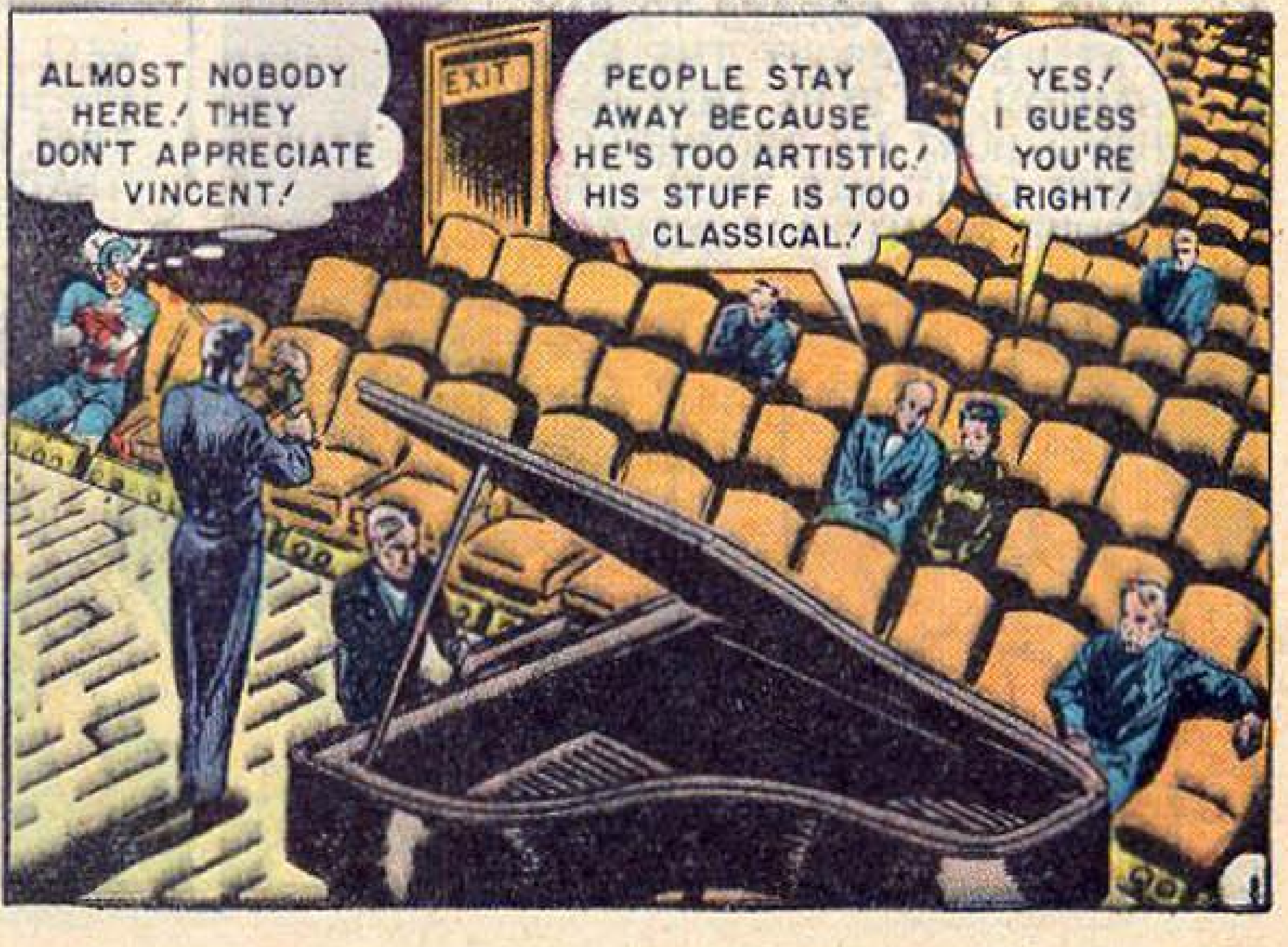

... AND SO, AFTER HAILING A CAB...
523 NEWBURY STREET, DRIVER-- AND *STEP ON IT!*
YES, SIR!
BUT LOOK WHO'S THE DRIVER OF THIS PARTICULAR CAB!
THANKS FOR TELLING ME WHERE YOU'VE GOT THAT BOY A PRISONER, GENTS!
IT'S THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
EEEH! LOOK!
I'LL CHOKE-- **OWWW!**
UH! UH! MUSTN'T TOUCH!
MY HAND--IT'S OWWW!-- IT'S BEING CRUSHED!
TAKE IT EASY--I'LL-- *I CAN'T OPEN IT--THE GLASS IS STUCK!*
AFTER A SHORT, BREATH-TAKING RIDE, THE BLONDE PHANTOM BRINGS THE CAR TO A SUDDEN STOP, IN FRONT OF 101 OAK STREET--A *VERY* SUDDEN STOP!
HERE WE ARE, GENTS! *HANG ON!*
OOOFF!
NOW TO FREE THE LAD BEFORE THEY REACH HIM!
THERE HE IS! DON'T WORRY, PAUL-- I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!
WITH A LUNGE OF HER LITHE FORM, THE BLONDE PHANTOM BREAKS DOWN THE THIN WALL OF THE BOY'S PRISON!

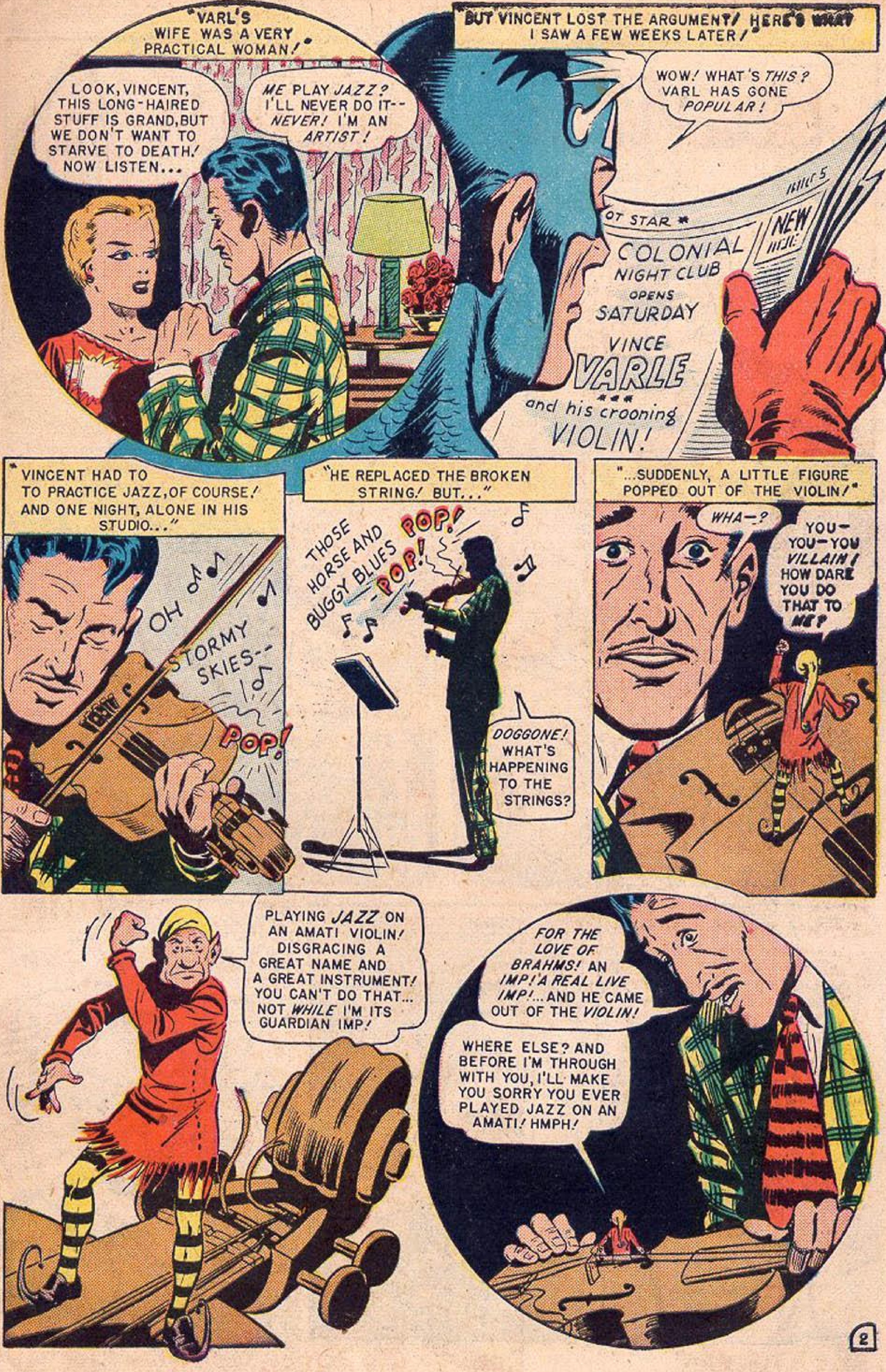

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE...
SHE MUST STILL BE IN THERE!
THIS TIME WE'LL TAKE NO CHANCES!
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? I WAS GETTING TIRED OF HANGING HERE!
THIS IS FOR KEEPING ME TIED UP!
CRACK!
AND SO, LATER, AT THE BENEFIT..
AND NOW, IF YOU FOLKS WILL BEAR WITH US FOR JUST A FEW MORE MOMENTS, I'M SURE THAT THE BLONDE PHANTOM WILL RETURN WITH--
I HAVE RETURNED--WITH AN INTERESTING STORY!
BOOO!
SEE, DARLING-- HERE'S YOUR BROTHER BACK--SAFE AND SOUND! NOW WILL YOU TELL THESE PEOPLE THE TRUTH ABOUT ME--AND ABOUT THESE TWO HOODLUMS!
OH, YES! I WILL--I WILL!
AND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, PEOPLE HEAR...
...AND I WAS FORCED TO SAY WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE BLONDE PHANTOM, OR ELSE THEY SAID THEY'D HURT MY BROTHER! NONE OF IT WAS TRUE--THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS WONDERFUL!
EVERYTHING IN LIFE DEPENDS ON TWO THINGS! CAUSE AND EFFECT! HERE IS THE CAUSE...
WELL, SHE BEAT US AGAIN--BUT WHEN WE GET OUT OF JAIL THIS TIME, NAILS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL REALLY MAKE HER SORRY!
AND HERE WE HAVE THE EFFECT..
HE TALKS TOO MUCH, DOESN'T HE?
THE END

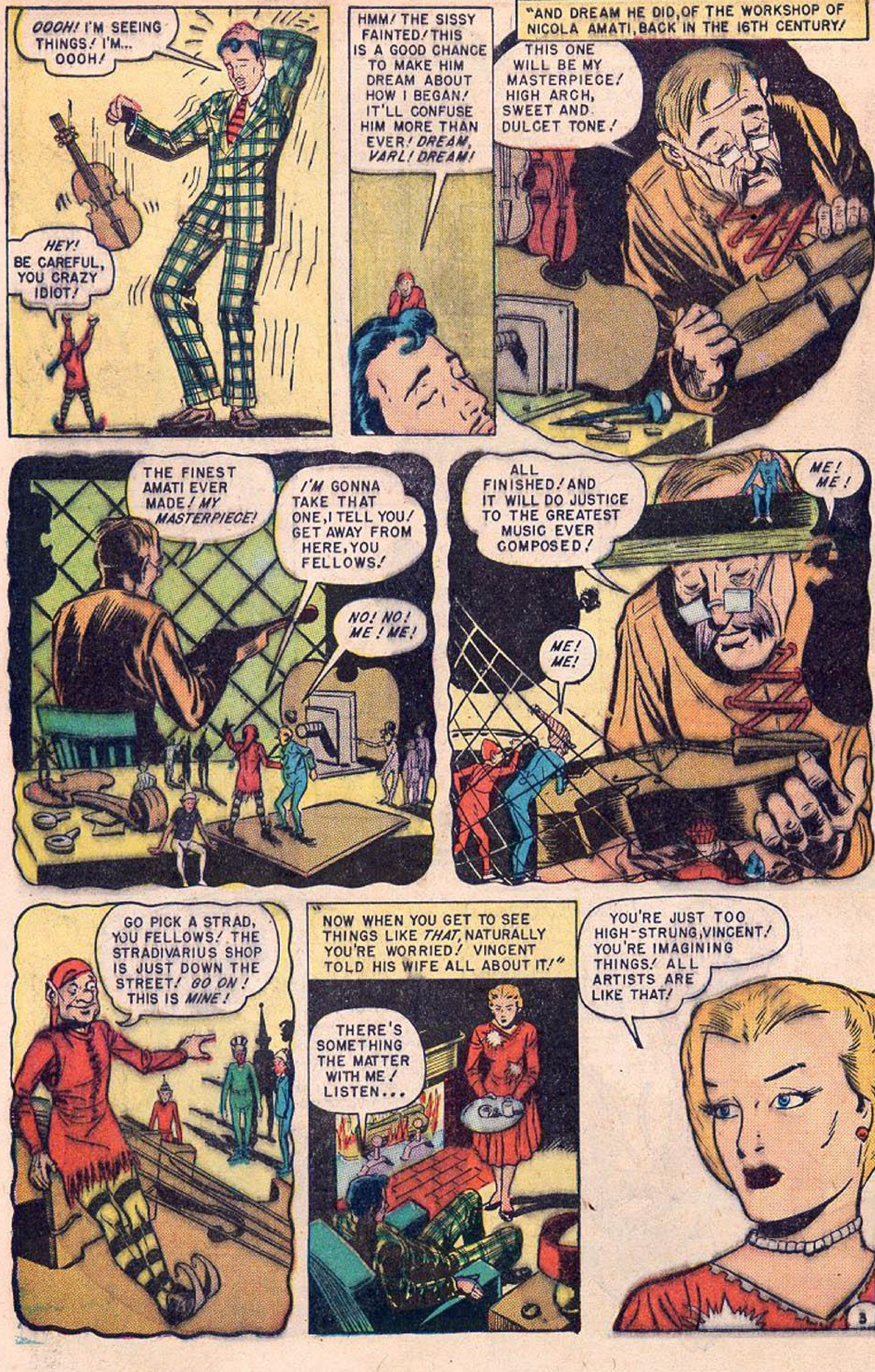

CAPTAIN AMERICA
YOU TRAITOR! YOU'VE RUINED THIS VIOLIN WHICH HAS BEEN MY HOME FOR *HUNDREDS OF YEARS!* I'LL FIX YOU! I'LL PLAGUE YOU WITH A DOOM FROM WHICH *NOBODY* CAN SAVE YOU... NOT EVEN *CAPTAIN AMERICA!*
WOW! LOOK OUT! SOMEBODY'S AWFUL MAD... AND HE'S NOT FOOLING! THIS WEIRD LITTLE CHARACTER IS CAPABLE OF A FURY UNKNOWN TO MORTAL MAN AND HE'S GOING TO TAKE IT OUT ON A VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS JAZZ ON AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT! EXCITING? YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, UNTIL YOU READ...
"The IMP OF THE VIOLIN!"
3773

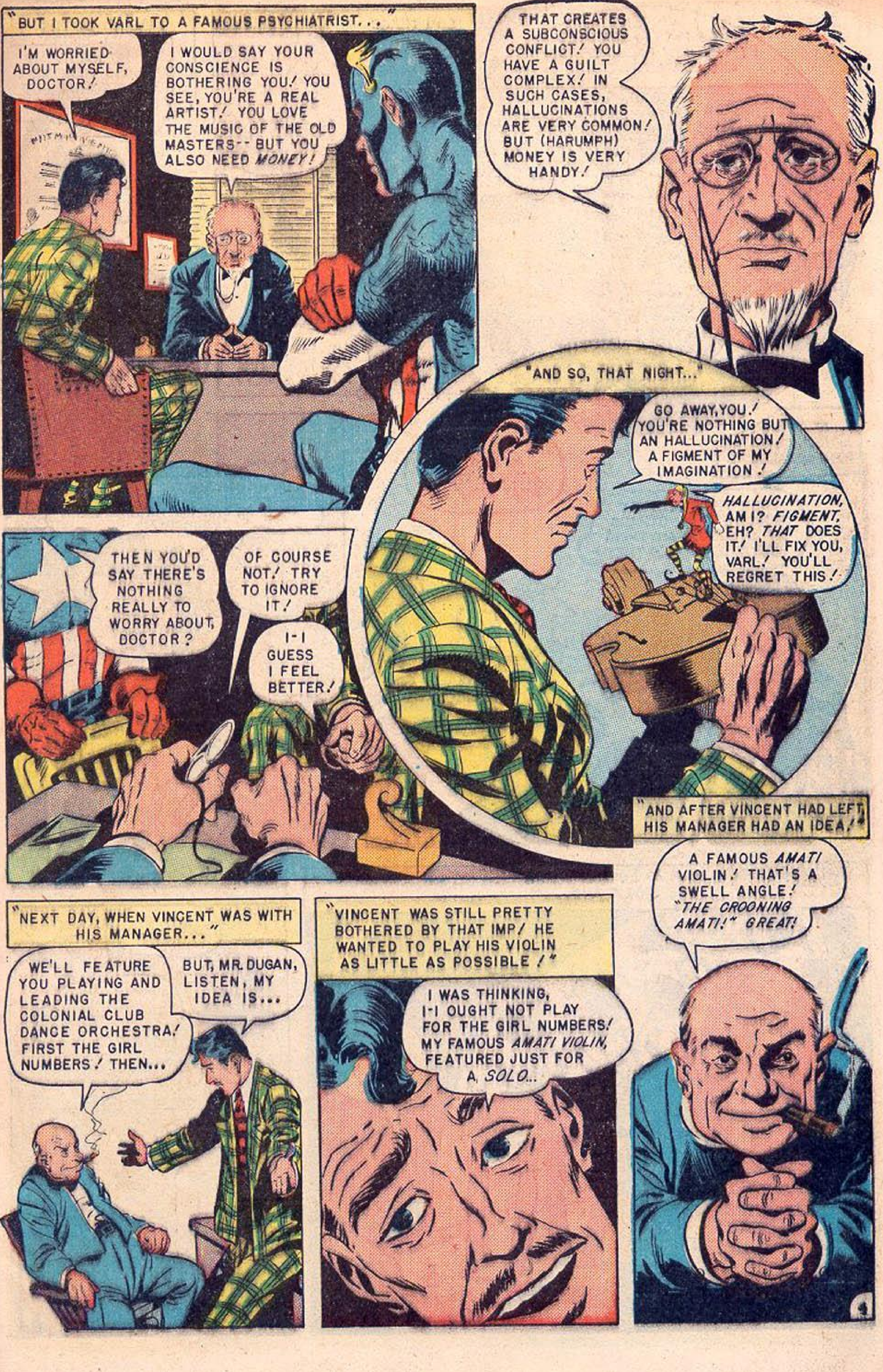

DO *YOU* LIKE JAZZ AND BOOGIE WOOGIE? SO DO I! BUT THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE FELLOW WHO *DIDN'T!* I NEVER ACTUALLY SAW HIM, BUT...

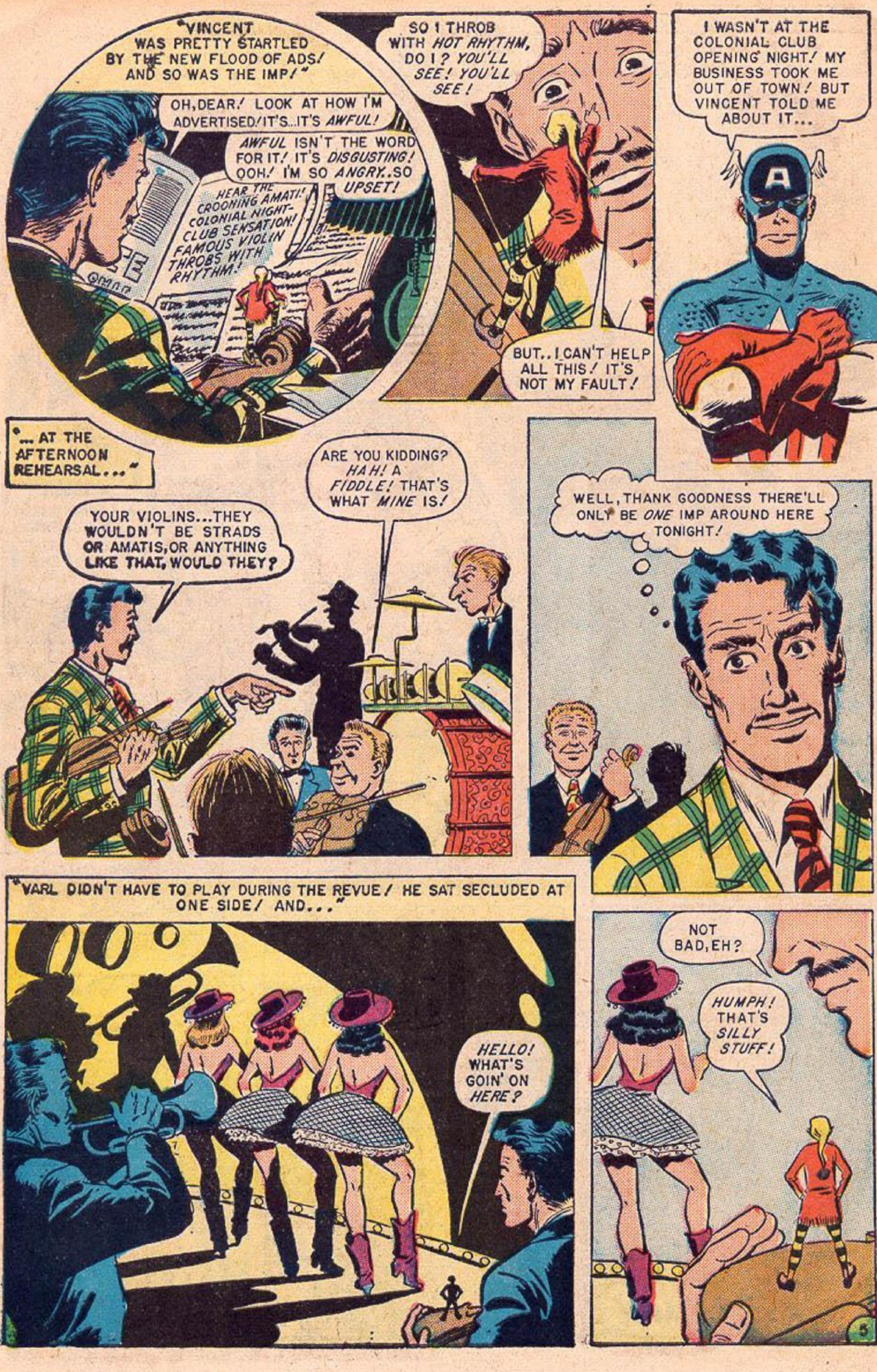
"THE THING REALLY BEGAN WHEN I WENT TO A FRIEND'S CONCERT! VINCENT VARL PLAYED THE MUSIC OF THE OLD MASTERS BEAUTIFULLY! HE WAS A REAL ARTIST!"

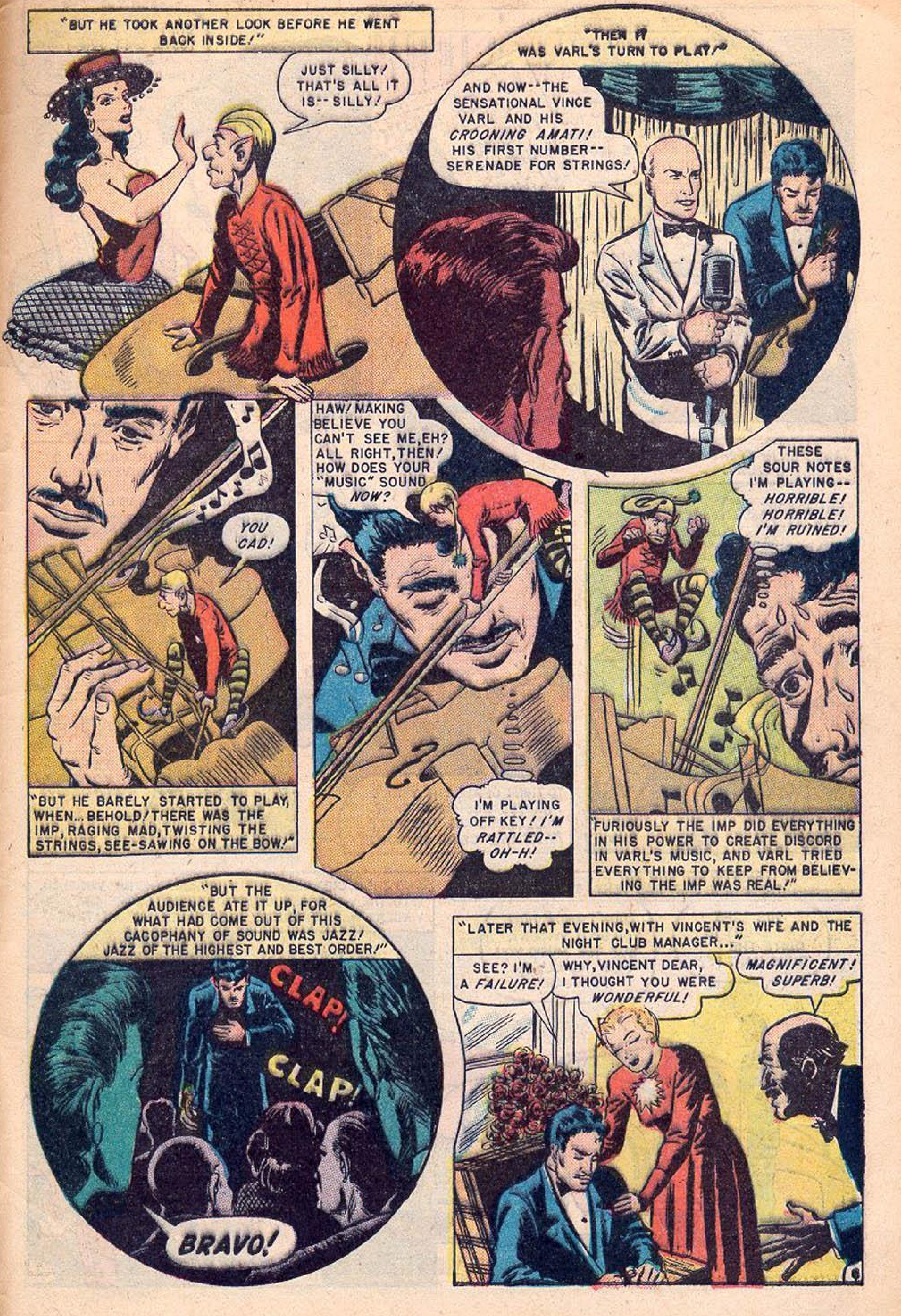

ALMOST NOBODY HERE! THEY DON'T APPRECIATE VINCENT!
EXIT
PEOPLE STAY AWAY BECAUSE HE'S TOO ARTISTIC! HIS STUFF IS TOO CLASSICAL!
YES! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

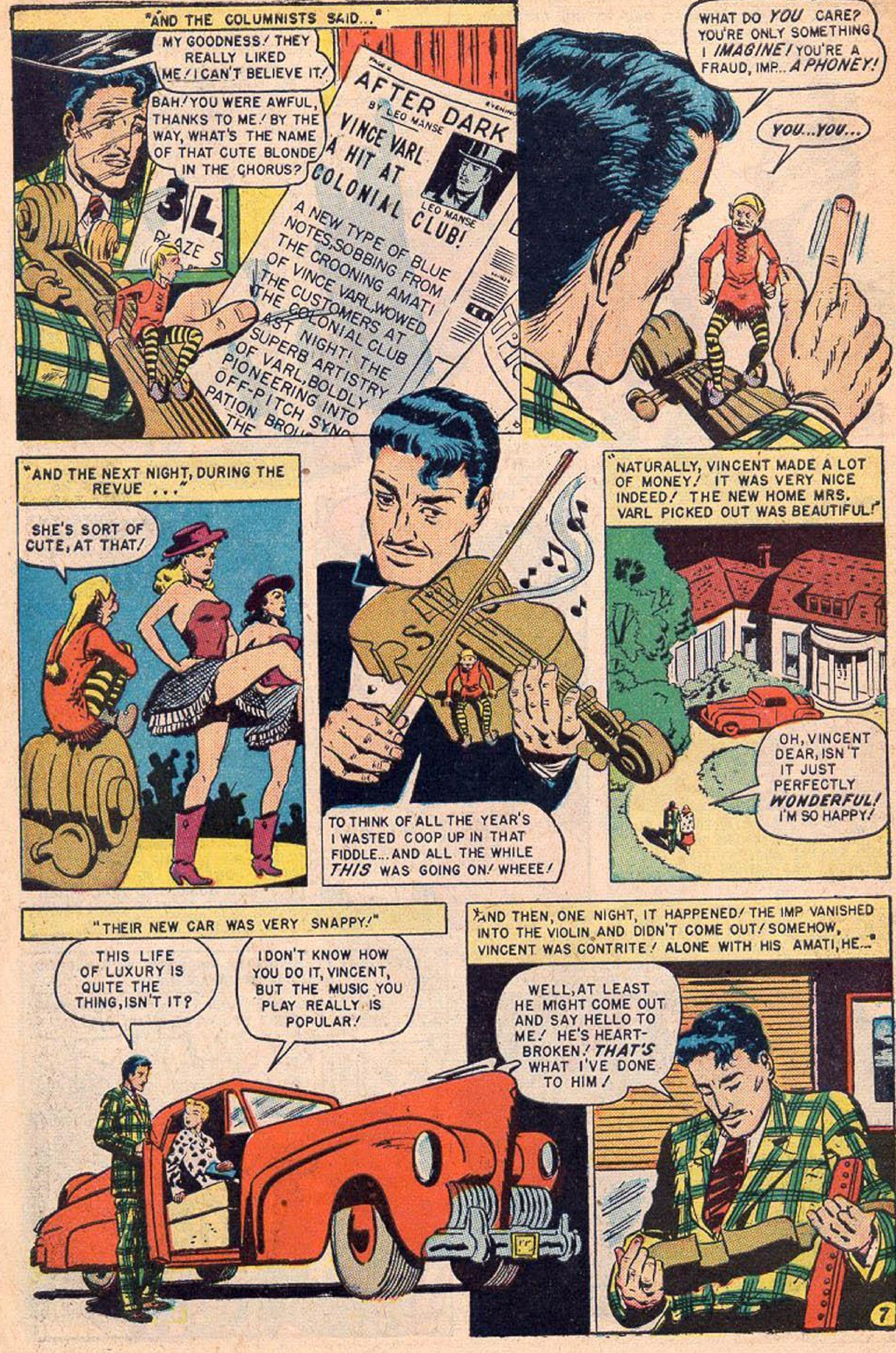

"VARL'S WIFE WAS A VERY PRACTICAL WOMAN!"
LOOK, VINCENT, THIS LONG-HAIRED STUFF IS GRAND, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO STARVE TO DEATH! NOW LISTEN...
ME PLAY *JAZZ*? I'LL NEVER DO IT-- *NEVER!* I'M AN *ARTIST*!
"BUT VINCENT LOST THE ARGUMENT! HERE'S WHAT I SAW A FEW WEEKS LATER!"
WOW! WHAT'S *THIS*? VARL HAS GONE *POPULAR*!
OT STAR *
NEW
COLONIAL NIGHT CLUB OPENS SATURDAY VINCE VARLE and his crooning VIOLIN!
"VINCENT HAD TO TO PRACTICE JAZZ, OF COURSE! AND ONE NIGHT, ALONE IN HIS STUDIO..."
OH STORMY SKIES--
POP!
"HE REPLACED THE BROKEN STRING! BUT..."
THOSE HORSE AND BUGGY BLUES
POP! POP! POP!
DOGGONE! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE STRINGS?
"...SUDDENLY, A LITTLE FIGURE POPPED OUT OF THE VIOLIN!"
WHA--?
YOU-- YOU-- YOU *VILLAIN!* HOW DARE YOU DO THAT TO *ME*?
PLAYING *JAZZ* ON AN AMATI VIOLIN! DISGRACING A GREAT NAME AND A GREAT INSTRUMENT! YOU CAN'T DO THAT... NOT *WHILE* I'M ITS GUARDIAN IMP!
FOR THE LOVE OF BRAHMS! AN *IMP! A REAL LIVE IMP!*... AND HE CAME OUT OF THE *VIOLIN!*
WHERE ELSE? AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY YOU EVER PLAYED JAZZ ON AN AMATI! HMPH!

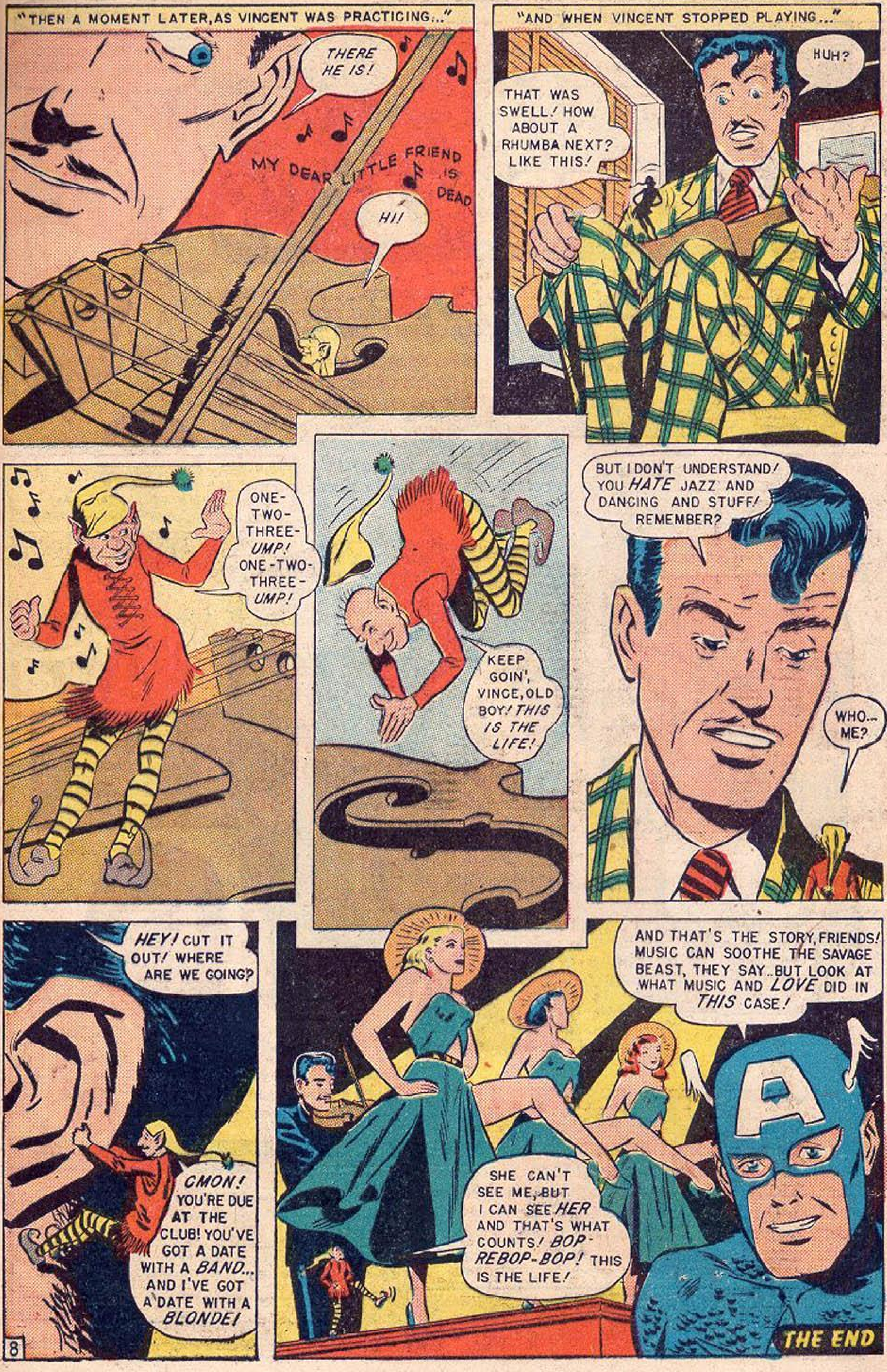

OOOH! I'M SEEING THINGS! I'M... OOOH!
HEY! BE CAREFUL, YOU CRAZY IDIOT!
HMM! THE SISSY FAINTED! THIS IS A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE HIM DREAM ABOUT HOW I BEGAN! IT'LL CONFUSE HIM MORE THAN EVER! DREAM, VARL! DREAM!
"AND DREAM HE DID, OF THE WORKSHOP OF NICOLA AMATI, BACK IN THE 16TH CENTURY!
THIS ONE WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE! HIGH ARCH, SWEET AND DULCET TONE!
THE FINEST AMATI EVER MADE! MY MASTERPIECE!
I'M GONNA TAKE THAT ONE, I TELL YOU! GET AWAY FROM HERE, YOU FELLOWS!
NO! NO! ME! ME!
ALL FINISHED! AND IT WILL DO JUSTICE TO THE GREATEST MUSIC EVER COMPOSED!
ME! ME!
ME! ME!
GO PICK A STRAD, YOU FELLOWS! THE STRADIVARIUS SHOP IS JUST DOWN THE STREET! GO ON! THIS IS MINE!
"NOW WHEN YOU GET TO SEE THINGS LIKE THAT, NATURALLY YOU'RE WORRIED! VINCENT TOLD HIS WIFE ALL ABOUT IT!"
THERE'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH ME! LISTEN...
YOU'RE JUST TOO HIGH-STRUNG, VINCENT! YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS! ALL ARTISTS ARE LIKE THAT!

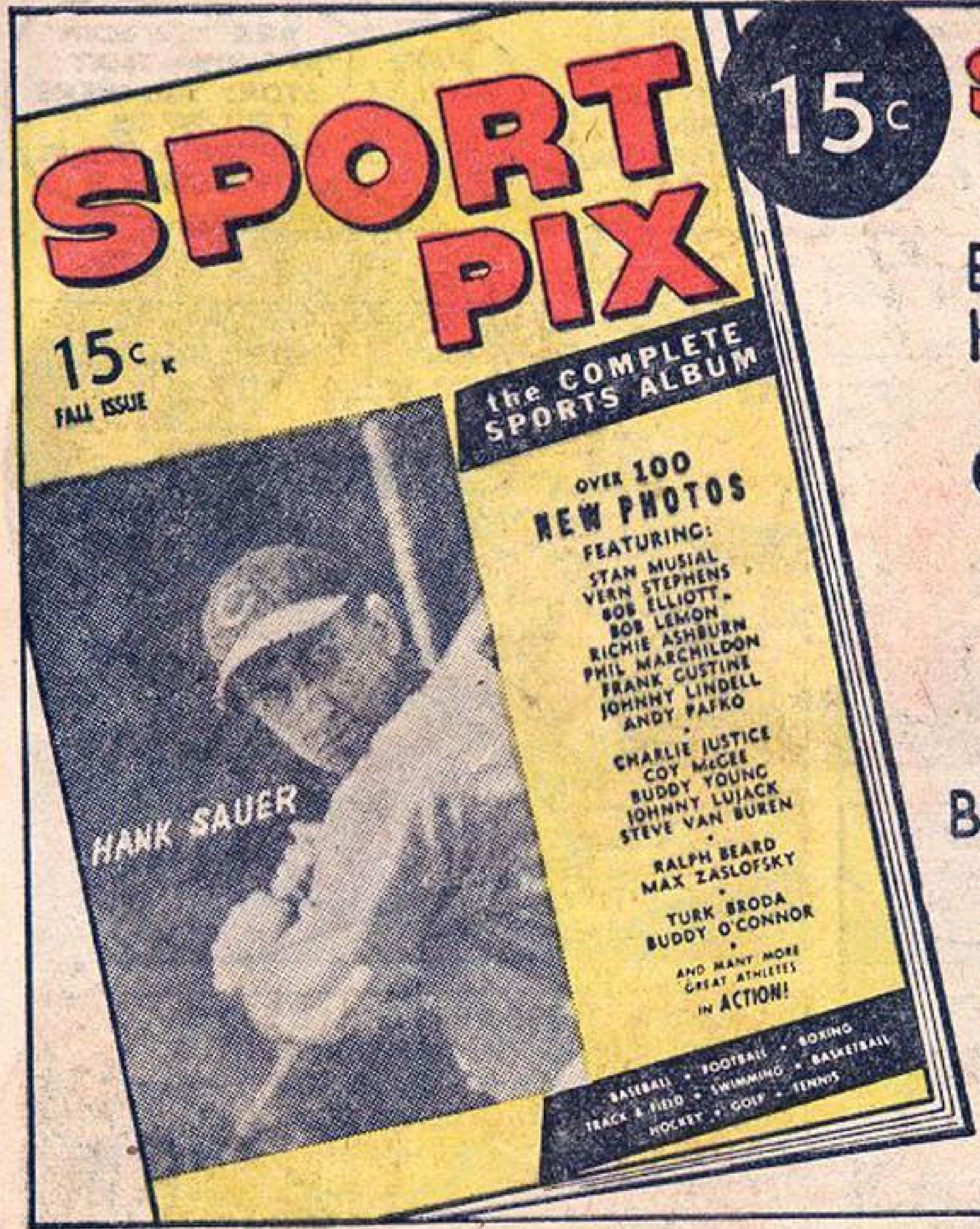

"BUT I TOOK VARL TO A FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST. . ."
I'M WORRIED ABOUT MYSELF, DOCTOR!
I WOULD SAY YOUR CONSCIENCE IS BOTHERING YOU! YOU SEE, YOU'RE A REAL ARTIST! YOU LOVE THE MUSIC OF THE OLD MASTERS-- BUT YOU ALSO NEED *MONEY*!
THAT CREATES A SUBCONSCIOUS CONFLICT! YOU HAVE A GUILT COMPLEX! IN SUCH CASES, HALLUCINATIONS ARE VERY COMMON! BUT (HARUMPH) MONEY IS VERY HANDY!
THEN YOU'D SAY THERE'S NOTHING REALLY TO WORRY ABOUT, DOCTOR?
OF COURSE NOT! TRY TO IGNORE IT!
I-I GUESS I FEEL BETTER!
"AND SO, THAT NIGHT..."
GO AWAY, YOU! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN HALLUCINATION! A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION!
HALLUCINATION, AM I? FIGMENT, EH? *THAT* DOES IT! I'LL FIX YOU, VARL! YOU'LL REGRET THIS!
"NEXT DAY, WHEN VINCENT WAS WITH HIS MANAGER..."
WE'LL FEATURE YOU PLAYING AND LEADING THE COLONIAL CLUB DANCE ORCHESTRA! FIRST THE GIRL NUMBERS! THEN...
BUT, MR. DUGAN, LISTEN, MY IDEA IS...
"VINCENT WAS STILL PRETTY BOTHERED BY THAT IMP! HE WANTED TO PLAY HIS VIOLIN AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE!"
I WAS THINKING, I-I OUGHT NOT PLAY FOR THE GIRL NUMBERS! MY FAMOUS *AMATI VIOLIN,* FEATURED JUST FOR A *SOLO*...
"AND AFTER VINCENT HAD LEFT, HIS MANAGER HAD AN IDEA!"
A FAMOUS *AMATI* VIOLIN! THAT'S A SWELL ANGLE! *"THE CROONING AMATI!" GREAT!*


"VINCENT WAS PRETTY STARTLED BY THE NEW FLOOD OF ADS! AND SO WAS THE IMP!"
OH, DEAR! LOOK AT HOW I'M ADVERTISED! IT'S...IT'S *AWFUL*!
AWFUL ISN'T THE WORD FOR IT! IT'S *DISGUSTING*! OOH! I'M SO *ANGRY*..SO *UPSET*!
HEAR THE CROONING AMATI! COLONIAL NIGHT-CLUB SENSATION! FAMOUS VIOLIN THROBS WITH RHYTHM!
SO I THROB WITH *HOT RHYTHM*, DO I? *YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!*
BUT.. I CAN'T HELP ALL THIS! IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
I WASN'T AT THE COLONIAL CLUB OPENING NIGHT! MY BUSINESS TOOK ME OUT OF TOWN! BUT VINCENT TOLD ME ABOUT IT...
"... AT THE AFTERNOON REHEARSAL..."
YOUR VIOLINS...THEY WOULDN'T BE STRADS OR AMATIS, OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, WOULD THEY?
ARE YOU KIDDING? *HAH!* A *FIDDLE!* THAT'S WHAT *MINE* IS!
WELL, THANK GOODNESS THERE'LL ONLY BE *ONE* IMP AROUND HERE TONIGHT!
"VARL DIDN'T HAVE TO PLAY DURING THE REVUE! HE SAT SECLUDED AT ONE SIDE! AND..."
HELLO! WHAT'S GOIN' ON *HERE?*
NOT BAD, EH?
HUMPH! THAT'S *SILLY STUFF!*


"BUT HE TOOK ANOTHER LOOK BEFORE HE WENT BACK INSIDE!"
JUST SILLY! THAT'S ALL IT IS-- SILLY!
"THEN IT WAS VARL'S TURN TO PLAY!"
AND NOW--THE SENSATIONAL VINCE VARL AND HIS *CROONING AMATI!* HIS FIRST NUMBER-- SERENADE FOR STRINGS!
YOU CAD!
"BUT HE BARELY STARTED TO PLAY, WHEN... BEHOLD! THERE WAS THE IMP, RAGING MAD, TWISTING THE STRINGS, SEE-SAWING ON THE BOW!"
HAW! MAKING BELIEVE YOU CAN'T SEE ME, EH? ALL RIGHT, THEN! HOW DOES YOUR "MUSIC" SOUND *NOW?*
I'M PLAYING OFF KEY! *I'M RATTLED-- OH-H!*
THESE SOUR NOTES I'M PLAYING-- *HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE! I'M RUINED!*
FURIOUSLY THE IMP DID EVERYTHING IN HIS POWER TO CREATE DISCORD IN VARL'S MUSIC, AND VARL TRIED EVERYTHING TO KEEP FROM BELIEVING THE IMP WAS REAL!"
"BUT THE AUDIENCE ATE IT UP, FOR WHAT HAD COME OUT OF THIS CACOPHANY OF SOUND WAS JAZZ! JAZZ OF THE HIGHEST AND BEST ORDER!"
CLAP!
CLAP!
BRAVO!
"LATER THAT EVENING, WITH VINCENT'S WIFE AND THE NIGHT CLUB MANAGER..."
SEE? I'M A *FAILURE!*
WHY, VINCENT DEAR, I THOUGHT YOU WERE *WONDERFUL!*
MAGNIFICENT! SUPERB!


"AND THE COLUMNISTS SAID..."
MY GOODNESS! THEY REALLY LIKED ME! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
BAH! YOU WERE AWFUL, THANKS TO ME! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT CUTE BLONDE IN THE CHORUS?
AFTER DARK BY LEO MANSE
VINCE VARL A HIT AT COLONIAL CLUB!
LEO MANSE
A NEW TYPE OF BLUE NOTES, SOBBING FROM THE CROONING AMATI OF VINCE VARL, WOWED THE CUSTOMERS AT THE COLONIAL CLUB LAST NIGHT! THE SUPERB ARTISTRY OF VARL, BOLDLY PIONEERING INTO OFF-PITCH SYNCOPATION BROU THE
WHAT DO YOU CARE? YOU'RE ONLY SOMETHING I IMAGINE! YOU'RE A FRAUD, IMP.. A PHONEY!
YOU...YOU...
"AND THE NEXT NIGHT, DURING THE REVUE ..."
SHE'S SORT OF CUTE, AT THAT!
TO THINK OF ALL THE YEAR'S I WASTED COOP UP IN THAT FIDDLE... AND ALL THE WHILE THIS WAS GOING ON! WHEEE!
"NATURALLY, VINCENT MADE A LOT OF MONEY! IT WAS VERY NICE INDEED! THE NEW HOME MRS. VARL PICKED OUT WAS BEAUTIFUL!"
OH, VINCENT DEAR, ISN'T IT JUST PERFECTLY WONDERFUL! I'M SO HAPPY!
"THEIR NEW CAR WAS VERY SNAPPY!"
THIS LIFE OF LUXURY IS QUITE THE THING, ISN'T IT?
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, VINCENT, BUT THE MUSIC YOU PLAY REALLY IS POPULAR!
"AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, IT HAPPENED! THE IMP VANISHED INTO THE VIOLIN AND DIDN'T COME OUT! SOMEHOW, VINCENT WAS CONTRITE! ALONE WITH HIS AMATI, HE..."
WELL, AT LEAST HE MIGHT COME OUT AND SAY HELLO TO ME! HE'S HEART-BROKEN! THAT'S WHAT I'VE DONE TO HIM!


"THEN A MOMENT LATER, AS VINCENT WAS PRACTICING..."
THERE HE IS!
MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND IS DEAD
HI!
"AND WHEN VINCENT STOPPED PLAYING..."
HUH?
THAT WAS SWELL! HOW ABOUT A RHUMBA NEXT? LIKE THIS!
ONE-TWO-THREE-UMP! ONE-TWO-THREE-UMP!
KEEP GOIN', VINCE, OLD BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU HATE JAZZ AND DANCING AND STUFF! REMEMBER?
WHO... ME?
HEY! CUT IT OUT! WHERE ARE WE GOING?
C'MON! YOU'RE DUE AT THE CLUB! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A BAND... AND I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A BLONDE!
AND THAT'S THE STORY, FRIENDS! MUSIC CAN SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST, THEY SAY...BUT LOOK AT WHAT MUSIC AND LOVE DID IN THIS CASE!
SHE CAN'T SEE ME, BUT I CAN SEE HER AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS! BOP-REBOP-BOP! THIS IS THE LIFE!
THE END



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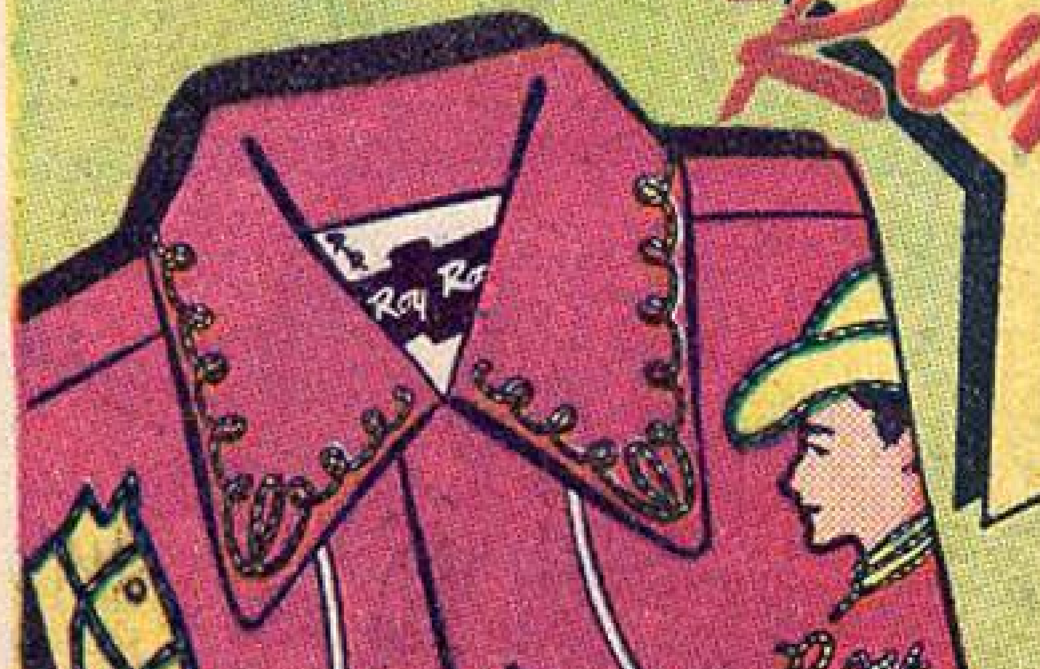

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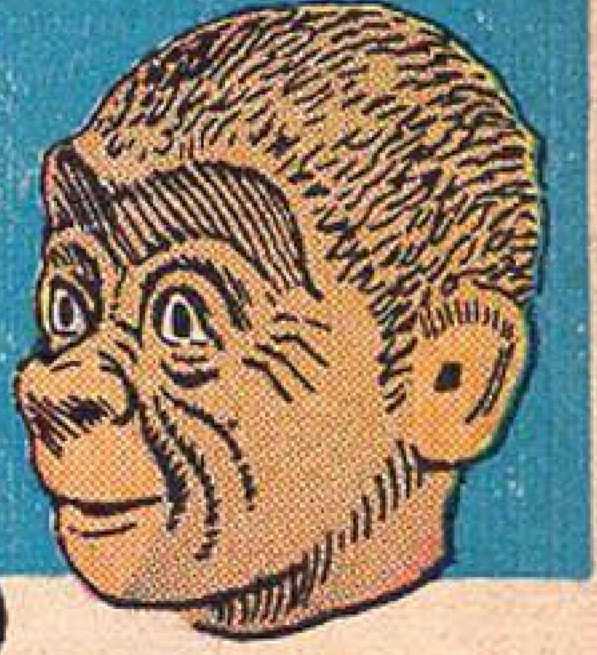
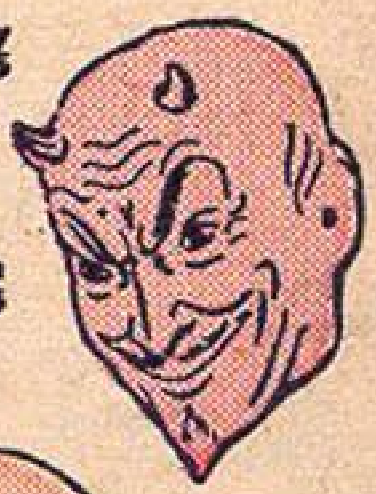


The Monkey $2.95

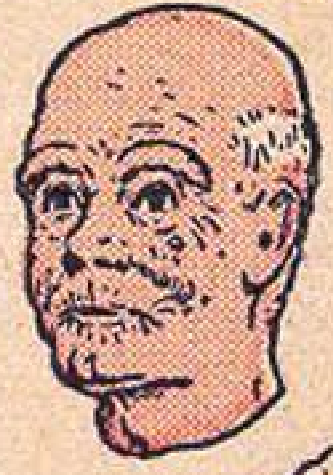
IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET
NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT . . .

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

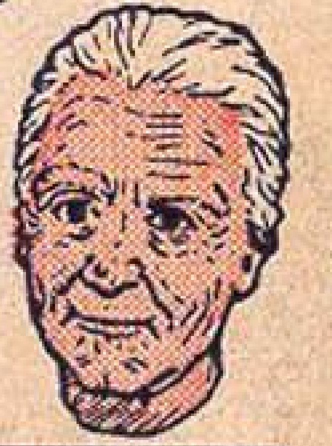


Satan $2.95



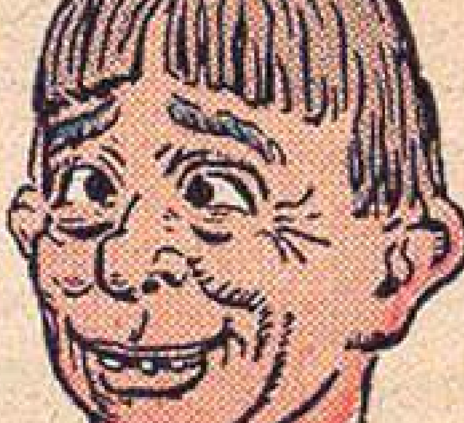
Old Man $2.95

BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT CLOWN FACE
YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN
THE MYSTERIOUS CLOWN SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG
WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?



Old Lady $2.95

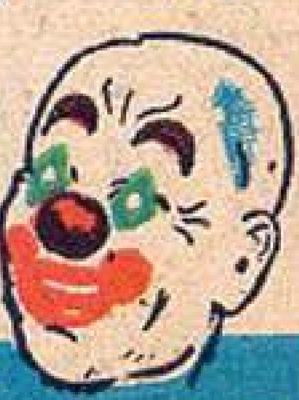
OTHER SUBJECTS
Beggar, $2.95
Special
SANTA CLAUS, $4.95



Clown $2.95

IDIOT . . $2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.



SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at $2.95, except Santa Claus ($4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O. D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.54L, Chicago 31, Illinois

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 54 L Chicago 31, Illinois

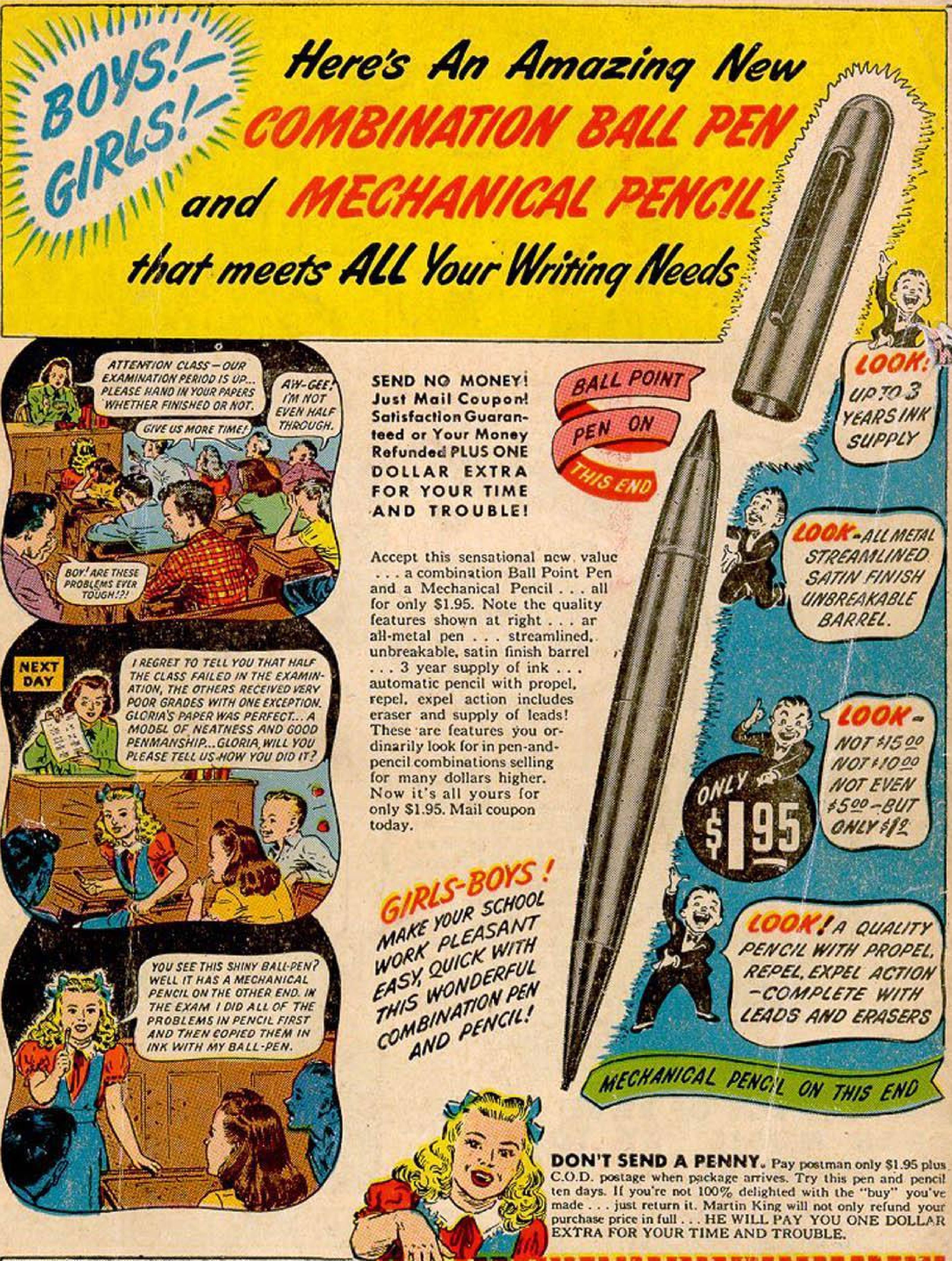
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
( ) Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME____

STREET______________________________P.O. ZONE______

CITY________________________________STATE______


BOYS!— GIRLS!—
Here's An Amazing New
COMBINATION BALL PEN
and MECHANICAL PENCIL
that meets ALL Your Writing Needs
ATTENTION CLASS—OUR EXAMINATION PERIOD IS UP... PLEASE HAND IN YOUR PAPERS WHETHER FINISHED OR NOT.
AW-GEE! I'M NOT EVEN HALF THROUGH.
GIVE US MORE TIME!
BOY! ARE THESE PROBLEMS EVER TOUGH!?!
NEXT DAY
I REGRET TO TELL YOU THAT HALF THE CLASS FAILED IN THE EXAMINATION, THE OTHERS RECEIVED VERY POOR GRADES WITH ONE EXCEPTION. GLORIA'S PAPER WAS PERFECT... A MODEL OF NEATNESS AND GOOD PENMANSHIP... GLORIA, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL US HOW YOU DID IT?
YOU SEE THIS SHINY BALL-PEN? WELL IT HAS A MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THE OTHER END. IN THE EXAM I DID ALL OF THE PROBLEMS IN PENCIL FIRST AND THEN COPIED THEM IN INK WITH MY BALL-PEN.
BALL POINT PEN ON THIS END
LOOK! UP TO 3 YEARS INK SUPPLY
LOOK—ALL METAL STREAMLINED SATIN FINISH UNBREAKABLE BARREL.
LOOK— NOT $15.00 NOT $10.00 NOT EVEN $5.00—BUT ONLY $1.95
ONLY $1.95
LOOK! A QUALITY PENCIL WITH PROPEL, REPEL, EXPEL ACTION—COMPLETE WITH LEADS AND ERASERS
GIRLS-BOYS! MAKE YOUR SCHOOL WORK PLEASANT EASY, QUICK WITH THIS WONDERFUL COMBINATION PEN AND PENCIL!
MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THIS END

SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail Coupon! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded PLUS ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE!

Accept this sensational new value . . . a combination Ball Point Pen and a Mechanical Pencil . . . all for only $1.95. Note the quality features shown at right . . . ar all-metal pen . . . streamlined, unbreakable, satin finish barrel . . . 3 year supply of ink . . . automatic pencil with propel, repel, expel action includes eraser and supply of leads! These are features you ordinarily look for in pen-and-pencil combinations selling for many dollars higher. Now it's all yours for only $1.95. Mail coupon today.

DON'T SEND A PENNY. Pay postman only $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage when package arrives. Try this pen and pencil ten days. If you're not 100% delighted with the "buy" you've made . . . just return it. Martin King will not only refund your purchase price in full . . . HE WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE.

THE PENMAN
DEPT. 54L
179 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO 1, ILL.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

THE PENMAN, Dept. 54 L
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me 1948 Ball Point Pen and Mechanical Pencil unit. When package arrives, I will pay postman $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not 100% satisfied, I will return it for my $1.95.

Name ____________________
(print plainly)

Street ____________________

City __________ Zone ______ State ______